THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 199, Number 41

APRIL 9, 1927

5c. THE COPY

John Golden—Tristram Tupper—Samuel G. Blythe—Fanny Heaslip Lea
Ben Ames Williams—Arthur Stringer—J. P. Marquand—Dorothy Black

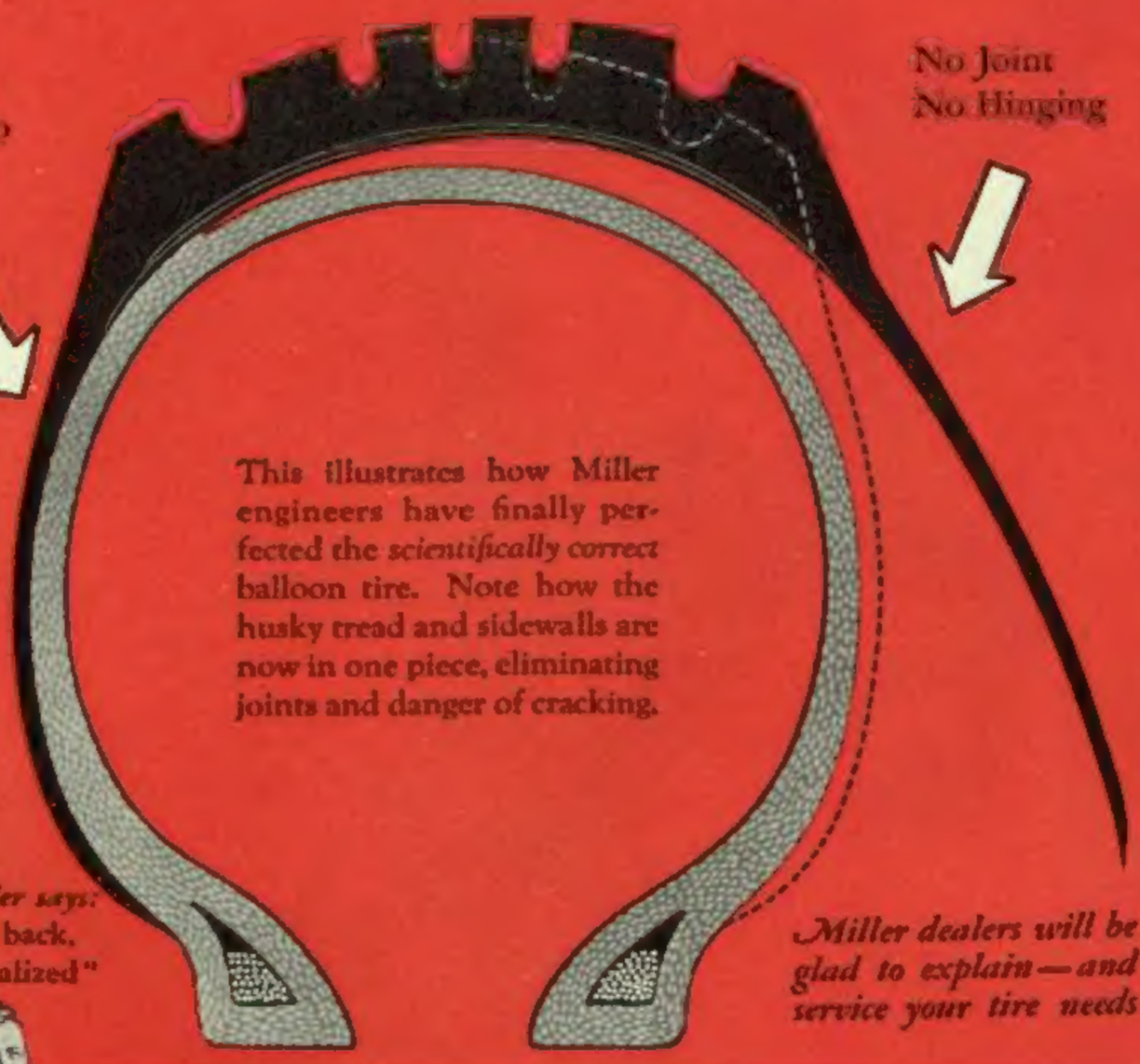
3 *Balloon Tire Enemies Whipped to a Finish in*

America's Scientifically Correct Balloon Tire

With (1) One-Piece Tread and Sidewall (2) Road-Shaped, Geared-to-the-Road Tread (3) "Uniflex" Cord Construction

One-Piece Tread and Sidewall—No Separation Possible

No Joint No Hinging



This illustrates how Miller engineers have finally perfected the *scientifically correct* balloon tire. Note how the husky tread and sidewalls are now in one piece, eliminating joints and danger of cracking.

The Tire Builder says: "If one comes back, I'm penalized"

Miller dealers will be glad to explain—and service your tire needs

The Climax of a $2,000,000 Improvement Program

The construction features of this final product of Miller mark at once the passing of all previous conceptions of balloon tire performance—and the achievement of a new and greater degree of wear and stamina. Old ways had to go. Fast, spotty tread wear, cracking joints, inside friction. No longer need you be bothered with these common enemies of balloon tire wear.

1. One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now—the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire in one piece from toe to toe. *All joints and hinges are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Six months of actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars *proved* the *scientific correctness* of this new Miller design.

2. Road-Shaped, Geared-to-the-Road Tread

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load—the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—and therefore *slowly.* Thus, Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear—the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there—a third unique result was obtained.

3. "Uniflex" Cord Construction

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—springs back from blows to normal shape with the quick, springy action of live rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead, and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus Miller has eliminated dangerous inside friction and wear, adding miles to balloon tire life.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N.Y. AKRON, OHIO

Miller Balloon Tires

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

I T ' S T H E C U T O F Y O U R C L O T H E S T H A T C O U N T S

PIPING ROCKS—
exclusive fabrics of fine silky texture—in tans, grays, blues and browns—plain shades or stripes

Ever have trouble in picking out clothes?

A lot of men do—mostly because they haven't the time to think about clothes and are not certain what to look for. When a man does think about them, he discovers this fundamental fact: There's one thing after all that makes clothes distinctive—it's their cut. Fabrics are important, and Society Brand fabrics are invariably good—Piping Rocks, for example. But the main reason for choosing a Society Brand suit before all others is its unparalleled distinction of cut.

P. S. *The difference in cost between a Society Brand and an ordinary suit is possibly ten cents a day. At that rate no man can afford to neglect his appearance!*

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

ALFRED DECKER & COHN *Makers:* CHICAGO · NEW YORK · *In Canada* SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LTD., MONTREAL

ACTUAL VISITS
TO P & G HOMES
No. 9

Roses of six years ago blossom anew on little Peggy's frock –

IT had a rather charming history—small Peggy's rose-splashed frock. Peggy's young pretty mother, whom we have known since her childhood, showed it to us.

"I made it out of a dress I've kept in a chest for six years," she said. "A dress I wore the summer I was engaged. I brought it downstairs the other day and showed it to Dick and he said why, of course, he remembered just how I looked in it!"

The dress itself was sweet—voile with little stripes of dropped stitches, and roses all over it.

"It had to be washed, of course," went on Peggy's mother, "and the water heater had gone out as it always seems to be doing. So do you know how I washed it? With P and G Soap and *cold water!* A neighbor told me I could."

"Why," we asked in surprise, "didn't you *know* you could use P and G with cold water?"

"I'd never used it at all before," she said. "Now I'm enthusiastic about it. It was so easy to wash the dress without heating water and it came out beautifully. The white part had yellowed a little, but P and G restored its whiteness—and the colors are as fresh as ever."

"Now, whenever I have to wash out anything, I use P and G. It's marvelous the way it saves rubbing. White clothes come out so fresh and white—even the things Peggy gets dirtiest. I'll probably use P and G forever now."

P and G *does* save work. It's a fine white laundry soap that makes white clothes really *white*, and washes colored clothes safely clean, without hard rubbing or every-week boiling. Whether water is hard or soft, hot or cold, P and G gives beautiful results. And clothes smell sweet and fresh as though they had been aired and sunned for hours. Don't you think that P and G could help you, too? PROCTER & GAMBLE

How to sprinkle clothes uniformly

YOU know how much more difficult it is to iron clothes satisfactorily which are "dry in spots." Have you ever tried sprinkling your clothes with a whisk broom, which scatters the myriad tiny drops uniformly? It helps too to use hot water. Garments will be dampened evenly so that you can iron almost at once if you wish.

P and G became popular because it was such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price smaller, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.

The largest-selling soap in the world

© 1927, P. & G. Co.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1927, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 199 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., APRIL 9, 1927 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 Issues) — Number 41

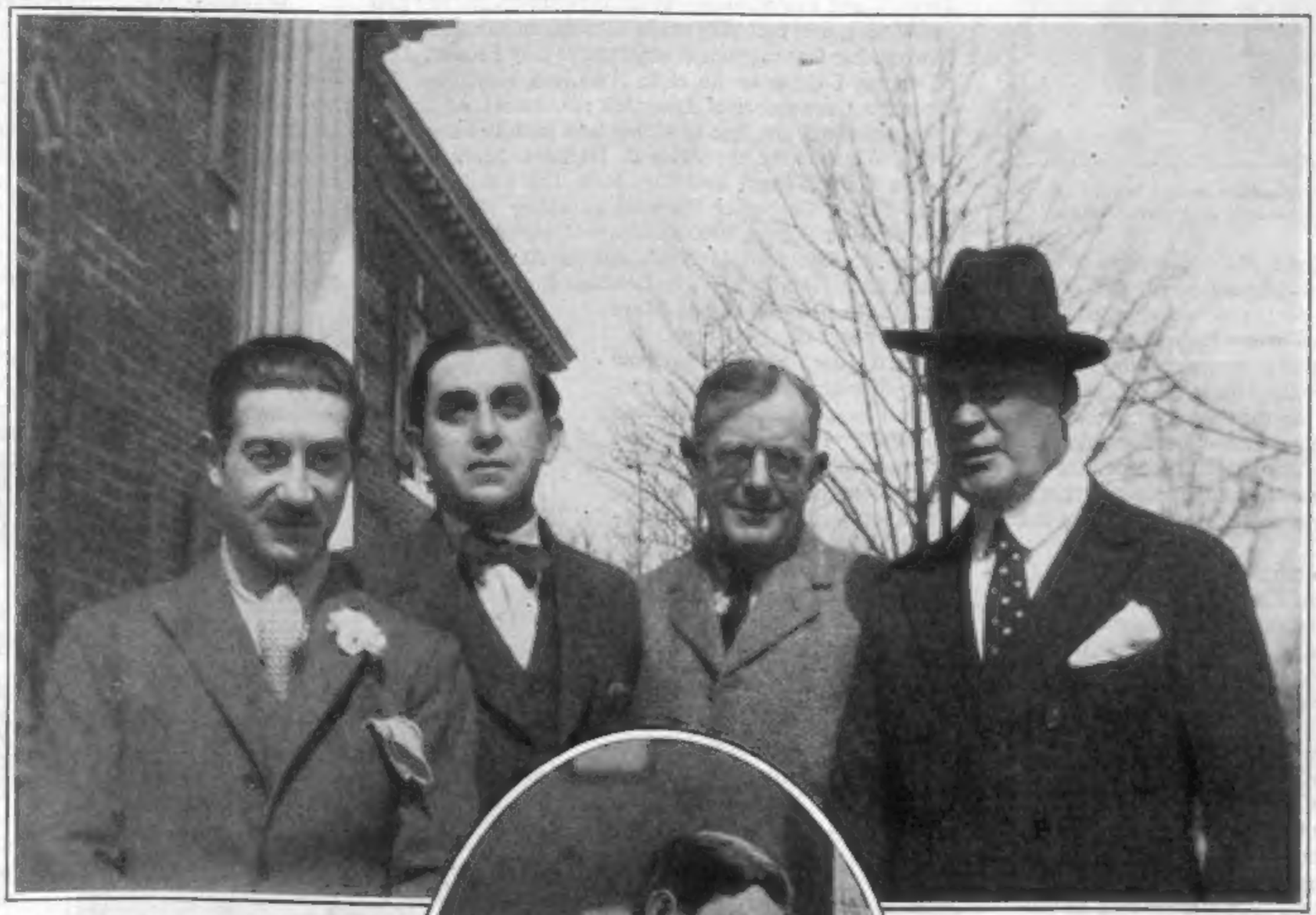
CLEANING UP—By John Golden

FROM GAGS TO RICHES

CLEAN plays—at once my crown and my cross, my punishment and my reward, my blessing and my curse. If I had it to do over again, would I make Clean Plays my watchword and my slogan?

Yes, I would, in spite of the fact that for the past twelve years I have been branded with the words, that it has brought me the sneers of the sophisticates, the sly gibes or veiled innuendoes of erudite critics, the accusation of insincerity from those who claim that I have gone out of my way to strike a beautiful attitude against sex, the opprobrium of those who choose to see in my stand a menace to art in the theater and to the progress of authorship in America.

Either, they say, this man is utterly stupid—one of those who, for an appearance of morality, would outlaw all the fine things in art which fall outside Puritan restrictions—or he is a *poseur* who, tongue in cheek, feeds the dear public a diet of pap and banana oil while secretly laughing up his sleeve, or he is a prohibitionist, a bluestocking—one with the reformers and censors and meddlesome interferers with whom the country is overrun.



Michael Arlen, John Golden, Winchell Smith and the Seldom Photographed Charles Dillingham at Mr. Golden's Home

© UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

In Oval—John Golden at His Desk. Mr. Golden's Production, "Turn to the Right," Has Been Playing Continuously for Twelve Years

When My Business Became Everybody's

CONSIDER the plight of the man who follows a straight course because it seems pleasant, profitable and thoroughly worthwhile, to find himself suddenly the butt of the friendly gibes of his acquaintances who consider him either a dunderhead or an amusing charlatan, the open antagonism or sly innuendo of those who do not think as he does and do not wish him to be permitted to think as he chooses. "This reformer," they say, "with his propaganda and agitation for clean plays, wishes to interfere with the drama as we see it and like it. He is a menace to the true drama, with his Yankee hokum and his American apple sauce." I confess at times I am a little bewildered by the amount of antagonism I seem to have aroused while going about my own affairs in my own back yard. I suppose in business there are no private back yards, and everybody's overlaps and your affairs are everybody else's. But I should like to answer some of these accusations, and perhaps I can do so by making clear my attitude in regard to clean plays.

In the first place, I have no monopoly on this quality. I need scarcely point out that many another producer has offered clean, decent plays before I came on the theatrical horizon, and there will be many to continue it long after I have gone beyond that line. But none of them, not even those who have claimed that their standards were always of the highest, have made it a business to produce this type of play to the exclusion of every other, nor made it a particular issue to the extent which has been, in a sense, forced on me.

I have done it because it is the thing I like to do; because I feel better for having entertained, or having been entertained, with wholesome entertainment. I personally do not care for the salacious as a form of entertainment, and so I wish to provide for others nothing but clean plays—the sort to which I would not be ashamed to take my mother.

Classics

I HAVE a high regard for the theater as a recreational factor in public life, and as such I feel that its function is to recreate. And what performs this function so well as healthy laughter—the stirring of the simple, ordinary emotions which all people understand and to which they respond?

I do not believe I am utterly stupid. I know that Shakspere wrote great plays. I know the classic comedies and tragedies which touch on themes I have banned from my own productions. As an actor I played in them. I believe children not only can but should see them. But I do not care to produce them, because I have made a separate market for myself—I have found a public which prefers the same sort of thing that I prefer. I have given them a trade-mark with an assurance that means a certain quality of goods. I do not wish to break faith with that public which buys goods with my trade-mark.

I know that Bernard Shaw calls a lady of uncertain virtue a spade. No man in or out of the theater is a greater admirer of Shaw than I. I see any of Shaw's plays that are given, but I would not produce them.

"But," people say to me, "you will go to see a play like Mrs. Warren's Profession, yet you wouldn't produce it. Isn't that a contradiction? Or do you consider yourself like the censors who can see anything without being contaminated while denying the right to others?"

Not at all. I go to see Shaw because I think he is a great playwright. I think Mrs. Warren's Profession is a great play, but, personally, I prefer Turn to the Right. Given equal literary value, I should infinitely prefer a clean play. Where there is a wide discrepancy in literary merit, I still lean toward the clean.

I cannot help it. If the other kind of play has a *raison d'être*, I am for it. I will go to see any play on any theme, provided it has sufficient literary value to make it a

Winchell Smith, John Taintor Foote and John Golden During the Rehearsals of "Toby's Bow"

worth-while play. But I still claim I enjoy a wholesome comedy more. And if the salacious element has been carried too far, I find myself out on the sidewalk, propelled there by some inner repugnance over which I have no control.

I have made a great deal of money out of my stand. And yet it has not been easy money. Quite the contrary. There is a tremendous public for the salacious. A play need only be denounced, or have action taken against it, to flaunt the S. R. O. sign. The exploitation of such a play is made merely by having the rumor current that it is dirty. If it is good entertainment as well, people cannot be kept away.

My kind of play has a much harder uphill fight. Perhaps that very element of fight attracts me. The very phrase "clean plays" is harmful to the box office. Even when you are a kid, soap is your enemy. People want to be amused and a dash of naughtiness adds spice. But once you convince the public that a clean play is just as amusing, it pays in the long run, in every sense of the phrase.

There is a general impression to the effect that I am an interferer; that I am waging a fight against certain things in the theater. I am, but only by example. I have done nothing that would hinder the other fellow from producing the kind of thing he thought good, and I ask only to be allowed to do the thing which I want and think the public wants. I feel that my type of show may be considered by even the highbrow with tolerance as something which does nobody any harm and affords a great many people beneficial recreation.

Clean, Funny and Made in America

SO, IN the first place, I produced clean plays because I liked them. Secondly, because I felt there was more profit in them. There are more people who desire the wholesome than the unwholesome in life, in art, in recreation. I recognized that Americans as a nation are clean. We are the inventors of the bathtub, the manufacturers of soap. My business sense told me that once I could get a clean play over, it would have a bigger appeal to the greater majority.

Folks have said—and who am I to deny it?—that in a given number of productions I have made more long-run hits than any other single producer. From my very first production, Turn to the Right, which started off with a two-year run and has been playing continuously for twelve years, and is playing tonight somewhere, down through the line that included, among many productions, Lightnin', which in its day broke and held the record; The First Year, Seventh Heaven, The Wisdom Tooth; last year, and this year, Two Girls Wanted—all the plays I have offered, though they have been entirely different in theme, locale, characterizations and story, have all been alike in the fact that they were clean, funny and written by American authors.

Play producing is a profession which appears to the average layman as a sort of necromancy, accomplished by waving of magic wands; a dealing in strange, often fatal—financially, at least—potions. Whereas in fact, though it is closely allied to the world of art, it is a business like any other—accompanied, it is true, by much that is hokum, much that is not what it seems, much that glitters without being gold. But so are banking, medicine and the manufacture of breakfast food.

To the business man, the most interesting and important thing about it is the fact that it is not concerned with credit. It is a cash business. We play producers don't have to wait for our money. The public seems willing enough to pay before it even sees our goods.

The play producer can try his play for a week, a month, and if it fails, his loss is limited to the small initial expense of scenery, equipment and salaries. The minute the play ceases the losses cease.

The producer isn't like the man with a mill, plant or store, who must go on paying rent and overhead even when his establishment is idle. One week's notice to his actors, and the scenery is put in the storehouse and the manager's obligations end.

The producer can, with a small investment, find a profit of more than a million in a successful play. My managerial career started on a song. One of my royalty checks on Good-by, Girls, I'm Through, amounting to something more than $4000, was transferred to a play-producing account and made enough of an investment for my first production, and that play made so much money that I was forever after free to produce any type of play I chose. And, of course, I chose to do clean American comedies. Included in the number of American authors whose plays I have presented are, first of all my best friend and severest critic, Winchell Smith; John E. Hazzard, Frank Bacon, Austin Strong, Pearl Franklin, John Taintor Foote, Edward Childs Carpenter, Edward Salisbury Field, Frank Craven, Guy Bolton, Victor Mapes, George Abbott, Anne Morrison, Patterson McNutt, Arthur Richman, Luther Reed, Hale Hamilton, Viola Brothers Shore, Tom Cushing, Mrs. Christopher Wyatt, Marc Connelly and Gladys Unger.

I am constantly being asked how much any one of the dozen successes I have produced has netted in dollars. I cannot answer that question, because I have never counted it; and besides, I wish no clash between my spirit of braggadocio and my filed income-tax returns. But the question came up so often that I determined, when I produced The First Year, to find the answer not only for my inquiring friends but for myself, and for that reason I kept the returns from that piece in a separate fund. And so, for the benefit of the particularly inquisitive, I happen to be able to reply that despite the fact that The First Year was produced at the Little Theater, holding only 520 seats, that little play netted a profit of around $750,000.

Up to a comparatively recent date, play producing was not regarded as quite respectable from the banking point of view. Now, however, it is beginning to have a standing as a legitimate member of the business community. Banks, lured by the great profits to be made, have become part owners in theatrical organizations or theater property, and the boards of directors of different movie enterprises bristle with their revered names.

Play producing is a business whose golden doors are open to every stage-struck kid who hangs around the back door of a theater, as I hung around them, and still do. For I am as stage-struck as ever. Being stage-struck is as much an ailment as malaria, diphtheria, hives or love. The symptoms are a constant fever, an uncontrollable inner excitement when in the vicinity of the back door of a theater, chills, loss of appetite, quickened pulse, high blood pressure.

People so afflicted are a waste of space in any other employment, a nuisance about the home, and generally misunderstood and unappreciated by normal, well-ordered relatives.

PHOTO. BY EDGALL, N. Y. C.

Mr. Golden in Marie Wainwright's Production of "Amy Robsart" at Wallack's Theater

PHOTO. BY EDGALL, N. Y. C.

In "The School for Scandal"

Working the Gilbert-and-Sullivan Lode

IF YOUR youngster is crazy to stick grease paint on his face, to jig, rant, imitate, sing songs, thunder, wallow, let his voice break in a sob or mount in crescendos of hysteric laughter; if he is full of bravado, of ambition, of self-confidence and the sort of imagination which you term romancing, or faking, according to your sympathy with it; if, moreover, all his inhibitions are exhibitions—then he is stage-struck.

The malady can be cured by a delicate operation performed on the head of the patient with a golf mashie, which, if thoroughly done, will cure him forever. Nothing else will, and you might as well make a play producer of him. All he will need is a smattering of music, composition, color, scenery, lighting, elocution, nonsense, clowning, acting, dancing, stage directing, law, advertising, exploiting, financing, publicity and general salesmanship.

I caught the germ from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. My mother took me to hear The Mikado when I was eight years old, and she said I laughed hysterically and cried and shivered all afternoon from some inner excitement. So she decided I must never go to the theater again for fear it would make me ill. It did, but the ailment was not physical.

My excitement came partly from the play, partly from Gilbert's lyrics, and partly from Sullivan's music, which, even at that early age, struck a responsive chord in me. The genius of Sullivan influenced all my work as a song writer and has always struck this sympathetic chord in me. I might go so far as to say that some of my most sympathetic chords were obtained directly from the works of Mr. Sullivan.

George Ade, in a recent magazine article, said, "This fellow John Golden knows more about Sullivan's music than any man alive," but he did not know whence I derived my proficiency. Many a tidy fortune has been built upon the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and I, for one, always knew where my next steal was coming from. Even more than the composers, the lyric writers are indebted for the elaborate rhythms, intricate rime schemes, metrical patterns, lilt and patter which they have borrowed, stolen and restolen from Gilbert. I can play all the Gilbert and Sullivan tunes backward, although I do not generally perform them in that way. And I know so many of the lyrics that some day I shall probably challenge F. P. A. for the junior championship of the United States and the World.

(Continued on Page 205)

THREE EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF TIMOTHY OSBORN

"Après la Guerre," Said Tim, "We'll Live in That House I Told You About"

By Tristram Tupper

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IN THE township of Easton there are several Osborn men of considerable importance, and one at least of no importance at all. His name is Timothy, and for the past six years he has lived in Poverty Hollow, where he makes lamp shades and electric fixtures. At an age of little or no discretion, Tim left school and joined a gang of itinerant linesmen who were putting up poles for the telephone company. Then, in the early summer of 1917, he swore to a lie. Though from his appearance no one could have guessed it, he lacked a year and three months of being eighteen when he enlisted in B Company of the One Hundred and Odd Infantry. His height was that of a man, several inches above the average; and he had the steady gray eyes and the hawklike beak of the Osborns. Also, at first, he had a little of the Osborn luck—that is, he got overseas. But there his luck stopped short.

FIRST EPISODE: The only glimpses that Tim got of the world's greatest tragedy—both in Flanders and across the Somme—were from the top of the kitchen wagon and the company water cart. His immediate superior and military adviser was Pop Fry, the company cook, who frequently explained how the war could be won. So vast, indeed, was Pop Fry's range of notions, particularly concerning military matters, that Tim, had he been as gullible as he was silent, might have been convinced that the old man carried a field marshal's baton concealed in his skillet.

"If it lasts long enough," Pop would say, "I'll show 'um!"

These two were the youngest and oldest men in the regiment.

In his good days Pop had been a chef at the Holland House, so he claimed; and in enlisting, he, like Tim, had stretched the truth—stretched it the other way. He was fifty-four; but liquor, he said, had kept him young. And during the preparation of each meal he would expound other theories, such as: "A army crawls on its belly." Then in the tones of a Missouri hog caller he would shout to the men of B Company, "Come and get it!"

There seemed to be no doubt in the old man's mind that he would do some immortal deed—if the war lasted long enough. In the meantime he made the rations fairly palatable.

Tim, on the other hand, entertained no such illusions. B Company had water, he saw to that; but having come of a silent ancestry, he said very little. His longest speech came at the end of one of Fry's dissertations on a day in June. "Pop," said Tim, "*après la guerre*, we'll live together." He knew a place—an abandoned house, painted red, overlooking a stream—back in God's country. The thought of clear water being near at hand lured Tim into this daydream; for water at times was none too plentiful, particularly later, across the Somme.

In Flanders that summer the enemy were expected to make a determined push for the Channel ports. "That's what B Company's here for," said Pop—"to stop 'um."

But Tim's thoughts at the time were elsewhere; and that afternoon he surprised Pop Fry by bursting into a song he had learned from the Tommies.

"What's her name?" asked the old man shrewdly. Tim didn't know her name. She ran the *estaminet* at Oudezeele.

"Then keep shy of her. The Prushuns been here—they been here twice; and if that ain't enough, the Aussies been here and all the Tommies there is, back and forth."

"She's straight as a string," said Tim.

Pop wagged his head sagely. He didn't know nothing about women; his only vice was liquor; but the Prushuns had been here, and the Aussies and all the Tommies in the English Army.

"Straight as a string." Tim sat on the kitchen wagon, peeling potatoes and looking dreamily across the country at stacks of golden straw and forests of hop vines and windmills on every hill. In the other direction lay the line.

A few nights later this abortive love affair was nipped in the bud. Mess Sergeant Wrenn caught Tim devouring an omelet in the *estaminet* at Oudezeele—after hours. Both were from the same part of God's country, but the mess sergeant played no favorites. Priding himself on being a disciplinarian, he handed Tim over to the M. P.'s.

Tim said very little. When he reappeared in B Company, he filled the water cart and that afternoon sat on the kitchen wagon with his long legs dangling.

"So the sarge handed you over?" Tim said nothing. "Um-m," crooned the old man soothingly. "Tim, the sarge is a—disciplinarian. You wait. It ain't reasonable for a disciplinarian to be hard on himself. You wait."

B Company was still in the line when, toward the end of August, Pop informed Tim significantly that the mess sergeant was doing a lot of foraging—back toward Oudezeele. Tim shrugged his shoulders. Nevertheless, after the closing hour that night he went to the *estaminet* and the next morning appeared at the kitchen wagon as usual.

"Well, what'd you find?"

"Everything straight as a string, like I told you," said Tim. So far as he was concerned, the book was closed.

Pop glanced at him shrewdly. "That ain't reasonable. You found the sarge there, didn't you—after hours?" Tim nodded his head and began to open tin cans expertly with a meat cleaver. "Well, did you hand him over to the M.P.'s, or settle it man to man?"

"Man to man," said Tim laconically. "The books are closed. I matched him to see who'd marry her. Everything straight as a string." He finished opening the cans and sat there idly looking across the desolate country—toward the line.

The expected push to capture the Channel ports failed to materialize. But around the first of September there was something of a show. Pop Fry explained to Tim what had happened. "B Company done it," said the old man. "The Aussies and all the Tommies in the English Army been trying to take Mont Kemmel, and B Company done it—single-handed."

The two American divisions brigaded in this sector with the British were moved back immediately for a rehearsal; then again they were on the march. And though brigadier and major generals in time may be forgotten, the sight of those two, each on his curious equipage, might well stick in the memory—the drooping, sodden form of Pop Fry with his chin on his chest, driving the kitchen wagon, and the hawklike face of Tim Osborn, looking beyond the ears of his miserable remounts at the bobbing heads and cluttered shoulders of the men of B Company.

They crossed the Somme. And early in October Pop Fry gazed incredulously at the ration return. "It ain't reasonable," he said to Tim. In Flanders he had drawn rations for two hundred and thirty-four men. On this day he drew rations for less than a hundred. B Company had done it again.

"Tim," said the old man, "all the armies of Frogs and Aussies and Tommies been trying to break the Hindenburg Line and they ain't made a dent. B Company crawled on its belly like I told 'um. B Company done it—single-handed."

Tim Osborn said nothing. He merely stared down at the ration return.

Regiments had dwindled to the size of battalions, battalions to companies, companies to platoons. They were shifted farther south; then toward mid-October a rumor reached the kitchen wagons—the division at last was to be relieved and taken back out of the sound of the guns for rest and replacements.

"There ain't nothing left," said Pop. Nevertheless he prepared a feast, the *pièce de résistance* of which was Australian rabbit, frozen these five or six months, but a savory dish just the same when made into a goulash with rich brown sauce by a former chef of the Holland House.

That night the goulash shrank in its containers. The relief didn't come, nor could anything get into the line. Pop and Tim sat on the ground in the darkness with their backs against the heavy mud-incrusted wheel of the kitchen wagon, waiting. Toward dawn, with his flair for such things—the sixth sense of a great soldier—Pop Fry informed Tim, "They ain't coming out."

At daybreak Tim satisfied his boa-constrictor-like appetite. Pop, being a cook of the old school, tasted everything but ate nothing. Cognac was the old man's elixir of life, and when for the seventh or eighth time he said, "They ain't coming out," there was infinite sadness in his shaky voice. Among other things, his supply was low, and where in this God-forsaken country, with not a roof and hardly a side wall left standing, could he replenish his stock? In his duffel bag three bottles stood guard between himself and complete disintegration—or worse.

By afternoon the old man's intuitive knowledge had been backed by semiofficial rumors. Pop brooded. It wan't reasonable to leave them boys in the line any longer. Nothing left of 'um. He moved about restlessly, in circles, around the kitchen wagon, glancing now and again toward the priceless contents of his duffel bag. That night he filled the boilers with water and made coffee. This gave him something to do. He made gallons of coffee and poured it into the water cart; and he made more gallons, and still more. Heretofore his most eloquent phrase, judging from its power to move men, had been, "Come and get it," in the astounding tones of a hog caller. Now, toward midnight, in the moderate voice of a field marshal, he said to Tim, "Get it to 'um."

Having come of a silent ancestry, Tim merely nodded his head and hitched up his miserable remounts. B Company was out yonder somewhere—the general direction was marked by a rumbling noise with a pulse to it. Tim had never been very far into that vague, uncertain region known as the line. A line, he had heard somewhere, is the shortest distance between two points; the line, he discovered for himself, was the shortest distance between a comparative heaven and an incomparable hell.

He was about to start off when Pop Fry stopped him. Unceremoniously, the old man emptied the contents of three bottles into the water cart.

"They'll need it," he said. "Get it to 'um."

The road was dark. An endless dark chain moved toward the line. Nothing came out—only an occasional covered cart from which boots protruded. Not a road to travel alone. Tim imagined he heard somebody calling—calling so faintly, so far off, he thought of far-off Oudezeele. "Tim"—but when the voice came closer he recognized a certain huskiness. "It ain't reasonable," came the wail. He drew to the side of the road and waited until a gasping shadow ran past, crying, "Tim, it ain't reasonable to leave Pop behind!"

"Tim, I've Got Bad News for You. That's What I'm Driving At"

Tim helped the old man climb to the seat, and side by side they jounced along through the night. The low rumbling thunder with a pulse to it grew louder, louder. "*Après la guerre*," said Tim, "we'll live in that house I told you about." Pop was silent. Silence was not one of his ancestral traits, nor was loquacity one of Tim's; but curiously the old man said nothing and Tim continued to talk. "It's back in the country," said Tim. "Peaceful. Place called Poverty Hollow, back in God's country." He could see it now. Telephone wires crossed a field near the the house. "I helped string those telephone wires," said Tim. "And there's a good stream—trout in it."

The rumbling of the line disintegrated, became separate noises; rockets had the appearance of a distant and poor display of fireworks; searchlights suddenly wavered through the night, and like a hand with long white fingers reached into the heavens and caught a feather-like object, and a thin string of rubies ran up from the dark earth to pull the plane down.

"Wait till the sarge hears about this," said Tim. "He'll give us hell." Pop said nothing.

An ear-splitting blast suddenly shook the earth and a sheet of flame turned the night crimson. Huddled together, they passed through the artillery. Miles in depth seemed the artillery, a fitful inferno, devastating roars and spouts of flame. Beyond the artillery there was nothing—a void filled with fearful silences and acrid odors. They came into the ragged black remnant of a town, and here high explosives shrieked overhead and shadows moved swiftly. Some of the shadows carried stretchers, some marched in line with guards at the side. Wounded shadows and shadowy prisoners. The water cart bumped over cobblestones. The street rounded a demolished building and ran down a hill. And now the ragged remnant of a town was behind them, and the road led on to a wooden bridge and beyond to a railroad embankment that rose up surprisingly against the dark-blue sky. Here the road stopped short. An underpass had been blown up. Engineers were working.

Their regiment, the engineers said, was out there somewhere; and the engineers lifted the water cart bodily and Tim's miserable remounts dug in their toes, and they got over the wreckage and followed a sunken road that led due east.

When the road ceased to be sunken, Tim and Pop Fry caught their first glimpse of a battlefield. There was nothing in sight.

And now a curious zip-zip, like speeding honeybees, seemed all around them; and they jogged on through stagnant pools of gas and came abruptly upon a smaller remnant of what had been another town. Here the few remaining walls were being razed. The walls seemed to explode of themselves, to topple and crash down in the darkness. And on this night—a mere chance of war—Tim and Pop Fry and a handful of machine gunners were the farthest east of any Allied troops in France. The night was October seventeenth and the line bent back from Arbre Guernon like a bow to the south and like a broken bow to the north.

In exchange for spiked coffee, they got word of the position of their regiment. But out here it did not seem greatly to matter whether the men they came across were men of B Company or C Company or D Company, or even to what regiment or nationality they belonged. All were unearthly shadows between two worlds. And all were greedy for something to drink, anything to drink. Has it got rum in it? Cognac! it's got cognac in it!

They bumped along avoiding the trenches and shell holes. Tim had thought of these trenches as bristling with men and bayonets. They found only isolated groups of shadowy forms. Occasionally when they stopped, a shadow laughed, occasionally a shadow cursed or sobbed. Mostly they were silent.

When they had paused at one of these groups, the horse on the off side sank to his knees, whinnied, gave a rigid kick and rolled on his side. They cut away the harness. Now and again the scene was illumined by white flares and they lay flat on the ground and waited. Under these flares the battlefield appeared empty, stark, motionless; but when the scene was faintly illumined by green or red rockets the field seemed alive and crawling. And the zip-zip of machine-gun bullets kept their ears jumping, and the devastating whiz-z-bang of high explosives deafened them; and now and again a dark hillock rose suddenly into the night and settled down leisurely into a craterlike shell hole.

While leading the horse, something caused Tim to glance around. Pop Fry had vanished and Tim went back. "Get

it to 'um," said Pop. He would be here when Tim returned. *Après la guerre* they would live together. Lying in a shell hole, the old man gazed up at the stars. "It ain't reasonable," he muttered.

Tim drove on alone. The second remount whinnied and went the way of the first. Tim filled the water buckets with what remained of the coffee. He was draining the last drop to continue along the trenches when a shell burst overhead. In a white flare could be seen the cart, a mass of twisted wreckage. Lucky if the accountable officer of B Company perished this night on the battlefield! Somebody would hear about this for months to come. And in the first ghastly light of dawn, beside the demolished water cart could be seen Timothy Osborn, of Easton Center, also twisted and broken, an empty bucket clutched in each outstretched hand.

SECOND EPISODE: Early in the autumn of 1922 an old man—infinitely older in appearance than the Pop Fry of four years ago—paused to gaze at a signboard. He had followed the main highway inland from the Sound, looking for a job. At a lunch wagon he had stated with some of the verve of other days that once he had been a chef at the Holland House; and the proprietor of the lunch wagon, a genial soul, had conceived this to be a rare joke. Continuing along the highway, the old man had finally conquered his pride to the extent of applying for a position at one of the filling stations which exhibited a placard reading, Hot Dogs. Here, too, his credentials had failed. The owner of the place had told him to be on his way. This was the last straw.

The signboard read, Poverty Hollow, and the name stirred some vague memory. Here, in broad daylight, the old man could actually feel himself being bounced along through the night toward a rumbling noise with a pulse to it; by closing his eyes he could see distant flares, like a poor display of fireworks; and he could hear a voice saying, "*Après la guerre* we'll live together —— House painted red, near a stream in a place called Poverty Hollow, back in God's country."

Pop Fry wagged his head lugubriously. "God's country!"

The road was peaceful and silent. Spotted with autumn light and brilliant with autumn foliage, it wound its way past country houses with gardens, over the walls of which white flowers gazed in sheer astonishment at the olive-drab rags the old man wore. And yet they were no more astonished than the old man himself. Poverty Hollow! These lawns and gardens! It wasn't reasonable!

But the road soon left the well-groomed country places behind and dwindled to a lane, and the lane had many turnings. It made its way dejectedly between tumbledown rock fences and stony fields of sedge; and after a mile of untilled, uninhabited country, it crossed a wooden bridge with one rail hanging into the clear water of a small stream; and just beyond, Pop Fry came abruptly upon a dilapidated house which, long ago, had been painted red.

The old man made a noise in his throat. Could this be the place Tim had talked so much about? Then a curious thing caught his eye—the house had no steps. In the place of steps a runway wide enough for a wheel chair led up to a side door, and Pop knew he had found what he was looking for.

"Tim!" he shouted. "Come and get it!"

The people of Easton Center said someone had come to take care of Tim Osborn. But possibly the reverse of this was more nearly true. During the years immediately following the war, while he was being shunted from hospital to invalid camp and from invalid camp to hospital—eight in all—Tim had learned a trade. He was slowly building up a business way back here, and paying for his house and his land in the bargain. Such a house and such land! But it cost something, nevertheless. And each week he sent off a packing case filled with lamp shades and electric fixtures.

The fixtures were made at his own hand forge—almost any kind of wrought-iron electric fixture anybody might want. As to the lamp shades—Tim was no artist; yet with considerable care he stenciled strips of imitation parchment and made wire frames and even sewed gold braid around the edges. Any design anybody might want. The fruits and flowers Tim colored to suit himself and the silhouettes he inked in with infinite pains. Tim had learned the trade of an electrician, but he was versatile. Some days he painted fruits and flowers and some days he worked at the forge and some days he labored as a seamstress, sewing on the gold braid with the finest kind of wire. No one had to take care of Tim Osborn. With good management, he could take care of himself and Pop Fry in the bargain.

But it wasn't reasonable, so Pop insisted, to watch every penny; so now and again they went on a spree. Pop would get a bottle of liquor from some place—not so far from here—and Tim would spend a similar amount on some secondhand electric apparatus or other which he usually bought from a junkman. And Pop would get drunk and Tim would get even more stimulated from taking his new piece of junk to pieces and trying to put the pieces back again. They lived together for two years and three months, *après la guerre*.

On the night that Pop Fry was taken ill, Tim performed a minor miracle—so the people of Easton Center will tell you; but just how he accomplished it no one knows, with the exception of the telephone Central at Trumbul and the possible exception of a girl named Tucker.

There was no telephone in the small red house and during the past week there had been an ice storm that had turned the roads to glass, the trees to chandeliers and the telephone wires to crystal garlands. The nearest house to Tim's place was a mile away, and the nearest doctor was more than eight miles.

In his delirium on this night Pop Fry babbled of many things—things that were not reasonable. He talked of the war and he kept using a unique phrase over and over. "Rub 'um, Tim," he would cry out like a grizzled prophet; "you'll get your legs back some day. Rub 'um." Tim hadn't been able to use his legs since that early morning in October, 1918. From the waist down he was paralyzed. But he had a splendid body and amazingly strong shoulders and arms.

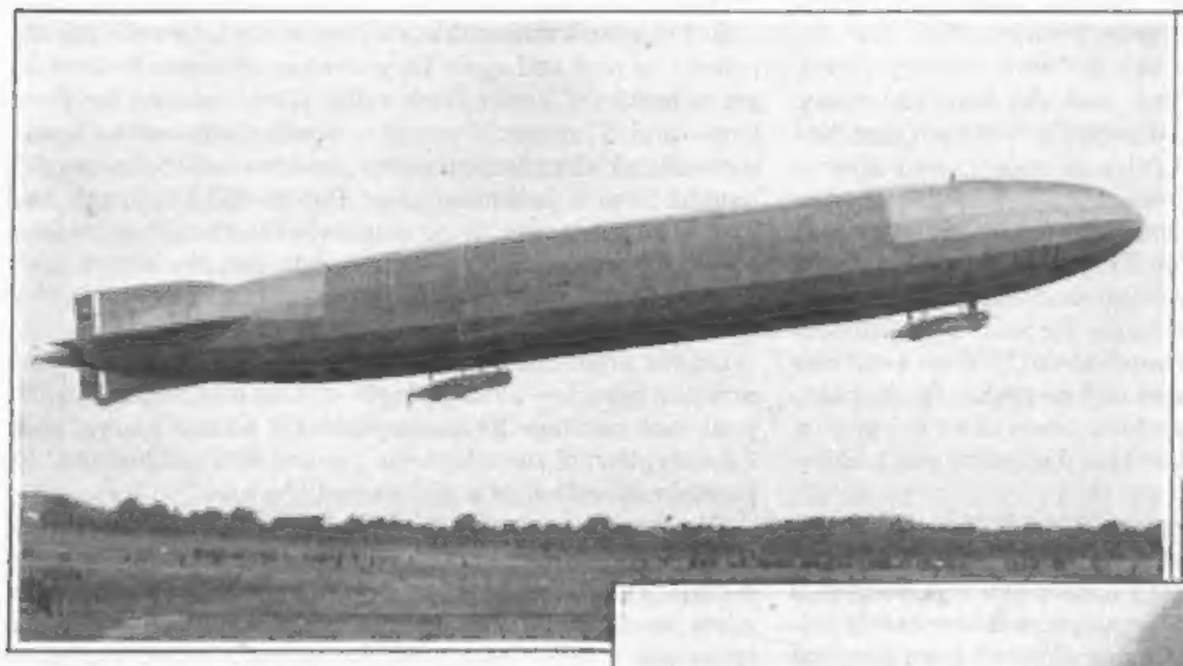
Shortly before midnight, had anyone been standing outside in the wintry darkness, he would have seen the door open and Tim Osborn in his wheel chair silhouetted for a moment against the soft yellow light. The runway that

(Continued on Page 90)

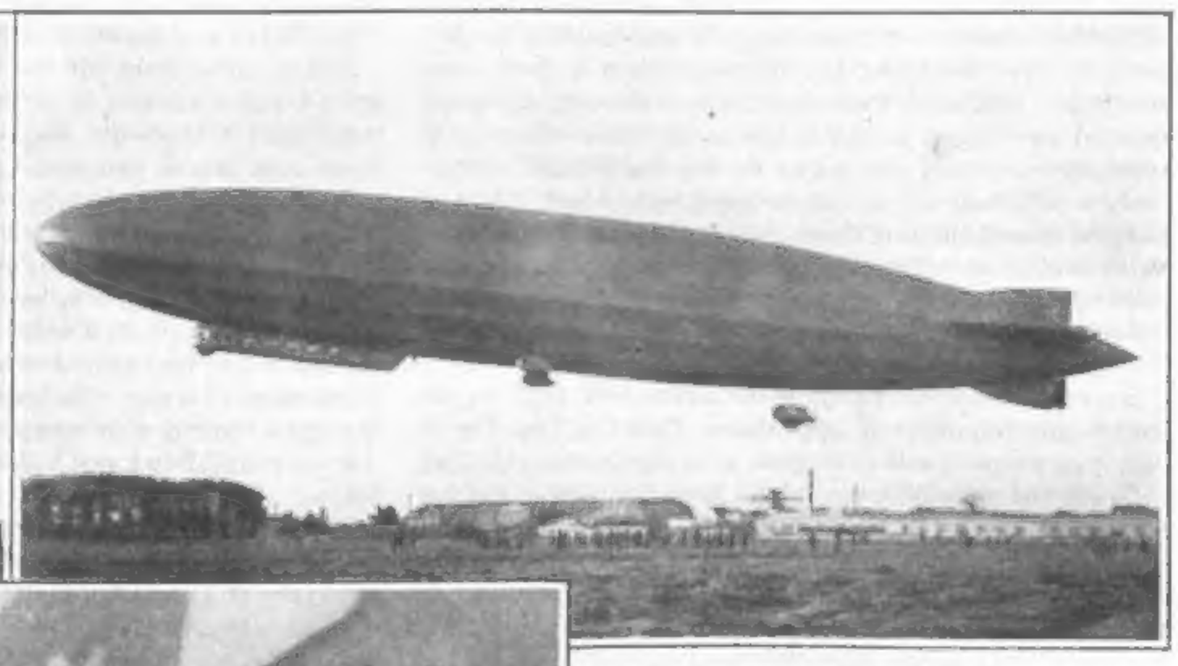
She Pondered This. "How Long Since You Used Your Legs?"

THE ZEPPELINS

By ERNST A. LEHMANN AND HOWARD MINGOS



The Naval Airship LZ-77—First Victim of Fire Shells, Shot Down in France



The Nordstern Above the Zeppelin Construction Plant at Friedrichshafen, 1920

PHOTO, BY THE DETROIT NEWS

Lehmann—Eckener—Ford

IT WAS Sunday in Dresden. For weeks I had been operating the Zeppelin Sachsen on regular experimental flights between Leipzig and the capital of Saxony. Now we were devoting the holiday to taking up a group of inventors who had, or thought they had, perfected various devices tending to make air travel safe. One of them had a complicated article which resembled a huge umbrella, closed. He explained that it was the latest thing in parachutes.

"Will you try it?" He turned to me as we hovered some 4000 feet above the airdrome, where a great crowd waited expectantly for something to happen.

"No, thank you," I replied. "Surely you have enough confidence in it. Try it yourself!"

But he declined my repeated invitation to step out with it, to the amusement of the others who were now displaying their brain children like proud mothers at a baby show.

"Very well," said I. "Here it goes." Tying a dummy to the thing, I dropped it overboard. It struck the earth like a rock, split open and sprinkled its stuffing of sand over several square yards of the landing field.

The others laughed at their rival's discomfiture, save one. He had kept to himself during this byplay, which we were enjoying because it was a change from the rather monotonous routine of flying throughout the week. He was a professional parachute jumper, who always attracted immense throngs when he dropped from a balloon. On such occasions his chute hung from the balloon like those seen at country fairs, say twenty-five years ago. Now he would do something radically different. He said he would jump from our airship with a new chute, the first of its kind.

"Your turn next."

He did not hesitate but, with a little package tucked under his arm, coolly stepped out of the cabin doorway and off into space.

Human Ballast

"I'VE sent a crazy man to his death," was my first thought as I watched his body turn and twist during a breathless plunge toward the crowds. At our height the people appeared like little black specks. Fascinated by the sheer horror of the daring leap, I looked to see him strike.

I saw the package leave him as if he had tossed it aside as useless. To my surprise it swung up and opened with a snap like a pistol shot. Beneath a great wide spread of fabric I caught sight of the jumper as at first he swung like a pendulum, then descended ever so slowly and safely to earth. We had witnessed a demonstration of the first model pack parachute, which is now the regulation type in all government services and common among flyers.

We ourselves often jumped from the ships. But all jumps were without chutes and had been confined to the lowest possible heights. It sometimes occurred that a landing with a heavy ship was unavoidable, for instance, in snowstorms or rain which depleted the reserve water ballast. On such occasions we had a regular roll call and drill. The members of the crew were so trained that when approaching the ground every dispensable man climbed outside of the car and hung by his arms from the handrails.

At a distance of six or eight feet above the ground a signal from me would send them jumping, thus relieving the ship of sufficient weight to check its downward speed. The next instant they would stand ready to grab the handrails again and help prevent it from striking the surface.

This trick in making a safe landing had always worked nicely, although to the uninitiated it must have appeared like an abandon-ship maneuver. The men went over the side like so much ballast. With the invention of a reliable parachute I saw possibilities of improving our methods. In an emergency we should be able to jump from any height.

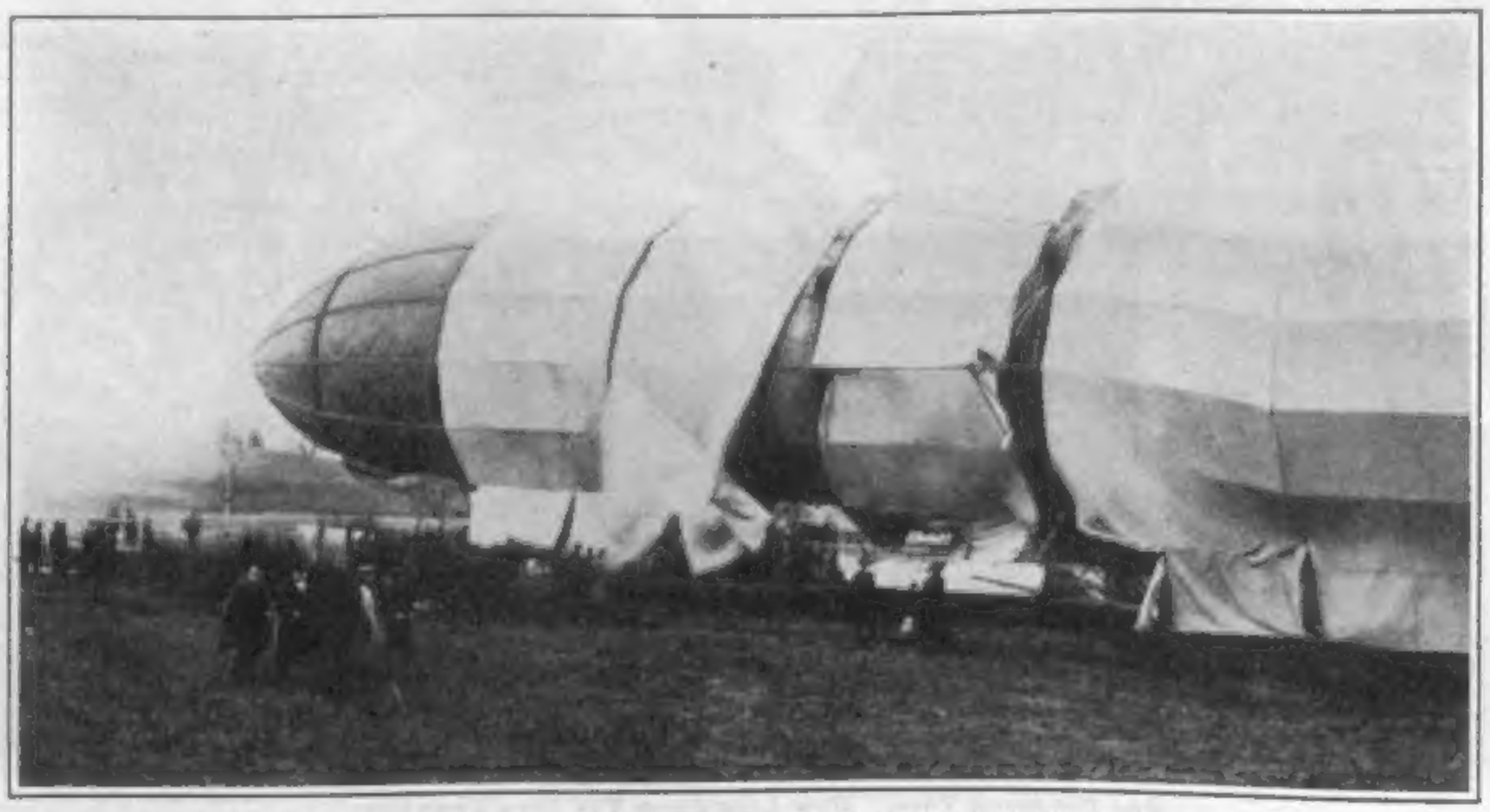
Thus far—it was the summer of 1914—there had been no emergencies. The German Airship Transportation Company, the operating branch of Count Zeppelin's organization popularly known as DELAG, had been in existence since 1910. Commercial airship harbors had been established at Baden-Baden, Frankfort, Düsseldorf, Johannisthal, Gotha, Hamburg, Leipzig and Dresden. The company owned other hangars at its construction plants in Friedrichshafen and Potsdam. Nearly everybody in Germany had seen a Zeppelin in flight during the four years of peacetime operations.

A Nucleus for Air Transportation

THERE had been the Deutschland and the LZ-6, followed by the Schwaben, the Victoria Louise, Hansa and the Sachsen. All told, 37,250 passengers had been carried, 1600 flights made, 3200 hours spent in the air and 90,000 miles flown without accident. Tickets were purchased at the Hamburg-American Line offices in all cities and towns. The DELAG was looked upon as the nucleus of a growing air-transport organization which one day would link every German city by air, and perhaps the other capitals of Europe. We were beginning to think of a North Pole flight. In fact, Count Zeppelin and Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the former Kaiser, had recently returned from a trip to Spitzbergen, where they picked a base for the airship which they hoped to fly across the roof of the world. Then occurred the greatest emergency of all.

Leaving the control car after a flight late on the thirty-first of July, 1914, I was handed a telegram ordering me to keep the Sachsen within fifty miles of the station.

War! For my part though I had been a naval constructor in the imperial



The LZ-1—Zeppelin's First Ship—Wrecked in the Bavarian Mountains in 1901

shipyards at Kiel and was now in the reserve, I could not believe that a conflict between the great powers would really materialize. In fact, a career in the navy had not promised the excitement I craved, and that was why I had joined Count Zeppelin's organization some sixteen months before.

In that period I had piloted the commercial Zeppelins on hundreds of flights and there had been plenty of excitement. Though a flight might be as quiet and peaceful as the lives of the tourists we carried on sight-seeing trips, the operation of an airship in itself was thrilling.

Now as I pulled my naval lieutenant's uniform from the bottom of a trunk I wondered what the war would bring. What would be done with the airships? Some of us discussed the matter at length while awaiting further orders, but none had any idea as to what might be expected of us. The Zeppelins had not figured in any of the war plans drafted by the general staff.

Though Germany, like all other nations, had held military maneuvers, and the staff, of course, had comprehensive plans as to what to do in case of war, the airships had not been included. They had received little thought as military weapons.

Besides the three commercial ships then in existence, there were only eight rigid airships in all Germany. The army had three in the western part of the country and three in the eastern sections. The navy had one at Hamburg and another under construction. But none of those ships had been groomed for war.

I saw evidence of this late in July, when the situation was becoming critical. The captain of the army Z-8, then idle in her hangar at Trier, which was only ten miles from the French border, had asked permission to inflate his ship and stand ready to use it against the French cavalry, which was then deploying on the other side of the frontier.

He realized that there was some risk of having his station surprised by the enemy if war should come, in which case the helpless Zeppelin might be demolished. But the war department had declined to authorize the operation of the Z-8 at that time.

A Great Laboratory Experiment

THAT was significant. It indicated clearly that nobody in Berlin could visualize what might be accomplished with that ship. Yet we ourselves did not see all the military possibilities. Our experience and training had been along commercial lines. We were young enthusiastic officers in the new merchant marine of the air. Count Zeppelin himself, though old in years, was as enthusiastic as any novice, and his efforts had been devoted solely to the peacetime development. The army and navy ships had been purchased to provide an outlet for the plants and engineering laboratories. More than anything else, they represented only government encouragement of the new civilian science.

We had no idea of the extent to which that science was to be developed under the stress of war. Had anyone told me that eighty-eight Zeppelins would be launched during the conflict, each representing an improvement over its predecessor, I should have thought him a visionary. Had he predicted that we were to undergo the inconceivably unique and weird adventures which marked our war activities, I should have thought him the veriest dreamer.

It was only after months of service that we recognized the war as the great laboratory experiment in lighter-than-air craft. It was to bring about the development of airships beyond the boldest dreams of the inventors, and that progress, once set in motion, was not to cease with the signing of peace, but was to continue throughout the world. It is easily discernible today. All the great powers and several of the smaller nations have airship programs providing for true leviathans of the sky which shall be capable of unheard-of performances.

The Machine Gun in the Rear Engine Car of an Early Army Zeppelin, 1914-15

The war adventures of the Zeppelin crews were not confined to the raids which received so much notoriety, with few real facts getting past the Allied censors, nor were the attacks on London and Paris the outstanding achievements. Raiding comprised less than a tenth of their work. More than that was required to establish the new art and warrant the conclusion of the Allied governments—even before America entered the war in 1917—that "the performances of the Zeppelins proved the practicability of lighter-than-air craft and the urgent necessity of a nation providing similar craft as weapons in war and mediums of transport in peace."

That is my chief reason for reciting the details of what actually occurred. Since the Armistice much has been said of the limitations of airships, their vulnerability to weather and other adverse agencies. There have been accidents. Staunch defenders have rushed forth to explain that this is an "infant science, in which accidents must happen" until the millennium arrives, when airships will be foolproof.

Rumors Rampant

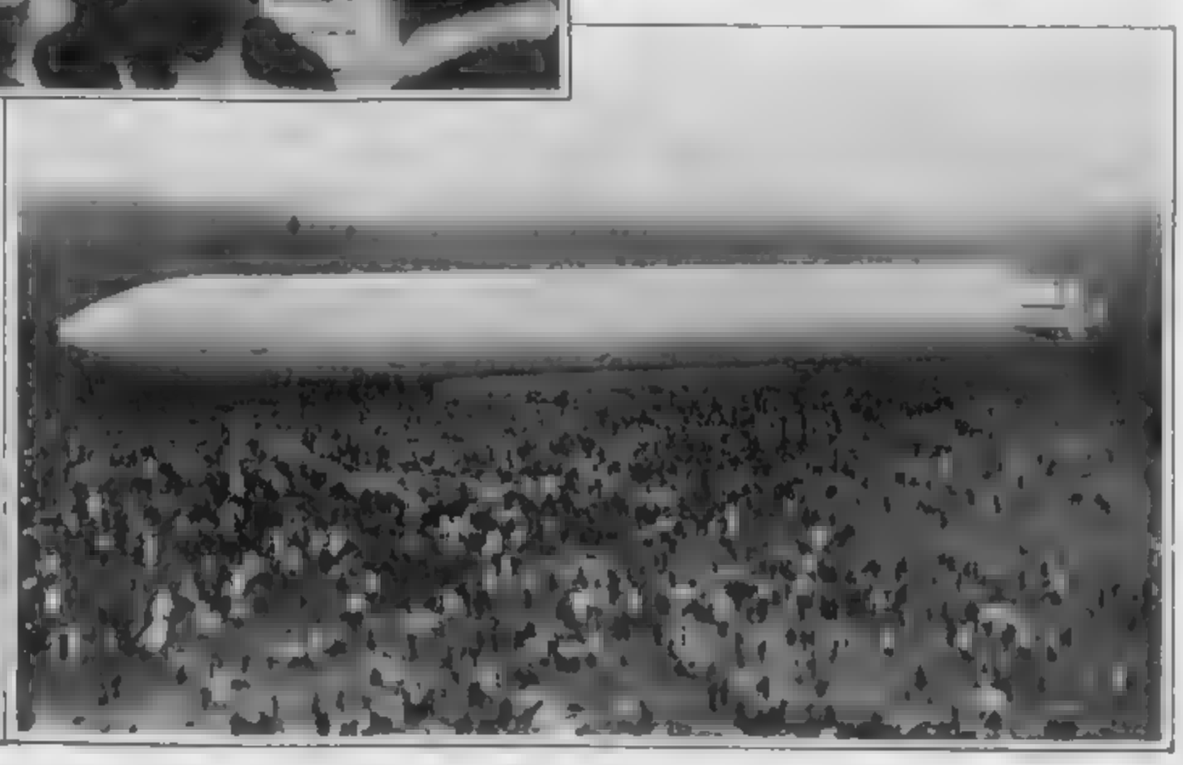
NOW the science is not an infant. It grew up into a lusty child in Germany during the war. It was not foolproof and probably never will be. On the other hand, it is a practical and necessary adjunct to modern civilization and must eventually be recognized as one of the world's chief heritages of the conflict.

There was more surprise and confusion in Germany at the outbreak of the war than was generally believed at the time. Of course the machinery of the mobilization functioned like clockwork. But rumor was rampant. It spread throughout the military establishment. A story was circulated that the French were trying to send gold through to Russia in motor cars, and that these were then traversing Germany. The troops took it seriously, particularly the national guards stationed at bridges, railway centers and along the highways. They suspected every automobile of being loaded with French gold, and if it did not stop immediately on signal they fired into it.

A new motor car had been placed at my disposal. Returning to camp one night, the driver and I saw a red light swinging some distance ahead. We thought it a signal on the railway which paralleled the road, so did not stop. Next instant we were in an infantry crossfire. The blue pills hummed about our ears like a swarm of bees. They punctured the new car and surely would have punctured us had not the chauffeur displayed rare presence of mind. He snapped off the lights and stepped on the gas, and soon we were back at the station, mourning the mess that the infantry had made of the car.

I never was so angry in my life. This was a ludicrous way for one to receive his baptism of fire. When I found the officer commanding those troops he heard

(Continued on Page 71)



The First Naval Zeppelin, L-3, Leaving for the Front in 1914. Emergency Landing of the LZ-3 on a Flight to Berlin in August, 1909
Above—Count Zeppelin—in the White Cap—and Doctor Eckener—With His Hands on the Rail—in the Car of the LZ-6 in 1909

ONCE AND ALWAYS

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

"One Thing More, and Take It or Leave It, as You Please. I Hope to Die If Ever in My Life I Did a Wrong to Lemuel Gower"

IT ALL came back later to Gideon Higsbee, though not immediately, because it had happened so long ago. But after a little concentration he could remember clearly enough the way the three strangers had looked when they descended from the stage in front of the Agamemnon House. Like nearly all the adult male population of Agamemnon, Maine, Gideon had resorted to the lobby of the Agamemnon House late every afternoon, urged by the same habit which brought him to the general store just before going home to supper. Thus he saw the three strangers at close view, and Gideon knew what they were. They were crooks who had probably been touring the county fairs—either gamblers or confidence men. It was written in their predatory glances, and the jewelry they carried was enough to tell anyone with any sense that they used it as a cash reserve. But why should one have expected Lemuel Gower to have any sense? There always had to be someone devoid of it. Lemuel glanced with wonder at their distinguished bearing.

"Gid," said Lemuel, in the loud, blank way in which he always spoke, "let's go over and speak to 'em."

"No," said Gideon Higsbee.

"But, say," said Lemuel plaintively, "why not, Gid? They're nice pleasant-lookin' fellers, influential bankers, or somethin', I'll bet. And we're business men, Gid, ain't we? Come on, Gid, we really otter."

Gideon Higsbee smiled. He had no whiskers in those days, and his hair was still light brown. "No, Lemuel," said Gideon, even then with a sigh. "You haven't got a wife—I have."

"But, say," said Lemuel, "she wants you to get on, doesn't she? You say you're going to get rich, don't you? Well, say, how're you goin' to do it if you don't grasp opportunity? They're nice fellers, Gid. Mebbe they've come up to see the pulp mill, and if so, it's our business to speak to 'em."

Gideon shook his head. The honesty, the Arcadian simplicity of Lemuel Gower might have inspired a pastoral poet, but Gideon was not a poet.

"But why won't you?" inquired Lemuel. "As a rule, Gid, you're the slickest feller. Gid, what are you thinkin' about?"

Gideon was whistling through his teeth and moving his hands in short, sharp circles. "Just thinking of my wife," said Gideon. "That's all—just thinking of my wife."

"Well," said Lemuel, "if you won't speak to 'em, I will."

With his rubber shoes making an honest sound upon the floor, Lemuel Gower walked across the lobby of the Agamemnon House, and Gideon perceived that the three strangers looked up with pleasure. Through the haze of years Gideon recalled that he had watched curiously before he turned away, and he said—he still remembered that he had said it, because even then it seemed to paraphrase nearly all his observations on life—"Once a sucker, always a sucker," said Gideon, and smiled.

Gideon Higsbee's hair was nearly white by now; his sharp face had grown wrinkled; Lemuel Gower had faded long ago from active recollection, like everything in Agamemnon, Maine. And after all, why not? That affair in the Agamemnon House had fallen into the past for thirty years or more before the shade of Lemuel Gower darkened Gideon's conscience in Doctor Follenshope's office just off Fifth Avenue.

II

GIDEON HIGSBEE'S mutton-chop whiskers were soft and white as new-flown snow and comforting as a Sunday's benediction. Of old the sirens had their song, but what use had Gideon for alluring music when his whiskers in their carded fleecy innocence were waving on the breeze? Many a strong and case-hardened man had become weak—nay, smilingly lachrymose—at the sight of them, and thus there was no wonder that Doctor Follenshope should also have succumbed. He tilted back his swivel chair. He seemed to find it difficult to discover a beginning in what he had to say.

"I'm afraid it's going to be hard for me to make myself clear," he said.

"Is it, indeed?" said Gideon Higsbee, in a high voice which was somewhat cracked by years. "Well, I guess it won't hurt you to do something hard, young man. You look spry and you're getting paid enough."

"Of course I don't want to alarm you unduly ——" began Doctor Follenshope.

"Young man," said Gideon Higsbee, "don't make me laugh. It gives me a crick in the side."

"I'm afraid," said Doctor Follenshope in a slightly altered tone, "it isn't exactly a laughing matter."

Gideon Higsbee raised a wrinkled clawlike hand and snapped his fingers. "Young man," he said, "what I say may be eccentric, but then why shouldn't I be eccentric? What I say may not be gentlemanly, but then am I a gentleman? I make it a rule to laugh when I damn please."

Doctor Follenshope seemed slightly confused and looked at Mr. Higsbee strangely. "Mr. Higsbee," he said, "I make mistakes. We all make mistakes in the medical profession, as no doubt you have made them in yours. People say we have the advantage of being able to bury ours; sometimes it's quite the other way. I just want to say that I might be wrong about you. You may fool us all. Are you listening, sir?"

There was a reason for Doctor Follenshope's question. Mr. Higsbee was staring at his hand, which he was rotating briskly at the wrist, and at the same time he was whistling a monotonous tune through his teeth.

"You don't feel an attack coming on?" asked Doctor Follenshope. "Would you feel better lying down?"

Mr. Higsbee still continued to whistle and rotate his hand.

"Mr. Higsbee," cried Doctor Follenshope, "this isn't a laughing matter. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," said Mr. Higsbee. "I'm not hard of hearing."

"But you weren't listening to me—not to a word I was saying." Doctor Follenshope's professional calm was leaving him, and his face was growing pink.

"No," said Mr. Higsbee, "I wasn't. I may be eccentric, but then why shouldn't I be eccentric? I was thinking. I was snatching the occasion to allow my thoughts to revert toward my wife—toward Mrs. Higsbee. Young man, do you happen to be one of those before whom Hymen has carried the torch? Are you married?"

A frown appeared on Doctor Follenshope's placid brow. He glanced hastily toward the door.

"Mr. Higsbee," he said, "I must ask you to give me your attention, I'm afraid, whether you wish to or not. Though I happen to be married ——"

"Then," said Mr. Higsbee, "let me give you a piece of advice. Listen to an old man—I beg of you, listen. Though it may not be applicable in your case, you may pass it on to others. I refer to the principle of the counterirritant, which I believe has been used by your profession from the time of Galen." Mr. Higsbee paused and stroked his whiskers. "Young man, when you find yourself confronted by a serious situation which is harrowing in the extreme—think of your wife—always think of your wife"

"My wife?" inquired Doctor Follenshope, with a peculiar expression. "I fail to see ——"

Mr. Higsbee smiled and rubbed his hands, and, more than smiling, beamed until his shriveled face and glassy eyes were genial as the setting sun. "Ah!" he said. "Then she is not like Mrs. Higsbee—clearly not like Mrs. Higsbee. She does not possess the power of opening you up like an oyster."

At this point Doctor Follenshope betrayed a plodding literal mind. "Like an oyster?" he inquired, looking at Mr. Higsbee strangely.

"Have you never witnessed," asked Mr. Higsbee, "the struggles of an oyster in the hands of one of those experts who serve you at a counter?"

"No, I haven't," replied Doctor Follenshope, "and what's more —"

"Ah!" said Mr. Higsbee. "Then you should. Let us take one of those known in the trade as a wild Virginia oyster. The man picks him up and grasps his knife. The oyster hastily closes his shell, and with a confidence not wholly based on ignorance—for you could not open him, young man, not without a hammer and a chisel—surrenders himself to his dark and cramped environment. But he is reckoning without a knowledge of his assailant. With an unerring speed, swifter than light, the knife strikes an unguarded crevice. There is a moment's vain resistance, a grating sound, and there you are. The oyster, however wild, lies bare, exposed to the taunts of his victor, ready for the lemon and horse-radish. But you don't follow me?"

"No," said Doctor Follenshope icily, "I certainly don't"

"Young man," said Mr. Higsbee, with a sigh, "I married Mrs. Higsbee at Agamemnon, Maine, thirty years ago. In those days I was wild and free, engaged, in fact, in selling a tonic compounded from roots known only to the Indians at the county fairs. Forced by domesticity from my wild, free ways, I began conducting business in Mrs. Higsbee's home town; in fact, buying into an enterprise. Upon gaining control of it I became aware of a growing though incomprehensible antipathy on the part of the natives, and selling out, I came here; of course, with Mrs. Higsbee. With Mrs. Higsbee still by my side I have struggled from these low beginnings into the possession of some three million dollars. I mention this only incidentally, because I wish to add that in every crisis of my career I have thought of Mrs. Higsbee. It has always made me calm, and why has it made me calm?"

Doctor Follenshope made no answer. He was staring at Gideon Higsbee as though he had never really known him.

"It renders me calm," said Mr. Higsbee gently, "because I feel that nothing is more difficult to cope with than Mrs. Higsbee. For thirty years I have been Mrs. Higsbee's oyster. But I beg your pardon. You said you did not want to alarm me unduly. Don't worry. It's hard to alarm anyone who has been an oyster for thirty years."

For a moment Doctor Follenshope did not speak, but stared at Gideon Higsbee's wrinkled face and snowy whiskers vaguely and uncertainly, at the same time taking off his

glasses. Gideon Higsbee leaned back in his chair and crossed his slender hands. Clearly Doctor Follenshope did not understand him, but then why should he have understood? Others had been puzzled, lots of others, by the fluent ease of Gideon Higsbee's speech, and many had ended by doing things about which they had subsequently wondered. Nevertheless, Mr. Higsbee was surprised at himself. Old as he was and clever as he was, he had very nearly made a confession, had very nearly told the truth.

Earlier, that very morning, when he had entered the breakfast room of his brownstone house, his wife's canary had been singing in a most damnably carefree way, seemingly out of spite. Mrs. Higsbee, behind a Georgian coffee urn, was opening a pile of letters. Being one of those who never let anything go, Mrs. Higsbee never dropped a correspondent, nor allowed herself to be dropped, and the brisk way she wielded her paper knife was enough to prove it. Their son, whom Mrs. Higsbee had insisted on naming Merlin, had pushed his chair back from the table and was reading the paper through a pair of glasses pinched on his nose—a Higsbee nose, slender and beaklike. That Mr. Higsbee could have been a party in producing and rearing a being like Merlin, who, possessed of the sharpest Higsbee attributes, yet was soft and sportive, like a dying species, and who regarded his father with a supercilious scorn, always was puzzling. It was the more puzzling when he looked at Mrs. Higsbee. Her stern, bespectacled visage had preserved its simplicity and forcefulness, despite thick claret-colored carpets and tapestries on the wall. In spite of surroundings, in spite of time, Matilda Higsbee was as indomitable as when she had first spied him. Gideon had the same feeling of awe and nervousness.

"Good morning, my dear," he said.

"You're not looking as well even as you did yesterday," said Mrs. Higsbee.

Now how was that for a nice way to start the morning?

"That's right," said Merlin. "You're not looking well."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Higsbee, "how it must hurt you to perceive it!"

"Don't talk so loudly," said Mrs. Higsbee. "It makes your face all spotty, Gideon."

"That's right, it does," said Merlin.

"Merlin," said Mr. Higsbee, "I wonder if you could spare some of your time to pay me a visit downtown. There are so many things I should like to tell you which might not interest your mother."

"Tweet! Tweet!" went the canary.

"Angel voice," said Mrs. Higsbee. "Gideon, what do you think I've just heard? I've got the nicest, longest letter from Susie Brickett. It makes me feel as though I was back home to read it, and what do you think?"

"Anything you want, my dear," said Gideon. "I've found it best."

"It's all about Lemuel Gower."

That was like her. It was like the knife finding the chink in the oyster, and things recent or things distant were all the same to her.

Out of the past, back from the solitude of Agamemnon, Maine, she had fetched him with swift unerring skill. On purpose or not, it made no difference. There was Lemuel Gower come to disturb his peace.

"Gideon," inquired Mrs. Higsbee, "aren't you feeling well?"

"Perfectly, my dear," said Gideon. "Never better."

"Lemuel's in financial troubles again. What do you think of that?"

Mr. Higsbee drew a deep breath and smiled. "Is that all?" he asked. "Well, I can only say what I've always said, my dear. There's a saying in trade peculiarly applicable to Lemuel Gower, and I ought to know, seeing he was my first associate in business. The phrase is vulgar, but it sums everything up. 'Once a sucker, always a sucker.' That's what I think of Lemuel Gower."

There was a slight and rather uncomfortable pause. Mr. Higsbee became aware that his wife was peering at him around the coffee urn. He drew himself up and stroked his whiskers. After all, was there any wonder that his heart was weak after years of such suspense?

"Gideon"—right out of the blue she threw her bolt—"I want to know—you've always edged off it—did you, or did you not, do right by Lemuel?"

"Tweet!" went the canary, and Gideon Higsbee jumped at the suddenness of the sound.

"My dear," he said, "correct me if I am mistaken, but haven't we discussed this at odd intervals over a period of thirty years!"

Unbidden, there came before Gideon's memory, floating cloudily, a vision of Lemuel Gower's broad and honest face, his bulbous nose reddened by the winter's cold and a light of enthusiastic wonder kindling in his credulous gray eyes.

"Gideon"—Mrs. Higsbee's voice aroused him from his reverie—"you've always been sharp. How could you get so rich if you weren't? And when Lemuel lost his money first, you started getting rich. Now tell me the truth, did you, or did you not, do right by Lemuel?"

Merlin was looking at him; his wife was looking at him. Mr. Higsbee made a distinct effort. "My dear," he said with delicate reproach, "is it possible you still think I conceal anything from you? What's the trouble, Merlin?"

Merlin had made a gurgling sound behind his newspaper. Mr. Higsbee rose from the table and looked like an old engraving.

"I'll not stay and be laughed at in my own house," he continued; "and as for Lemuel Gower, I'd like you both to listen, if you please, once for all. Lemuel and I were associated in business at Agamemnon, Maine, when we were both much younger—the pulp business. I'm specific, because I want you to understand too, Merlin, and afterwards you shall ask my pardon for laughing. At this period Lemuel was approached by three plausible men, who induced him to draw most of his savings in order that they might make a fortune in a stock deal."

Mr. Higsbee paused and coughed.

"They had, I believe, a private wire from Bangor to New York, and one of them had been a confidential clerk

(Continued on Page 126)

Gideon's Silk Hat Rolled Upon the Floor, But Gideon Did Not Pick It Up. Again His Voice Rose and Creaked and Wavered. "You Always Were an Infernal Idiot," He Said

AS EVER

By FANNY HEASLIP LEA

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

JANE was small and the shelf was high. She tiptoed to it, panting, for a good three minutes, to no avail, except for a rip, proclaiming itself with a faint rasp of outraged seams beneath her straining right arm.

"Gosh darn it!" said Jane or words to more effect.

The shelf in the clothes closet was the only space in Room 379 which remained uninvestigated. Jane had moved in at 11:15 of an extremely unpleasant day in March, and between 11:15 and 5 P.M.—the eleven was, of course, matutinal—fancy Jane moving in anywhere at eleven o'clock at night! Simply couldn't be done. She was not—as one so seldom hears it said these days—that kind of girl. She had learned her vocabulary from a younger sister, that was all. Between eleven and five Jane had inspected very thoroughly, with fine comb and microscope, as it were, every inch of her marble halls. Room and bath—those were the marble halls—Jane's own. The first domicile which she herself had ever owned. If one can be said oneself to own any domicile whatsoever, except the final and indisputable six feet of clay for which one exchanges all things else.

Be all of which considered, or passed over, Jane gave up straining on her tiptoes, fetched a chair, climbed upon it and swept the shelf with the eye of an explorer. Dusty, of course—oh, very! No self-respecting chambermaid wastes her employer's time on high narrow shelves. This one, however, although dusty, was not utterly untenanted. Over in the farthest corner, thrust back against the wall, half hidden by a length of large white pipe, showed vaguely a small oblong parcel. Forgotten? Perhaps. Hidden? Maybe!

Jane braved the dust and put out a hand. She thought at first it was a manuscript—folded pages closely written—tied with a frowsty pink ribbon. Jane had a soft spot in her heart for manuscripts, having sent forth a good many—and had them come home both with their shields and upon them, both with tails wagging and tails between the legs.

She saw almost at once, however, that this was no manuscript, but a packet of letters, without envelopes, naked and unaddressed, if one might except the opening line of the uppermost, which, like a blow over the heart, rocked Jane on her chair and set her clutching at the edge of the shelf for reality.

"Jenny, darling—Jenny, my sweet. . . ." Jane Thornton had been called Jenny all her life.

She fingered the frowsty pink ribbon with an incredulous smile on her mouth, a shadow of awe in her eyes, greed, to give a spade its name, in her touch. "Jenny, darling—Jenny, my sweet. . . ."

She got down off that chair and took the letters with her. She wiped them tenderly with an old handkerchief, removing the dust of their hiding. She drew another chair, comfortable though somewhat shabby, to her one window which looked upon a deep four-square court, and sat down. To decide, of course, what had better be done.

How simple, if laundry lists or accounts rendered, merely to turn them in at the office downstairs, saying: "Will you forward these to the person who was in Room 379 before me?" But no laundry list ever devised included "Jenny, darling"; no account ever rendered quite covered "Jenny, my sweet."

There was a faint fingerprint of rouge near the top of that first page, like the scar of a heartbeat.

She Came Down Off the Chair, Looking Startled, and Smiling Sweetly. "There's Nothing There. I Must Have Been Mistaken"

Of course, Jane Thornton was an incurable romanticist. Most small, pale, dignified girls are. Behind dark eyes and red-brown hair, unbobbed; behind a whimsical mouth and an inadequate nose, belying her considerable intelligence, she had somewhere about her the blended souls of a Pirate's Bride, Elaine of Astolat, Jane Austen and Lady Caroline Lamb. Not at all impossible. Such hybrids come to birth in many an unsuspecting tribe. She released a certain amount of her desire for life in black and white—at the point, as it were, of a typewriter. But what remained was sufficient, upon occasion, to make her uncomfortable. She possessed a capacity for ardent emotion, without so far having been afforded any suitable outlet.

"Jenny's difficult," said her family. So would a fountain be difficult, sealed beneath bricks and mortar.

Ice cannot hold above a spring. Which intends no reflection—at least no extraordinary reflection upon Jenny's family. They endured her, she endured them, up to her twenty-fourth year, at which time her grandmother died and left her a little money. Not a fortune, but enough to help Jenny crash the gate of Room 379 and make her at least temporarily independent of advice.

"You'd better invest it—good safe bonds," said her brother Ellis. Ellis was married and knew what safety meant.

"Why don't you go round the world—one of those snappy ships?" said Sylvia—Jane's sister—younger by three priceless years. "You might meet almost anybody!"

"And probably would," said Jane. She explained when her arrangements were made beyond interference: "I'm going to New York to work."

"I think you're foolish," said Ellis.

"I hope to heaven you cut your hair—and your skirts when you get there," said Sylvia.

Sylvia's knees excused her attitude toward undue drapery. Jane, having lived so long with Sylvia, mistrusted her own very nice ones.

Everyone wished Jane well, frankly thought her foolish, and sent her away with mutual rejoicing. Except Jane's mother, who observed unexpectedly, after Jane had gone, "Bless her heart, I wish I'd had her chance!"

Perhaps Jane inherited that section of her soul which involved a pirate. One gets so in the way of regarding all mothers as pelicans—their actual inclinations are apt to be muted ingloriously.

In any case there was Jane, sitting by the window of Room 379 with a bundle of love letters in her lap, and outside that window, in the barren chill of the four-square court—twelve stories deep it was—dusk gathered grayly.

She read the letters, of course. One doesn't, but she did. Don't castaways, rocking on sailless seas, without food, without water, wanting absurdly to live, sometimes eat each other?

She'd have been less than human if she hadn't read them. Beginning—dark eyes wide, finger tips chilly, cheeks burning, all symptoms, vicariously induced—"Jenny, darling—Jenny, my sweet—lazy, languid, laughing Jenny!"

Jane knew her English poets. There should have been more to that—something to do with a kiss and a guinea. Kisses, to do the unknown writer justice, were mentioned in number a bit farther on; guineas, not directly. Jane couldn't help feeling, however, that somewhere in that slightly battered, tightly bound with a frowsty pink ribbon—bundle of rhapsodies, guineas would come to light. Lack of them, most likely. She was right. Even on that first page, five lines from the bottom, he groaned tragically: "If I could see you—if I could just see you and hear you and touch you; but I'm broke as usual! And I can't stick up Horace so soon again. It wouldn't be decent. Besides, although he's one of the best, I don't believe he'd stand for it."

Young—he was young enough to write that ridiculously honest tag to his standards of decency!

On the next page he was old enough to make Jane cry.

"Jenny, it won't last; it's too beautiful. Brevity may be the soul of wit—sometimes I think it's the soul of love. When I see you I feel immortal. I feel you're mine to the end of the world. Then I have to leave you, come back here to this rotten job of mine, and I lose you, as if you had died overnight—or I had.

"This rotten beehive of a factory. . . . What do I care about making cars!—I want to make pictures of you! and while I'm learning to be my father's son some other chap may be learning to be your husband. Jenny—don't laugh!—you'll have a husband some day, and it'd be just my luck to have it a day that I'm caught between carburetors and ignition, like a pig under a gate!"

Almost from that second page Jane began to resent the other Jenny with a burning and bitter contempt. How could she let him suffer so, being not sure of her? Didn't the fool know he was rare?—that love itself was rare? That being able to tell it in words—words like that—was rarest of all?

Nobody had ever told it to Jane Thornton in a way to quicken her heart one beat!—in a way to come up to her own mad imaginings.

Oh, of course, this young man or that had taken her about—Jane was not a wallflower, but then neither was she a superwoman. She'd had flowers on birthdays, and what not. Chocolates—usually of a kind she didn't care for. She'd even refused a man once; but she hadn't particularly wanted him, so she took no credit to herself for letting him go.

"Jenny's got no S.A."—that was Sylvia's diagnosis.

"And you've got S.R.O."—that was Ellis' brotherly rebuttal.

The letters spoke to a Jenny that neither Sylvia nor Ellis knew—spoke with an audible voice and clutched with living hands. Sitting there beside the window, with the world dimming and darkening beyond the pane, with no light in Room 379 except the one upon the wall above her head, shut into a silence and a dream, it was not hard to pretend those lovely lambent reckless words had been written for her. To keep her warm and fed against the cold and hunger of the world. To be arms about her, a beating heart against her breast, lips upon hers, company on the way to heaven.

With long pauses, when she sat staring into nothing, a flutter in her throat and a mist before her eyes, Jane read the letters through

They were too much alive for her to know how long she sat there reading them. They stabbed her so with what she had never had; with what, being flesh and blood and woman, she had always wanted; although, being woman, she didn't commonly say so.

The other Jenny had probably said so. Residue of pinkish face powder in odd corners of the room, little gilt-wire hairpins coming to light in unexpected places, proclaimed Jane's predecessor as frankly, even prodigally, feminine. A perceptible and not too subtle perfume yet clung to the walls of the clothes closet. It clung, also, vaguely to the letters. They had lain among her clothes, doubtless. Had some of them lain even against her heart? Odd, the little flame of jealousy that spurted in Jane to fancy it!

She hadn't been worthy of those letters—the other Jenny—or she'd never have left them under dust on a high shelf in a closet. She hadn't been worthy, or he'd never have written as he did: "Let that bird from Seattle ride till I can see you again, will you? You're too beautiful and too sweet and too fine for his kind. I know you said he was only an old friend of your family's; but he ought to be delivering groceries, not taking you out to dance. His dancing doesn't look to be an inducement either. Jenny, darling, I will be good! Only here I sit, starving for you—for the rose of your mouth and the rose of your face and the rose of yourself—and you can write sweetly: 'Saw the Follies last night with Bill Gross'—who said what's in a name!—'danced till three at the Miramar afterward.'

"He would take you where he could spend the most money. And when I take you I have to know what the cover charge is going to be before I start. If my father weren't sold on this heavy-parent idea of making me learn the whole works before I get living expenses, I'd make your friend Bill look like last week's snowfall! Don't be too sweet to him, Jenny. His kind never knows where to get off. . . ."

Jane set her teeth in futile scorn. "And her kind," she muttered, "would never show him. . . . Don't kid yourself, my dear—my dear!"

He was her dear to Jane, reading and yearning. She would have liked to have his head in her lap, her fingers in his hair, crooning over him, comforting him for the worthless Jenny-my-sweet, who, with Bill Gross, had danced until three at the Miramar, pink-powdered, undoubtedly perfumed and waved, little gold-wire hairpins holding the wave.

There was one page which was an arrogant shout of happiness. Horace had come through once again—who was Horace, Jane wondered, but didn't spend much time on it—Horace had furnished a check, and Ricky—that was the name at the end of each letter—had "hopped a train" and had "one whole silver-gilt week in town" with Jenny-his-own

"I go over and over and over it all," he wrote, back at the factory. "The feel of you is still in my arms and my hands and my lips. You do love me, Jenny, you beautiful! You will give the others the gate—every damned one of 'em! I know I've been a high-rolling failure so far, from a cold-blooded financial standpoint. I can't seem to take interest enough in mechanical stuff to want even to watch it go, but I take interest enough in you to carry water for the elephants, if that's what it takes to get me into the circus.

"Life is the circus and you're the darling powder puff of a girl, riding the big white horse, tiptoeing on his back while the music plays, laughing at the crowd. I'm the trapeze artist that snatches you up by your two little wrists, and we fly through the air together—so long as we're together, who cares where!

"Paolo and Francesca must have made a very good go of it, I'd say, drifting about on the winds of their seventh hell together.

"What price heaven!

"Say you love me again, so I can feel your mouth against my cheek, so I can know I've got my foot in the door of this world oyster. I'm not laughing, Jenny! The oyster's as apt to clamp down as to oblige with a pearl. Don't think I forget it. . . ."

He never held his triumph long. He ached on every page to be told that she was true, that she missed him as he missed her, that she remembered all that he remembered, that all that he felt she was feeling.

"It's too beautiful," he wrote again and again—"it's too beautiful to last; just as you are too beautiful to be real. I can't see you ever getting middle-aged and fat and dull; your deepest interests your neighbors' affairs. You're the dream in the flesh. How can I ever keep you?"

That was his poignant fear: That he wouldn't keep her.

"And yet," he wrote, "if I had you all to myself, if once we were married, Jenny, darling, I know we'd be

(Continued on Page 52)

She Read the Letters, of Course. One Doesn't. But She Did

She Tiptoed—and Very Gently, With a Passion of Gentleness, She Kissed Him on the Cheek. "Don't be Unhappy," She Whispered

A SETTLED PROVISION

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

DUST has about it a vague respectability. Perhaps this is because an object, in order to collect dust, must in general remain immovable; and immobility has a way of commanding confidence and veneration. The owl, for no particular reason except that he has the knack of sitting still, is accredited with wisdom, and there are proverbs in plenty to reprehend the rolling stone. If cleanliness is next to godliness, then to be motionless is the next thing to being wise. But to be motionless is to gather dust; hence dust is respectable.

Strood's place of business, at the foot of Vernon Street, was dusty, hence venerable. It was in some contrast with the buildings that were its neighbors; for Vernon Street is not, take it as a whole, dustier than other streets. Its pavings are reasonably clean; it is lined with tall and respectable office buildings, tenanted by men whose business is with that commodity which is the measure of so many other commodities of arguably greater intrinsic importance; and it gives by a narrow but sufficient alleyway upon the portals of the Exchange. There are banks, squat, durable buildings, upon the corners here and there. To enter their doors is to feel a little awe, a little greed, and — if your business there be just and quite legitimate—some small measure of complacency. But no one ever felt complacent upon entering the office of J. L. Strood. He was not that kind of man.

He came downtown one morning in June, alighting from his limousine at the door, crossing the sidewalk with his spry old gait, nodding to the dusty door man; and he looked with approval about the dim entry hall. There was dust in the corners. Through an open door on his left he could see clerks and underlings, busy with matters of accounting; they were for the most part men of some years, and their alpaca coats—the day was hot—were dusty. His own office, behind, was dim and poorly lighted; its furnishings were dark and dour; he entered the place with a faint rubbing of the hands, and there was a relish in his smile.

He Sat Down at His Desk, and His Fingers Picked Aimlessly at the Edge of the Blotter There. "The Shortage is Thirty-two Thousand," Cressey Suggested Quietly

There was a certain hypocrisy about these offices. To one who entered, unwittingly, from Vernon Street, it must have appeared that J. L. Strood was a simple, unpretentious old man, doing a small business in a small way. The staff of clerks in the front room had an apathetic, weary air about them. The building itself was old and infirm, sagging a little at the eaves, only three stories high as against the dozen or the score of its neighbors. It was a narrow little building, and it backed against another, of new and modern brick, which towered above it. A good many people knew, of course, that this taller structure also belonged to Strood; that it was in large measure occupied by his employes, busy upon his affairs. Old Strood did not conceal this fact; but neither did he advertise it. His affairs were vast, but they concerned no one but himself. If a visitor chose to see in him no more than an old and simple man, doing a small business in a small way, and susceptible of being cozened, that was no affair of Strood's.

It is not likely that anyone was thus deceived; for everyone knew J. L. Strood by name or by repute. Probably Strood had no mind to deceive anyone. But he had begun business in these small rooms some thirty-odd years before; and the fact that his affairs had outgrown them did not affect his own habits. He preferred to stay where he had started, to finish where he had begun. The dark and dusty old office was familiar; and he had no need to be conspicuous, since the world must seek him out wherever he cared to hide. So men came to find him here.

Cressey was before him this morning. Cressey was always here before him. Cressey was his second brain and his third hand. A man older even than Strood, you would have said. Strood's age was uncertain. There were men who remembered well enough the years when he first became notable, a marked figure, a man of eminence in his own particular world. He appeared at that time to be perhaps forty years old, and that was nearly thirty years ago. Sixty-five now, perhaps; perhaps as much as seventy. Cressey could not be so old. True, he looked older; but he had been with Strood from the beginning, and he had been a young man then, or seemed to be. He had grown old the more rapidly of the two. He had a heavy body and a heavy head and hulking, faintly stooping shoulders; and his thin hair was cropped close above his brow, and his eyes were pale and blue. Strood, on the other hand, was erect and almost sprightly; he carried himself with an air, and his cheek was pink with the deceptive color of age, and his eye was mild and quizzical. Strood was used to display, day by day, a sort of humor; but Cressey was a sober man.

Cressey's accustomed place was at Strood's elbow. Strood had partners, and Cressey was not a partner, but the partners were housed in the towering building which overhung the dusty little structure in which Strood's office was. They had their quarters there, with glass-topped desks of fine mahogany, and tickers in glass cases at their elbows, and pretty stenographers to come at their call, and deferential office boys, and private telephones on their desks so that Strood could tell them what to do. They stayed there, these partners; they came to Strood when Strood sent for them.

But Cressey's desk was in the corner of Strood's office, and Cressey's place was there. He was in his place there day by day.

It was possible, sometimes, to think of him as a man expecting something; he had the air of listening for a footfall, of waiting for a summons, of watching for the approach of an event anticipated. You might have thought it was Strood whom he expected; but he wore this air more particularly when Strood was before his eyes. This morning when Strood arrived Cressey was sitting at his desk, and there was mail before him. He heard Strood's step in the hall and lifted his eyes and seemed to listen; but when he saw his employer in the doorway a cloud obscured this intentness in his glance, and he merely nodded in reply to the other man's bright greeting.

Strood said to him, "Ah, Cressey, a fine morning." And Cressey nodded; and J. L. chuckled a little, dryly. "Don't pretend to agree with me, Cressey. I know it's too hot for you. You carry too much blubber, Cressey—too much blubber. I'm so thin you could use me to stir a fire; but you'd go off like a torch, I declare you would."

Cressey rose, letters in his hand, and approached the other's desk. J. L. put aside his hat and his cane; he adjusted the pink blossom on his lapel; he glanced indifferently at the letters the other presented to him.

"Never mind those just now, Cressey," he said briskly. "Or leave them here on the desk. Send for Tomlinson, Cressey—send for Tomlinson."

Tomlinson was the architect who had designed that proud and towering building where the partners had their happy luxuries.

"Tomlinson," said Cressey, "is in Europe."

"Crate will do," said J. L. "He's the brains of that office, Cressey. Send for Crate."

(Continued on Page 100)

DOGS

THE prince of childhood's tike and houndland
Was, in my time, the black Newfoundland;
But soon on every hearthside rug
Appeared the plump and wheezy pug.

The spots that flecked the brisk Dalmatian
Were themes, a while, for conversation;
And shortly after, every man
Desired a shrill-voiced black-and-tan.

Then, far more comradely and merrier,
Appeared the frolicsome fox terrier.
To stay as briefly, flitted by
The greyhound, Spitz and long-haired Skye.

Next came my dog, the Irish setter—
I know I'll never find a better;
And since he left me sad and lone,
How long the canine list has grown!

The wolfhound leaping like a leopard,
Uncounted types of bull and shepherd,
Chow, Scotty, Airedale, grave and gay,
And St. Bernard have had their day.

Each dog, alas of all aluses!
But wags a tail and swiftly passes,
While we that loved him sigh, "Oh, dear!
Where are the dogs of yesteryear?"

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

THE DEW OF SUSPICION

He Thought at First That the Big Stranger Was Guarding Himself With His Outstretched Right Hand

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

THE waves of resentment were sweeping less violently through Sporran's gaunt body by the time he had crossed the street and lighted his last cigarette. But a frown was still on his face as he leaned against a bronze window railing and stared back at the doorway from which he had been so unceremoniously ejected.

It wasn't the first time he had been put out of a building. And he knew that the nabobs who kept watch over the welfare of those Maiden Lane skyscrapers had their fixed rules about peddlers and panhandlers and high-pitch men. But he wasn't a higgling tray huckster. He was an honest seller of tap filters, even though his summer suit was showing threadbare and the cooler weather of autumn was attenuating his business to the point of desperation. His tap filter may not have been able to do all he claimed for it. But, besides keeping him alive in his day of adversity, it had proved a sort of life buoy to his floundering self-respect.

It had, at least, until that pompous and florid diamond merchant on the seventh floor had so promptly pounded a push button and called an underling, who had in turn called a big superintendent in a ridiculously braided uniform, who in turn again had escorted Sporran to the street, had practically thrown him out, with the sufficiently pointed warning that the next time he so much as stuck a nose in their precious building he'd be handed over to the police. Sporran for a moment was even tempted to go back and confront the big fathead in his silly braided uniform and defy him to hand an honest salesman of hygienic tap filters over to any cop who ever carried a night stick. He'd broken no law, and he had as much right in that building, in one way, as any of the other messengers and business men who were pouring back and forth through the high-arched door with the soot-darkened sandstone pillars on either side of it.

But only in one way, he remembered as he watched an armored car thread its course through the crowded street traffic. Maiden Lane, of course, lay below the dead line. The idle and the unattached accordingly would always be an object of suspicion in such a district. He knew that well enough. And he might never have gone into that particular beehive of busy jewel merchants if it hadn't been for Rhoda Cruzan. But he had seen her, valiant in her close-fitting crushed felt hat and fur-trimmed coat of cadet-gray kasha, from the first moment she had turned eastward out of Broadway.

He had even followed her, without being directly conscious that he was doing it, recalling as he did so that month at Mountain Rest, when he gloried in the dubiously glamorous privilege of serving her at the inn dining table. She had been glad enough then to forget the difference between them and go canoeing on the lake by moonlight. But when, in her father's office, she had looked up at him with his protective tap filter in his hand, there had been no light of recognition in her eyes. Nor had he seen a trace of pity there as her irascible red-faced parent so peremptorily ordered him out of the office and the uniformed potentate so ignominiously escorted him out of the building.

But he'd as much right in that building, in a common-law way, as anyone else. He'd as much right to go and come through that door, Sporran repeated, while he stood grinding his cigarette end under his heel, as had the bilious-looking tall man, for instance, who sauntered so nonchalantly out between the sandstone pillars and quietly crossed the street to where Sporran was still being jostled by the steady stream of pedestrians moving east and west along the all too narrow sidewalk. And the young filter peddler, as he let an idle eye run over the figure of this same bilious-looking big man, who had stopped for a moment to strike a match, felt that he himself was quite as presentable a figure as the other; and probably engaged in as honorable a means of making a living, he surmised as the tall stranger stared for a moment through the plate-glass window behind Sporran's shoulder and then turned and idly regarded the building from which he had so recently emerged. For that stranger, on a second and closer inspection, did not impress the younger man as an altogether appealing figure. There was something faintly furtive about him, something thinly suggestive of inner tensity and strain, for all his quietness of movement. He even seemed to breathe deeper as the moments slipped away and the stream of traffic deepened like a barrier between him and the building he was watching—watching from behind the drifting tide of pedestrians like a red fox watching from the cover of a thicket.

But the thing that suddenly arrested and held Sporran's attention was the faint dewing of moisture that showed on the swarthy face so close to his own. The air was unmistakably cool, and since coming into the open the stranger's movements had been neither hurried nor taxing. Yet his face, as he stood there, was wet with sweat.

This touched Sporran with a vague bewilderment. It even kept him anchored to the spot where he stood, secretly and indolently studying that mysteriously moist cheek. He continued to watch the stranger from under his hat brim as one of those capricious lulls common to all busy streets fell over the narrow canyon that debouched into the wider flumeway of Broadway. Then all thought of the stranger passed from Sporran's mind. For the momentary quietness of Maiden Lane was disrupted by the sudden shrill blast of a siren, the clangor of an alarm gong, the shout of voices from opened windows high above the street, the sharp cries of a man in his shirt sleeves running out between the sandstone pillars at almost the same moment that two uniformed policemen ran into the building, drawing their revolvers as they went.

Sporran thought at first that the building was on fire. But he knew the next moment that his surmise had been wrong, for already the street was echoing with shouts of "Thief!" and "Holdup!" and from around the nearest corner farther officers in uniform were running toward the building. He even saw his irascible and florid friend, the diamond merchant of the seventh floor, the Charles Cruzan of the door sign, the man who must have been Rhoda Cruzan's father, stagger to the street. He saw him come tumbling out supported by a clerk, glad enough of the police officer who interrupted their vague gyrations and began questioning the older of the two men.

It was at this moment, Sporran noticed, that the quiet-moving stranger with the dewing of moisture on his face began to walk unconcernedly eastward. He walked without haste, without any outward sign of concern. But the idle-minded filter peddler, as he stared after him, was conscious of a faint nibbling of disquiet behind the wainscoting of curiosity. He nursed an impulse, at the same time, to follow the crowd and press closer in about the distracted diamond merchant, to watch the outcome of the drama in that noisier press of bodies between the sandstone pillars. He even hesitated for a moment, torn between two indeterminate intentions. Then, for reasons he could not at the time fathom, he turned and chose the quieter path. He followed the tall stranger, who was now walking determinedly eastward toward the corner of Nassau Street.

Sporran was a good hundred paces behind his quarry when the latter turned into the narrow street running northward. That meant the danger of losing his man in the crowd, so Sporran quickened his pace until it was ludicrously close to a run. Once he had turned the corner, however, he slackened his steps again, and before he had walked twenty yards up Nassau Street, he had the satisfaction of detecting the tall stranger less than half a block ahead of him. That stranger neither hesitated nor looked back. But at the corner of Fulton Street he crossed to the east side of the road, glanced casually about, and once more proceeded northward toward Park Row. Before reaching the Row, however, he stopped again, stepped in through the doorway of a cigar store and disappeared from sight.

Sporran decided not to follow him. Instead, he swung about and bought a morning paper from a street-corner news vender. But while he stood apparently frowning over the want columns of that paper he was actually watching the cigar store thirty paces ahead of him. He kept tally on each and every figure that stepped from the store in question, his depression increasing with every moment of his prolonging watch. Then his spirits lightened again, for he could see the tall stranger once more stepping out to the street, this time with a cigar between his lips a cigar that pointed rather rakishly up toward his low-tilted hat rim. And his movements seemed still unconcerned as he sauntered along Park Row, stopped for a moment at the entrance to Brooklyn Bridge, breasting the human tide that surrounded him, and then quartered westward again across City Hall Park.

Sporran, with his paper still in his hand, was not more than twenty paces behind him when he swung aboard a Broadway surface car. Sporran did the same, first considerately helping a plump Slavic woman and her three-year-old child aboard and then taking a seat beside them in the rear of the car. He once more, to all outward appearance, gave his entire attention to his newspaper. But few indeed were the moments when his eye was not on the stranger whom he had shadowed from Maiden Lane.

It was not until they approached Fourteenth Street that his quarry disembarked. There, luckily, half a dozen other passengers alighted So Sporran felt that his own movements had been sufficiently screened. He let the stranger get considerably ahead of him, however, and was satisfied with merely occasional glimpses of the tall figure in the gray fedora as it advanced resolutely toward Third Avenue. He felt surer of himself by this time. He had more faith in his ability as a sleuth. He had scant idea as to what it was all leading to, as to how foolish or how sagacious it all might be. But he had started the thing and he had a wayward inclination to follow it up. It might, of course, lead to nothing—to nothing more than a waste of time and energy. Yet his time, he remembered as he trudged resolutely on up Third Avenue, couldn't be reckoned as especially valuable, all things considered. He had a hunch, and hunches weren't to be lightly ignored.

So Sporran made it a point to see that the gray fedora never completely passed out of his line of vision. When the swarthy-faced man wearing it turned eastward into Nineteenth Street, his shadower also veered about and left the intermittent roar of the Elevated behind him. But he deemed it wiser to travel eastward on the north side of the street, while his quarry stuck to the south side.

Sporran made an effort to remain both calm and casual. But a little eddy of nerve ends that went prickling through his body when the man in the gray fedora suddenly stopped and stared back over the path he had taken tended to persuade the younger man that he was more excited than he pretended to be. Fear, however, seemed to play no part in that excitement. It was more the zest of the game, the thought of vague hazards, neither able to be estimated nor understood, that was keying him up. He was playing bloodhound with a suspicion. He had sniffed adventure, like a game dog winding water, and he had a human enough curiosity to see what lay beyond the next turn of the trail.

That turn came more promptly than he had expected. A second small tingle ran through his body as he beheld his quarry suddenly turn in through the squalid doorway of a squalid red-brick tenement house and disappear from sight.

It both disturbed and disappointed Sporran to find that the stranger was no longer in sight. It impressed him, at the moment, as a slightly unfair move in a slightly annoying game. Discretion, however, did not altogether desert him. Instead of stopping short and openly studying the building into which the other man had disappeared, he made note of its number and sauntered on to the next corner. There he stood for a moment, debating what his next move should be.

By the time he had sauntered back on the south side of the street he was no longer in doubt as to his future course

(Continued on Page 60)

When, in Her Father's Office, She Had Looked Up at Him With His Tap Filter in His Hand, There Had Been No Light of Recognition in Her Eyes

The Captains and the Kings Depart

By DOROTHY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

MR. MILLIGAN would never see forty again, and he was not sorry about that. Forty-odd years of life had not brought him enough fun to make him want a repeat of any of them. He was already utterly tired of the wearisome and unoriginal occupation of seeking his daily bread; a search that became, as time went on, harder and harder, and more and more involved. There was little reason to suppose that he would accomplish, in the years that remained to him, the thing at which he had failed so signally all along. Breadwinning, as a sport, grows wearisome sooner than any other. Yet a man has to have bread, especially a man with a family, and one of the snags of our economic system is that a family should be so much easier to get than bread

Mr. Milligan had quite a lot of family. They were mercifully grown up and scattered all over the globe, those children he had begotten almost out of hand. It was supposed to be a fine thing to have a grown family. Mr. Milligan imagined the man who first started supposing that must have been a bachelor, because all his family ever did for him was ask him for money. From every part of the globe, where the young Milligans were being as unsuccessful as their father had always been at the great game of breadwinning, these tedious appeals came.

He Found Grace in Overalls, Packing, Hot, Tearful and Subdued. He Patted Her on the Shoulder and Said, "Cheer Up, Gracie. It Will Soon be Over"

Only one person would never trouble him any more. That was Milly, his wife. She was dead. Her funeral had practically ruined him. Looking back on life, Mr. Milligan often wondered just how it was he had married Milly. He had no recollection of any courting, any romance, any longings or desires on his part for anything but peace and quiet. And fate had sent him Milly, and baby after baby, until he hardly knew which way to turn. He had been rather comfortable as a bank clerk with no prospects, but Milly had goaded him out into the wide world to seek his fortune. At heart a domestic cat, Mr. Milligan was forced by circumstances to soar like an eagle.

If it hadn't been for Milly he would never have come out to Burma. He would have remained in Tooting. He was born in Tooting, and he liked it. He understood the people there, and they understood him. Out in the wide world he never could be quite sure what people were getting at. They said one thing and meant another. There was nothing like that about Tooting. It remained in his mind a halcyon spot where plain men passed one another with intelligible greetings, usually in a slight fog, and no man was a nuisance to any other man. All protected by by-laws, they traveled on season tickets. That was the place of Mr. Milligan's dreams.

But fate took him to Burma—fate and Milly. Milly had a former lover who had all the enterprise Mr. Milligan lacked; and this former lover, Maurice Harboard, started a tea business in Rangoon which was going to make them all into millionaires at the earliest opportunity. Mr. Milligan was made Rangoon manager.

He hated it from the beginning. He hated the sunshine and the noise and the brilliant colors. In the glamour and the mirth of an Eastern city, Mr. Milligan found nothing but boredom. He hated sweating, and he had to sweat all the time. Though he was not clever or full of enterprise like Maurice Harboard, he had had his doubts from the very beginning about any of them becoming millionaires, only nobody listened to him.

And where had it landed them all? Milly dead, and himself sitting in a derelict office among her funeral bills, and the flimsy concern founded by Mr. Harboard involved in a sticky and inglorious bankruptcy. Mr. Harboard, who had all the enterprise Mr. Milligan lacked, had run away before Mr. Milligan had had the idea to do so. In any case, he could not very well have gone because of Grace. Grace was his one remaining daughter. He was marrying her off quietly that very afternoon to Captain Fraser of the Irawadi Flotilla Company. In Mr. Milligan's estimation Grace had done very well for herself. He was fond of Grace, but he was glad that somebody else was going to pay for her from now onward. Goodness knows, he had had enough expense with the lot of them, one way and another.

The office in which he sat had been completely gutted by eager creditors. They had even taken away the chair on which Mr. Milligan was wont to sit, so that he was perched, at the moment, on a packing case, his inkpot, pens and blotting paper on the window ledge before him. There was really nothing for him to come to the office for. There was nothing for him to go anywhere for, and the thought was more than he could face. So he sat in his accustomed place at his accustomed hours, and played with his pen and applied for various posts in Rangoon and hoped for the best.

Presently he took up the paper. There was another hour to pass before he need go back to his house and change into his other suit preparatory to marrying off Grace. His eye roamed without hope down the SITUATIONS VACANT column. He glanced at the news, and presently his eye was caught by the headline in large print:

GOVERNOR'S STATE ARRIVAL FROM MANDALAY

An ugly look came into Mr. Milligan's mild face. His Excellency, said the paper, arrived on the morning train. He was met by ——

Mr. Milligan sat staring bitterly out into the garish sunshine of the street. He had no sun blinds left Those eager creditors had taken them. He saw His Excellency driving in his large closed car, back to his spacious apartments at Government House, with plenty to sit on, plenty to eat, plenty to do; all the good things of the world to one man, all the kicks to another. One man's correspondence composed mainly of requests that he should go out and eat meals at other people's expense; another man's nothing but requests for money he had not got, never had had, never would have.

"There's a good bit in socialism," said Mr. Milligan, aloud, to the spiders and the dust and the emptiness of the office in which he had not become a millionaire.

The governor! The thought of him made Mr. Milligan grow all hot and cold. The governor had had quite a lot to say about the flimsy enterprise to which Mr. Milligan was attached as Rangoon manager. He had sent for Mr. Milligan. As Mr. Harboard had run away, there was no one else to send for.

He had said, quite strongly, what he thought of the lines the business had been run on. He had said it most unpleasantly, without once being rude, without a single personality, after the manner of great men.

It hurt Mr. Milligan, even more than the things he said, that the governor should address him as impersonally as if he was a yard of wall paper. It made a man feel mad. Nothing! And the cruelest part of it all was that Mr Milligan was in no way to blame. He had been engineered into the whole thing. As he sat there being talked to, he saw himself with disastrous clearness as Sir Hector McKean saw him—an insignificant, mean, not too straight little man in shabby clothes. Sir Hector McKean appeared to regard him as the moving spirit and instigator of all those dreary schemes, whereas Mr. Milligan had never been anything but general bottle washer to Harboard Harboard, whom he had never even liked, but whom Milly, after the manner of women, had believed in against overwhelming evidence because he was once her lover.

Mr. Milligan had wanted to explain, but he had no eloquence. Everything he tried to say came out quite different from what he intended and only made things look blacker and blacker against him. Mr. Milligan had a feeling that the governor disliked him intensely.

"And there's no love lost," Mr. Milligan assured himself. Sir Hector McKean was tall, thin and drooping, with a stoop of the shoulders that gave him a scholarly look, and thin red hair, with a drooping red mustache to match There had been, at the time, two well-fed young men with him, one the private secretary, one the aide-de-camp They sat at desks in an adjacent room and toyed with correspondence, as if the miserable case of Mr. Milligan was nothing to them. Full of nourishment they all were, and devoid of sympathy. Whereas Mr. Milligan had been

so hungry that morning that if Sir Hector had had half an ear he could have heard how hungry Mr. Milligan was.

The clock on the Law Courts struck the half hour. He threw the paper down on the floor, took out his cigarette case and looked inside it drearily. It was empty. He had no money for luxuries. Even with Grace off his hands, it would take him all his time to make his money last three weeks more—even living very cheap, which in Rangoon means very, very nasty.

The postman shot a letter under his door. Mr. Milligan opened it with trembling fingers. It was a short notice to say his application for the post of secondary clerk under government was receiving attention, and that an interview would be arranged for him at an early date. Mr. Milligan stared at it for quite a long time before he could believe it was true. Then he went back home, feeling quite light-hearted. It would cheer Gracie up on her wedding day if he could tell her there was a chance of his getting another job.

Grace was to be married at 2:30. Mr. Milligan had borrowed a motor car from an Indian dealer for the occasion. It was waiting, rather broken down and sad looking, under the porch of his house as he walked up through the garden. There was nothing about that house to suggest anything as gay as a wedding, but Mr. Milligan comforted himself that he couldn't have done much in any case, with Milly only two months dead, no matter how much money there had been.

He found Grace in overalls, packing, hot, tearful and subdued. He patted her on the shoulder and said, "Cheer up, Gracie. It will soon be over."

"I don't like leaving you, dad—all alone."

Mr. Milligan could not think of anything to say. Even the usual platitudes failed him. "You'll be happy, Gracie. After all, he's the man you want, isn't he?"

Gracie said, in a muffled voice, that there was nothing wrong with Captain Fraser.

"Go and dress yourself then. The car's waiting and it's nearly two."

"What about something to eat, dad?"

"I got something in town," lied Mr. Milligan.

Presently Grace came down in her white dress. She had made it herself in the evenings. She wore a piece of tulle over her face, which he had given her. He had had to pawn his watch to a Chinaman to get it for her, but he was glad that he had done it. The soft white stuff gave Grace a misty glorified look; made her, somehow, wonderful. And he, her father, knew, of course, there was not really anything wonderful about Grace.

He handed her into the car. It was very hot and close and still in the streets at that hour.

"He'll have to drive sharp," said Mr. Milligan. "We're rather late."

A tendency to tearfulness on his own part annoyed Mr. Milligan. He had been far fonder of Grace than he realized. And now she, too, was leaving him.

One minute there were so many people crowded round a man that he did not know which way to turn, the next he was alone. No moderation about anything.

The car drew up with a sudden jerk and brought him out of his reveries. They were being held up by a policeman.

"What now?" asked Mr. Milligan, sticking his head out. "Can't you see this is a wedding party?"

The policeman was a European in a white helmet. "You've got to give way to His Excellency the Governor. He'll come along this way in a minute. There's a show on at the barracks."

"But good Lord, we don't want to see him pass! And we're a wedding party. Can't you let us by?"

It was all one to the policeman whether Mr. Milligan was marrying a daughter or burying one. He had his orders, which were to permit no cross traffic between 2:15 and 2:30. It seemed to Mr. Milligan a sort of last straw. He turned to his daughter.

"Gracie, there are times when I'm almost turned into a socialist," said Mr. Milligan. "Why should we have to kotow to that fellow—wait around for him—be put out by him? Why should all this ——"

Grace looked at him anxiously, gave his hand a squeeze. "Don't you worry, dad. We shan't be more than a few minutes late, and Ed will wait for us."

"Why should one man be put in the way of making himself a nuisance to a whole lot of other men? Why should he have the power?"

"I suppose it's got to be arranged like that, dad. And anyway, what does it matter? Look, here he comes!"

With a clatter of hoofs on the macadam road, the bodyguard rode by, with pennants flying and lances all a-glitter in the sunshine. In an open carriage sat the governor, wearing a uniform that meant nothing to Mr. Milligan. Beside him sat his private secretary, complete with sword, though called by fate to wield nothing mightier than a pen.

And as the carriage rolled by, the governor turned and looked at Mr. Milligan and at Grace, wearing her wedding veil. Automatically his hand went up to his helmet as though returning the salute Mr. Milligan had not made him, in a manner that told Mr. Milligan without the slightest doubt that the governor had no notion who he was, and it hurt Mr. Milligan to think he was not even worth remembering for his unworthiness. Even the transgression of Mr. Milligan had been of an unobtrusive nature. As little, as insignificant, as all that was he.

Wild thoughts flocked into Mr. Milligan's mind. Perhaps one of these days he would do something so spectacular and noisy that all the world would notice him. He suddenly saw a headline:

GOVERNOR OF BURMA SHOT WHILE DRIVING TO MILITARY FUNCTION

Well, if they didn't all take care, some day or other he would be thinking about something like that. The world was all too unfairly arranged.

They arrived, very hot and rather dusty, at the church—to find no bridegroom. They waited a quarter of an hour.

Grace became tearful and distraught. "Dad, supposing he doesn't come, whatever shall we do?"

Mr. Milligan sat in a pew, quite faint, wrestling with that awful thought. But before he had finished, Captain Fraser arrived, also very hot, very dusty, rather short-tempered. "I got mixed up with the royal procession, dear. I'm frightfully sorry. My car's there still. There wasn't a hope of getting away, so I left it and walked."

Now they were all three before the altar. The parson, lean and anæmic, came out of a side door, complete with book. But Mr. Milligan hardly heard what he said, so full was his heart with rage against Sir Hector McKean for spoiling what was probably the only wedding Gracie would ever get.

Now it was over. Grace and Ed Fraser were kissing each other. Now they were all driving to the Vienna Café, where Captain Fraser was giving them a tea. Now they were waving him good-by from Captain Fraser's ship, a large two-decked flat-bottomed paddle steamer, made for navigating the shoals and curves and creeks of the great Irawadi River.

Mr. Milligan went back to his empty house alone. He moved all the furniture he would not need into the front hall, to be sent down to the salesroom in the morning. Then he went early to bed and tried not to think about the governor. It quite frightened Mr. Milligan that he, who had never felt strongly about anything, should feel so very strongly about this.

"I—I might do something desperate," said Mr. Milligan, tucking in his mosquito net.

Every morning he went down and sat in the empty office, to scrutinize the newspaper advertisement columns. Occasionally he went to interview likely employers, but no one ever took him on. Now all his hopes were pinned on the clerkship under government, and he kept his good suit pressed and clean, ready for the interview.

"As well I did, too," said Mr. Milligan on a Friday evening, as he picked up from the floor a letter with the government stamp. The appointment had come at last. If only they gave him the job, he could save a little money, now that he was all alone.

He opened the envelope. There was his bundle of credentials inside, and a typewritten sheet. Mr. Milligan unfolded it gayly.

The chief secretary regrets to state that His Excellency the Governor does not consider Mr. Milligan a suitable applicant for the post of clerk under government.

That was all it said. Mr. Milligan went home. He had been a fool ever to have had any hopes about it. Of course an appointment of that kind would have to go up for the governor's sanction. Mr. Milligan had never thought of that. If he had he would have saved himself a stamp.

Sitting in his empty house alone, two large tears trickled down Mr. Milligan's cheeks and fell on the dusty floor that no one had swept since Gracie went away. He was done. He was defeated. He would go home. He would go home on the very next boat. He had just enough money left to land him in England, practically penniless, but at the moment that did not seem to matter. A man clings to the thought that his mother-land will be

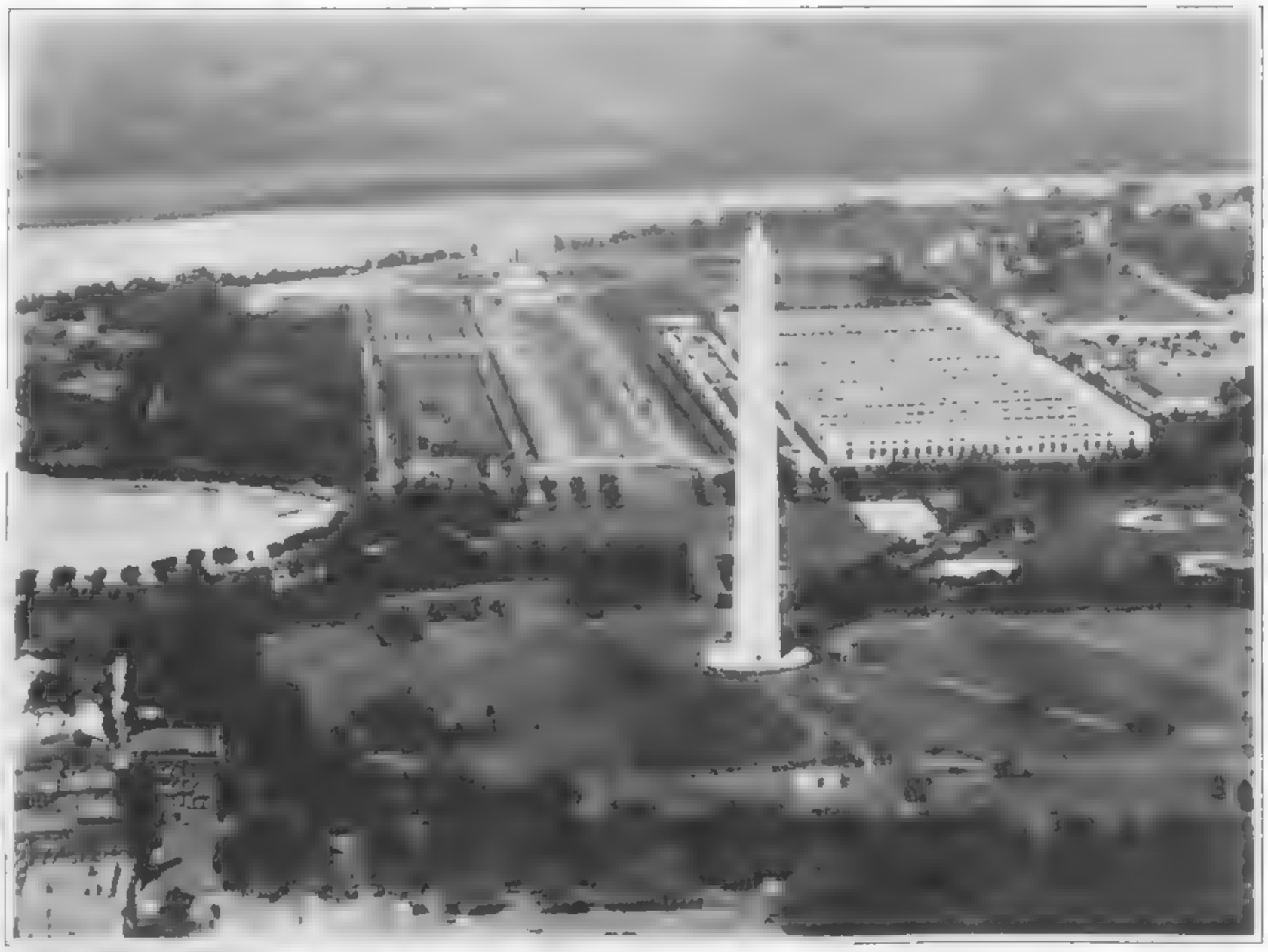
(Continued on Page 181)

Mr. Milligan Had a Feeling That the Governor Disliked Him Intensely

NOBODY'S CAPITAL

If our country wishes to compete with others let it not be in the support of armaments but in the making of a beautiful capital city. Let it express the soul of America. Whenever an American is at the seat of his Government, however traveled and cultured he may be, he ought to find a city of stately proportion, symmetrically laid out and adorned with the best that there is in architecture, which would arouse his imagination and stir his patriotic pride. In the coming years Washington should be not only the art center of our own country but the art center of the world. Around it should center all that is best in science, in learning, in letters and in art. These are the results that justify the creation of those national resources with which we have been favored.

From the Message of Calvin Coolidge to the Two Houses of Congress, December 7, 1926.



The Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument, Showing the Temporary War Buildings of Reenforced Concrete With Which the Landscape of the Memorial Was Wrecked

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE North American branch of the human race has, as may be learned from observation and a careful perusal of any European journal, a number of distressing faults. Some of these faults are faults that distress only Europeans, so that they may turn out to be assets instead of faults.

Others, however, like the willingness of the American people to elect from time to time a dough-brained politician to public office, devour apple pies with soggy undercrusts and permit the injection of filth into literature and drama, can easily be recognized as faults without European assistance.

But of all the faults that are peculiar to the North American Continent, there is no fault that has caused more anguish than the enthusiastic and fanatical disregard on the part of many Americans for the preservation of beauty, symmetry and charm in any piece of scenery, natural or otherwise, in which he has made no direct investment.

Marks of Progress

WHEREVER, from Revere Beach, Massachusetts, to Long Beach, California, these men are allowed free rein with the edges of the ocean, the ocean promptly loses a large part of its majesty and dignity, and takes on a bedraggled, furtive and unkempt air, such as might be taken on by the Goddess of Liberty if she were arrayed in a soiled lace petticoat and a slovenly flannel dressing sack of the sort that added to the horrors of the period immediately adjacent to the Spanish-American War.

Rocks, rills, woods and templed hills, where they are unprotected by malefactors of great wealth or the occasional real-estate developer who has known enough to employ a supervising architect with brains, are liberally smeared with hot-dog stands, gasoline filling stations and a shocking eruption of signboards which blazon abroad the advantages of commodities which are obviously more important to their makers than anything ever made by Nature. Marks of progress and civilization in the shape of more or less symmetrical telephone poles, heavily adorned with chaste crossbars and liberally festooned with wires, enhance the æsthetic value of all beauty spots by being erected in large numbers at slightly rakish angles in front of all of them.

An Architectural Eyesore—the State, War and Navy Building

Sylvan retreats, invaded by American enterprise and transportation facilities, turn into refined tourist camps overnight and substitute the tents of the tin-can tourists and the pleasing melodies of itinerant mandolin players for the shaggy verdure of wooded hill slopes and the monotonous plaints of the catbird and Wilson's thrush.

Sob Stuff

CITIES, unless guarded by the most rigid legal restrictions, permit the erection of architectural monstrosities and slums in the most exposed places, and the sturdy American residents either take no notice of the resulting eyesores, or emit a single pained yelp and then sink back into the coma from which they emerged.

Washington, as is known to the newest and most obtuse immigrant, is the capital of the United States and the fountainhead of government of some 115,000,000 people.

In spite of Washington's importance in the affairs of the United States and of the world at large, it has suffered a series of severe and breath-taking blows from time to time, architecturally and scenically, because of the fact that it is one of those unfortunate objects that belong to everybody and are consequently owned by nobody.

It has become popular and permissible to speak of Washington as one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and to emit a few rich and throaty sobs over such matters as the cherry blossoms that bloom for a week or two in Potomac Park each spring, the shining glory of the Lincoln Memorial, the heart-rending beauty of the Capitol at night, and the sylvan loveliness of Rock Creek Park.

All these things are beautiful; but to devote all one's talking time to them when dealing with Washington is as misleading as to devote all one's time to Scotch whisky when dealing with Scotland or to Brazil nuts when considering Brazil.

Those who mention the beauties of Washington do so with evident pride; they are pleased to see Washington beautiful. Consequently they should be vitally interested—in order to preserve the existing beauty and to insure greater beauty in the future—in mentioning some of Washington's less pleasant features.

Among these features, for example, should be mentioned the cheap and tawdry eyesores that rim the great avenue leading from the Capitol to the Treasury Building; the coal yards, trash piles, shacks and slums that surround approaches to the city; the crude and graceless government buildings dumped down in unforgivable locations during the war; the

incongruous privately built structures that rise in the face of beautiful government buildings because of the failure of timid Congresses to act on the advice of experts and acquire for governmental purposes the land on which they stand; the unobtainable parks and boulevards, recommended years ago by competent city planners as essential to the proper development of the city, and lost forever because of congressional shortsightedness and penuriousness; and the square miles of rolling tree-covered countryside stripped and leveled and covered with row houses.

It might be remarked in passing that various visitors to the city of Washington, in the early days of its existence, were liberal with their protests and criticisms because of the hogs that were permitted to root freely and meditatively in its muddy streets. For some strange reason one hears little criticism or protest because of a more modern and more offensive product—the individual who, consumed with a desire for money, is willing to wreck the natural beauty of the nation's capital with architectural excrescences.

For some equally strange reason many of the gentlemen who have been responsible for the city of Washington in years gone by have been unable to get through their heads the idea that the capital of a nation is the measure of that nation's civilization and greatness.

Any suggestion—such as that of President Coolidge in his December, 1926, message to Congress to the effect that Washington should express the soul of America, has almost invariably brought forth queries as to how much it would cost instead of how it could be done.

The nations of antiquity had bizarre and peculiar—from the standpoint of many American legislators—ideas concerning the building of their capitals. In Athens, for example, there was collaboration between her citizens, her architects and her sculptors. Ancient Rome conscripted the labors of her masters of the arts in order that the city might be beautified. The United States, however, has been very chary of collaboration with or conscription of the men of genius who could show America how to express its soul.

The Lincoln Memorial Which, its Opponents Claimed, Would Shake Itself to Pieces From Loneliness and Ague. Over Two Million People Visited It Last Year

Saint-Gaudens' Adams Memorial, in Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington

L'Enfant's Plan

THE greatest architects, engineers and landscape architects in the country, seeing that the future of Washington seemed to be nobody's business, so that the city was rapidly degenerating into an architectural and scenic hodge-podge that expressed the soul of a dish of corned-beef hash rather than the soul of America, have come repeatedly to Washington and begged for the opportunity to do what they could to apply first-aid treatment and start the city toward becoming a genuine capital.

None of these gentlemen received the rough, blunt, early-American treatment that was accorded to L'Enfant, the engineer who, with the help of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, conceived the great original plan for the city of Washington—the plan that was ignored for 100 years, badly damaged and almost irreparably wrecked by the politicians.

L'Enfant, having drawn up a plan that is generally regarded today as a masterpiece, was opposed by nearly everybody who had anything at all to say about the future of Washington. The appreciation that was accorded to L'Enfant's work may be partially gauged from the fact that his labors went unrewarded and that he died in the bitterest poverty.

What the nation's representatives have said, in effect, to the distinguished architects and engineers and city planners who have been trying for years to save Washington was this:

"Your ideas are very expensive. We like them, but we cannot afford to spend money on them because of the courthouses and post offices that must be built in other sections of the country. At the present moment we are too busy to bother with plans for making Washington into a great capital. It is a great capital anyway. Why don't you look at the nice things about it instead of the unpleasant things? Where are we going to get the money to do the things that you talk about? If anything is done about all this, we don't want to be bothered with it. You will have to do all of it. You will have to take all the responsibility and you will have to do it for nothing. We cannot and will not pay you. Be sure that you understand that. We refuse to pay you a penny. We don't believe you can do anything, anyway, because many of the things that you suggest are illegal; but if you want to go ahead and try to make Washington into a great capital, you'll have to do it on your own time. You'll have to do it alone, and at your own expense. You can't expect any help from us. No, sir!"

In this spirit, if not in these actual words, the pleas of America's leading engineers and city planners and architects were received by the persons in whose hands rested the responsibility for expressing the soul of America through its capital city. In spite of the lack of cordiality in this reception, the architects and the city planners rejoiced at having gained even so slight a toe hold, and at once started to give their services to the nation. They have continued to give them for years.

Blind to Beauty

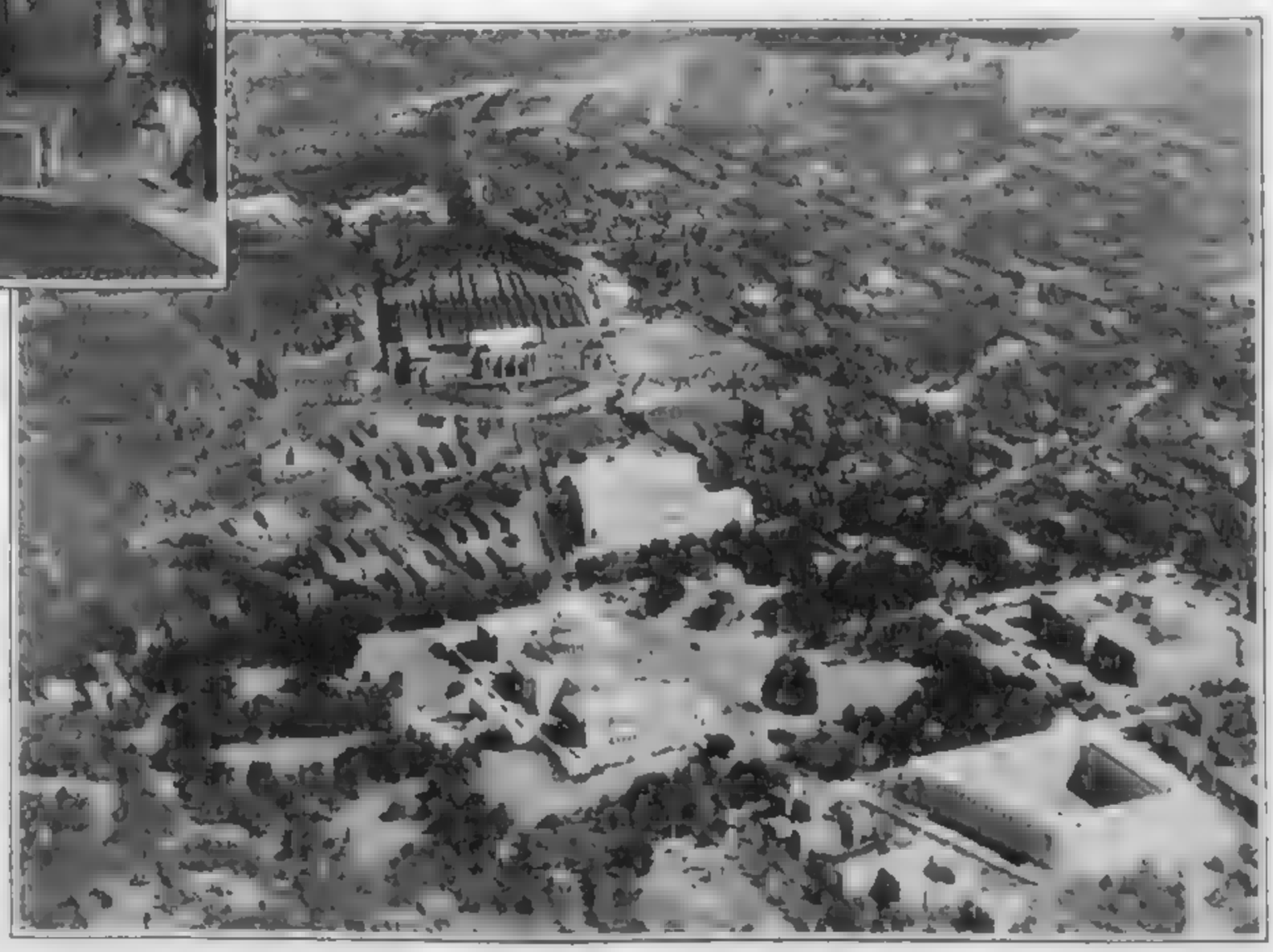
THERE is food for thought and cause for an occasional shooting pain in the knowledge that every real-estate development sufficiently substantial and farseeing to attract the most desirable class of residents has invariably enlisted the services of a high-class supervising architect at a large salary; whereas the United States of America, richest of all the nations in the world, has been so petty and so shortsighted as to hesitate over accepting the services of the nation's leading architects, engineers and city planners in protecting and beautifying her capital, even when they give their services for nothing.

George Washington, fortunately for the United States, was a surveyor and an engineer as well as a great and a farseeing man. He consequently realized the tremendous value to any city of the beauty, harmony, convenience and good order that result from a comprehensive city plan, well conceived and carefully followed

One of the many striking differences between George Washington and the ordinary run of human beings in responsible positions lies in the fact that Washington could see the value of beauty, order and careful planning without anyone's assistance, whereas the ordinary run of human beings can't even see the value of it when it is pounded into their heads with a club

Washington, left to his own devices, built Mount Vernon as a lasting and inspiring monument to his love of beauty and his breadth of vision. Too many human beings, left to their own devices, build monstrosities and excrescences, and are unconscious of the damage that they have done, or of the warped and stunted souls that they have revealed.

(Continued on Page 80)



The Capital From the Air, Showing the Unsightly Temporary Buildings Between the Capitol and the Union Station

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

THE LEGION PASSES

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

AT THE mess table of gray-headed old Priscus, *praefectus* commanding the legion Herculiani Juniores, second in the list of the Palatine Guards of the army of the East, the ten or twelve senior officers who were his guests became noisily argumentative over the sirupy wine poured for them by the half-naked slaves. Outside, visible through the lifted door flaps of the tent, a sentry, spear in one hand, semicylindrical shield on the other arm, the broad metal strips of his body armor gleaming in the fierce sunshine, stood as though deaf to the boisterous voices within. The date was the eighth of August, A.D. 378; the place was the great intrenched camp of the Emperor Valens, under the walls of Hadrianopolis.

"Of course, Valens ought to wait until Gratian arrives with the legions of the West!" declared Edobic, a barbarian commander of *auxilia*, whose full tawny beard was in contrast to the shaven chins of the majority of his companions. "It is madness to attack an enemy with half your force when you can make sure of him with the whole." He spoke with the overprecise correctness and piquant accent of a foreigner who had learned the Roman language late in life.

"Madness or not, I will bet you a brace of fighting cocks that it happens!" cried Miltiades, a small dark-faced Greek from Athens who was high up in the army-accounts department—it was said behind his back that this year alone he had bought two large estates, as well as investing heavily in a syndicate that purchased Gothic prisoners of war cheaply in the glutted Eastern slave markets and shipped them to Sicily, where an epidemic had produced a scarcity. "Rome can afford two emperors, my friend, only so long as they never meet. When the Emperor of the West comes to the Emperor of the East, one of them is going certainly to gobble up the other. And the Emperor Valens has no intention whatever of being gobbled up by the Emperor Gratian, believe me! Brilliant young nephews who have just won big victories in Gaul are not very welcome to our knock-kneed, pot-bellied Augustus. I'll make it two brace of fighting cocks that Valens attacks before Gratian arrives!"

"Be careful you don't ruin yourself, Miltiades!" laughed Metellus, the jovially ruddy commander of the second cohort of the Herculiani. "Valens may not attack at all. Fritigern and his Goths may attack us instead, while Gratian is yet distant. It's their best chance."

"Not they!" said Sempronius, commander of a *sexillatio* of light cavalry. "I reconnoitered their camp this morning—they're about half a day's march off—and they plainly had no intention of attacking. They had walled themselves all round with their wagons in their usual way, and screamed at us, men and women, from behind them. Not a sign of their cavalry anywhere, and we know pretty well by this time that the Goth never fights without his mailed horsemen. They must be off raiding somewhere. Now is our time—Gratian or no Gratian—to attack. We shall catch them without their cavalry."

Grim old Priscus interposed with a growl from the head of the table.

"Bah!" he said. "Why hurry for that? If they have their cavalry when we fight it only means that we shall exterminate all the vermin together. Cavalry!" He growled again in contempt. "Your cavalry, my good Sempronius, is all very well for scouting and chasing fugitives or riding down mobs of archers and slingers, but against a solid legion, like the old Herculiani, shields linked and spears leveled, it has no more effect than spray against a wall. It is the infantry of Rome that has conquered the world. Cavalry never won a battle yet!" He snorted, and diluting with water the thick sweet wine in his silver cup, drank deeply.

"Nevertheless"—it was a thin-faced scholarly looking young man in the splendid uniform of the emperor's personal aides-de-camp who ventured the remark—"if one may believe Plutarch, it was with cavalry—heavy cavalry charging home—that the great Alexander won his battles."

"Pooh!" exclaimed old Priscus, setting down his beaker. "How long ago was that? Hundreds of years ago, before Rome commenced—and his battles were against the cowardly Asiatics we chase from our Mesopotamian frontier posts! Who ever saw cavalry charge home against organized infantry? Roma Dea! I should like to see Alexander's cavalry charge my Herculiani!" He spoke suddenly more seriously, with the vehemence of a man who has a grievance. "Don't let yourself get infected with these newfangled imbecilities, my friend. The danger today is that the only troops in the army who really matter are swamped in hordes of useless light-armed *auxilia* and cavalry that cannot do more than skirmish. They're the fashionable fellows who get all that's going. The last thing you clever people at the court consider is the old regular legion. But when it comes to the battle it is the good old-fashioned regular legion that stands fast just as it always did, and wins the fight for you. If I had my way I'd reconstitute the legion just as it was in the old days before Constantine—the legion of ten cohorts and five thousand five hundred men, with three hundred cavalry to guard its flanks. Give me half a dozen of the old legions of Diocletian—not these present-day, so-called legions of a thousand men—and I'll wager that I would push these barbarians back over the Danube in just the time it takes to march there."

"Valens ought never to have allowed them to cross the Danube at all; he only let them into Thrace because they were a lot of Arian heretics like himself!" exclaimed Crispinus, the sharp-nosed commander of the first cohort of the Herculiani, who was a fervidly doctrinaire Christian of the rival Athanasian sect.

"Heretic yourself!" came a furious shout from the other side of the table. It was from Marcellus, a cavalryman of the emperor's bodyguard who was notoriously of the Arian persuasion and had indeed received preferment from Valens on account of it. "If the Augustus had brought them across the Danube to exterminate you pestilent Nicæans, he would have done well indeed; but, as everyone knows, he ordered that every Goth of them should give up his arms before he crossed. Was that to get their aid, think you? Bah!" He spat in contempt. "The worst of you Athanasians is that you are all liars!"

With a yell of fury Crispinus leaped to his feet, half pulled his short sword from its scabbard. Priscus reached grimly forward, put his heavy hand upon his subordinate's shoulder and forced him back into his seat.

"*Satis!*" he said, harshly and authoritatively. "For me the old gods of Rome are good enough, as they were good enough for my fathers, and I don't pretend to understand the quarrels of the Galileans. I only know that if you had your way you'd tear the empire to pieces between you. You can worship your newfangled gods outside—Mithra and all the rest of them; here at this table there is only one divinity—Roma Dea Immortalis, whom we all serve!" He raised his refilled beaker. "*Ave!*" he ejaculated with religious solemnity.

Crispinus and Marcellus continued to glare at each other, while ruddy-faced Metellus—who happened to be a Mithra worshiper—tactfully renewed the conversation with a laugh.

"If only Lupicinus and Maximus had not been such a pair of scoundrels!" he said. "If I were Augustus I would crucify both of them. One expects provincial governors to take bribes; but not to the extent of letting a horde of barbarians come into the land with their weapons as they did!"

"And then deliberately to starve them afterward!" interjected Procopius, an engineer in charge of one of the parks of ballistæ and catapults. "Those two thieves must have become as rich as Cræsus with selling their putrid offal to those famished multitudes. I happened to be sent up north on a mission and saw it all. I shan't easily forget it. They paid ten pounds of silver for a joint of the rotten meat Lupicinus used to send along with a heavy guard on each cart. Later on it amused him to fill the camp markets with dead dogs he requisitioned from all over Thrace—and the poor wretches fought with one another to pay a slave, male or female, for a carcass. Toward the end they were selling their own sons and daughters for a piece of a carcass. You can't imagine the horror of that awful camp; I've seen besieged cities, but never anything like that. The wonder is that with arms in their hands they didn't revolt sooner!"

"They have made up for it in the last two years, at any rate," said Sempronius. "They've made Thrace a desert.

He Saw Their Blood-Maddened Horses Bare Their Teeth as They Plunged Among Men Whose Arms Were Suddenly Freed for an Instinctively Upward Protective Gesture

You can ride from end to end of it and not see a peasant. All those who have escaped are behind the walls of the towns."

"They can fight too!" remarked Sertorius, commander of the *auxilium* known as the Salii—the Jumpers. "Jove! They gave us a hard day's work at The Willows last year!"

"*Ad Salices!*" exclaimed a face-scarred cavalryman along the table, repeating the name of that desperately fought inconclusive battle whose heaped skeletons were to remain for a generation or more somewhere in the narrow stretch between the finally northward flowing Danube and the sea. "Were you there? I was—lost half my *vexillatio* in a hand-to-hand slashing match with a rush of their mailed horsemen from behind their wagon camp—we might have been gladiators in the theater." He laughed boisterously. "It looked at one time, Priscus, as though your unbreakable legions were going to break after all. But you are quite right; so long as they stand firm no Roman army can be beaten, and the way they closed up their ranks that day was a sight for the gods!"

"Richomer had the Goths pretty well cornered afterward, though," said Procopius the engineer. "That's the way to deal with barbarians—coop them up behind an earthwork and turn the engines on them."

"Bah! There are too many engines in this army already," growled old Priscus in his voice, made harshly hoarse by a lifetime of parade grounds. "This cowardly long-range business is killing the proper spirit of infantry—foot to foot, push with the shield and stab with the *gladius*. And your earthwork is only effective so long as there are no other hordes of barbarians to attack you in flank and rear and make you scuttle from it as Saturninus had to scuttle after Richomer had gone back to Gratian."

"Richomer!" exclaimed Edobic, his foreign accent naïvely eloquent of pride in that celebrated fellow barbarian who was Count of the Household to Gratian, Emperor of the West. "That is a soldier! I vowed an image for Sancta Sophia in Constantinopolis if he should return and now he is here! He will not let Valens do foolish things before Gratian arrives. He will make him wait, so that together victory will be certain."

Miltiades the Greek laughed scornfully. It was especially against the portentously serious semicivilized Edobic that he liked to exercise his subtle Greek wits.

"My friend, you talk like a barbarian who has never been to Rome, or at any rate to Constantinopolis! If Valens waits he signs his own death warrant, and he knows it. Victorious or not, if he waits for Gratian he is finished. He has only one chance—to fight and win before Gratian comes to take the credit. The whole Eastern Empire is clamoring at him—you know what happened in the Hippodrome at Constantinopolis a month or so back? The moment he appeared in the imperial seat all the spectators scrambled down the benches into the arena and swarmed across to him, shrieking for their farms in Thrace, shrieking every insult they could think of. I was there, and I thought they were going to tear him to pieces. It was all the guards could do to beat back those who came climbing up like maniacs, knives between their teeth. Poor Valens stood up, white as chalk, shaking like a jelly, his chaplet cocked over one eye, and shrieked to them: 'I promise, good people! I promise to kill the last Goth! Give me but time to collect the army!'" The Greek laughed unpleasantly. "Never have I seen anything so comic!"

The other officers had turned eagerly to him while he spoke.

"You were there? These men of the accounts get all the luck! Did you see Astyanax of the Greens beat Marcus in the last chariot race?"

Miltiades laughed again. "Not only did I see it, but I won five hundred good golden solidi on it. He threw away his trace knife and went like a whirlwind, while the Reds and Whites stood up and screamed curses at him—particularly after the wheel of Tryphon's chariot came off at the turn. Marcus nearly went into the smash. Put your money on the Greens, my friends, for the next races. The Whites and Reds haven't a champion that can get nearer the Greens than their dust!"

"Rubbish! Listen to him! I bet you my new Armenian slave against your Egyptian that Glaucus beats Astyanax at the next games!"

"Glaucus? Glaucus hasn't a chance against Porphyrion—it is Porphyrion that will beat Astyanax."

"What will you bet? . . . I take you! Inscribe it on your tablets! A hundred solidi to fifty that Astyanax wins!" The whole table was suddenly in an uproar of passionate partisanship. Those rival factions of the Hippodrome, which, at Constantinopolis as at Rome, furnished each their champion for the chariot races, divided the army in furiously antagonistic loyalties to this or the other color, as they did the swarming populace of the capital. Often, indeed, those citizen adherents fought desperately in the Hippodrome itself, not ceasing on at least one occasion until three thousand had been slain. To those war-hardened soldiers at the table of Priscus the heavily wagered victory, past or future, of some celebrated chariot racer was of far more exciting interest than the overfamiliar routine of the campaign on which they were engaged.

It was old Priscus who stopped the tumult. "Listen!" he cried suddenly in his harsh voice. "Listen!"

Outside, still at a distance across the camp, there was a continuous blaring of trumpets, a confused enthusiastic vociferation from a multitude of men.

"The emperor goes among the troops," said old Priscus, nodding his head in recognition of the sound. "Now we know. Surely will he attack tomorrow."

"What did I tell you?" cried the little dark-faced Miltiades. "Did I not say he would not wait for Gratian?"

"I like it not," said Edobic, frowning as his fingers played with his tawny beard. "These Goths outnumber us three to one."

Priscus rose from his seat, looked grimly at the barbarian mercenary. "Even if they outnumber us ten to one, the legions of Rome will give them to the vultures," he said sternly. "My friends, the Augustus approaches. His officers should salute him."

They got up from the table, trooped out into the fierce sun glare. The emperor was, in fact, approaching. Already they could see him over the heads of the enthusiastically tumultuous crowds of soldiery, borne high in a litter that swayed as the legionaries pushed and jostled around it, his guards and trumpeters with difficulty clearing a path for him. An immense vociferation of "Augustus! Augustus! Ave Imperator! Augustus Victor! Augustus Victor!" arose around his passage from the throngs fiercely eager for the battle this perambulation presaged. He came close—a squint-eyed, pasty-faced, heavy-cheeked man who smiled insincerely at those deafening plaudits. Priscus and his friends lifted their right arms sharply in salute, held them thus until he had passed.

A moment later, forcing his way through the surging crowd that followed the imperial litter, a messenger from headquarters saluted in front of the commander of the Herculiani Juniores, handed him a parchment roll. Priscus opened it, glanced at its contents, turned to Crispinus and Metellus, commanders of the two cohorts into which the legion was divided.

"We march out tomorrow," he said. "Three days' rations on each man, fourteen days' on the mules. See that all spears and swords are sharpened before sundown, and all armor repaired. Look to the sandals of the men. If any of the Goths escape, there will be heavy marching in pursuit. Valens is going to make an end of them before Gratian arrives."

At the same hour, in the immense circular laager of wagons that was the Gothic camp, there was panic. Abandoning their multitudinous cooking fires, here the thousands of long-haired women crowded anxiously to receive blessing and a craved-for assurance of divine aid from earnestly preaching Christian priests of their own race; there those who were the wives of still pagan Ostrogoths sat and wailed or cried upon the fierce old gods that had been terribly potent in the ancient days of the great migrations across Central Europe, while the half-naked children gathered in swarms around the fair-haired warriors, watching them with fascinated excitement as feverishly they straightened and sharpened their long swords, reshafted or reheaded their spears, restrung their

(Continued on Page 164)

The Army, Thwarted in its First Flush of Martial Ardor, Relaxed Into a Wearied Impatience, a Murmurous Discontent That Was Almost Insubordination

Gentlemen of the Box Office

"Entertain an Exhibitor for Seven and One Half Dollars! Did You Ever Entertain an Exhibitor, Mr. Bowles?"

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

The last Gil-and-Shorty comedy was very good, all except Bernardine Snow. Miss Snow is too old. What we want on the screen is new faces.

TEMPLE THEATER, Kenipee Bend.

Gil-and-Shorty comedies always go well with our audiences, but for heaven's sake, give somebody else a chance and put Bernardine Snow on the shelf a while. She has outlived her usefulness on the screen and doesn't do your pictures any good. ALHAMBRA THEATER, Potopolis.

Wine and Women excellent and Gilfillan seems to get better, but would suggest a new leading lady. Miss Snow looks terrible. My people want to see pretty girls. Get a new girl.

ACME THEATER, Danbury.

We are sick and tired of seeing Bernardine Snow trying to act kittenish in Gil-and-Shorty pictures. My patrons want youth and beauty. Tell Gilfillan to wake up.

GEM THEATER, Morris Barmer, owner.

We think it would improve your comedies if you were to hire a new leading woman for Gilfillan.

GOSSMILLER AND RABINOVITCH.

THERE you are," said President John O'Day, as he stopped reading aloud to his star, Mr. Walter W. Gilfillan, and tossed the reports aside. "That's a few of them. You want me to read you some more?"

"No," said Gil, "that's enough. Don't mean anything anyhow."

"We have here," continued the big chief, nodding at his desk, "reports from exhibitors all over the country, commenting upon your comedies. These men are in touch with the public. If the public is getting tired of Miss Snow, why be obstinate about it?"

"Because they're a lot of weevils," Gil rejoined. "They don't know what the customers like, and they don't know what's good or bad. Why anybody should pay attention to what a lot of flat-headed theater owners think is entirely beyond my simple mental powers."

"Oh, now, Gil," protested Vice President Grogan, who always agrees with John O'Day and has become rich doing so, "you don't mean that. We must be guided by what the exhibitors tell us."

"We must, must we?" Gil said. "Did you ever see one of these mental giants? Did you ever get up close to an exhibitor and look down into his eye? That's what's the matter with this business—paying heed to what outsiders tell us."

"They're not outsiders," Mr. O'Day said gently. "They are the middlemen who deal out our wares to the ultimate consumers, and it seems to me we should consider them."

"Not a bit," shouted the comedian. "I tell you that the average theater owner doesn't know any more about what his patrons want than so many Eskimos. And it's foolish to read these reports and ask me to fire Bernardine Snow because they don't like her. What about the ones that do like her?"

"She isn't pretty, Gil. You'll have to admit that."

"No, but she's funny; and we're making comedies, or trying to. You want me to dash out and get a pretty flapper?"

"Exactly," said O'Day.

"Read the reports," said Grogan.

"Rubbish!" snorted the comedian, and the conversation continued, with Mr. Gilfillan losing ground.

For more than a year Gil had been grinding out comedies, playing the lead in each, with Shorty Hamp to help, making up the story and acting as his own business manager. For more than a year Miss Snow had been his leading lady.

It was true that she was no longer a mere child, and never had she won a beauty prize; but she understood the rudiments of comedy and she was funny, having queer mannerisms that seemed to interest and amuse the Argus-eyed ones who paid their money at the box office.

Bernardine was pathetic, and pathos is not so far away from comedy. She looked sad and so people laughed at her. She worked tirelessly and well, made useful suggestions to her boss, was never late on the set and at no time displayed flashes of temperamental eccentricity.

Therefore Gilfillan, who has had experience with flighty females, approved of Bernardine and contended that her presence in his films was a distinct advantage. Messrs. O'Day and Grogan had arrived at a contrary view, due to exhibitors' reports. They perused these documents and insisted that the comedian put aside his leading lady and find one who was younger, prettier and more vivacious. Endless disputes followed. The studio officials held that the exhibitors, being on the ground, in close contact with the seat buyers, naturally knew what their customers desired. Gilfillan never departed from his opinion, which was that virtually all exhibitors were dumb eggs who knew nothing, and that sensible persons should pay no attention to their silly yowls.

"That's all right, Gil," said O'Day, winding up the series of debates; "but these are the men who buy what we manufacture, and we cannot disregard them. You'll have to dismiss Miss Snow. Sorry."

"So am I," said Gil.

He retired to the calm of his own office, where he found his staff sprawled about awaiting orders, and there he discussed the utter hopelessness of the motion-picture industry and the depravity of all theater owners.

"Bernardine is through," he announced to Messrs. Hamp, Rascoe and Van Hoven, who diligently helped him make comedies. "She's a sure laugh getter, so she loses her job. It seems that the exhibitors are tired of her."

He Blew a Sarcastic Kiss From His

"Don't worry about Bernardine," said Rascoe. "She will be out of a job about eleven and a half minutes. If we are a dumb studio, there are others not so dumb."

"True," said Gil. "And we begin our new picture with a pretty girl. Any pretty girl will do. Got to have flappers with their little pug noses, because the sainted public demands baby faces on the screen. The dumber they are, the better the public likes 'em."

"Who says so?"

"The exhibitors. Those business Napoleons, standing in their lobbies smoking stogies and trying to look like Augustin Daly. Read their reports if you can. Ask O'Day. He's got a rain barrel full of detailed misinformation, and he's actually paying attention to it."

Gilfillan grumbled and his associates mourned with him; but when he began his new picture there was a strange leading lady walking about on high heels, looking very lovely and young, and known to the world as Gertrude. She was nineteen and much like a doll, both in appearance and mental habits. In sorrow, Gil had discharged Bernardine Snow, telling her that she was one of the true comics, one of the few of her sex in Hollywood, and that her future was bound in hoops of gold.

"You'll have your own company," he prophesied.

"That's all right, Gil," said Miss Snow. "As long as you think I'm a fair actress, I don't mind being discharged."

The flapper floundered through the new picture, and Gil looked at her somberly and waited for O'Day to see the result in the projection room. It was not a triumph. A silent group beheld it and murmured disapproval.

"She won't do," O'Day remarked.

"I knew that," said Gil. "But isn't she pretty?"

"Let her go," said O'Day, and another film career popped. Miss Gertrude, weeping little black drops of mascaro, received her last money from the studio cashier and stepped out into the great wide world where a girl can be a girl. There began afresh the hunt for still another young and beautiful damsel, for Gilfillan was, as usual, behind his schedule and striving to catch up. Helene was the next one—last name unimportant. Helene sauntered into the motion-picture business from the ranks of the extras, sauntered through a rather sad film affair known as Potatoes and was discharged without formality.

Gil despaired, groaned, swore and finally became hardened. If they wanted to ruin their motion pictures with incompetent young ninnies it was none of his affair. He would do, without protest, as Boss O'Day directed, and things could go to pot. He would, so help him Henry, play a mongoose for his leading lady and say nothing to a living soul. What was the use, he asked, of trying to accomplish anything in this so-and-so business, with every hand against a man? How could you make good comedies with your own studio undermining you? It would make anybody ill, the star said, looking a little ill to bear out his statement.

In time his resentment took the form of gloomy hatred of all exhibitors, for he felt it was they and they alone who had steered his bark into choppy seas. O'Day and Grogan he regarded as a couple of weak-spined oysters, with ears ever cocked for a word from the outside, but the theater owners were ignorant and full of vice, and the comedy star tossed off little blue sparks whenever he thought of them.

"Cheer up," said Shorty Hamp. "We're doing pretty fair. I've seen worse movies than we make."

"Where?" asked Gilfillan, looking as dejected as a man on the rumble seat of a roadster.

There came presently, to add to the tribulations of modern life in Hollywood, the second annual convention of the Amalgamated Exhibitors' Association of North America. Long shining railway trains bore down upon California, laden with the owners of motion-picture theaters from all the various corners and nooks of these glorious United States; and they came, of course, to discuss in formal convention the great and growing problems of their giant industry.

The executive committee of the amalgamated gentlemen selected Hollywood for this convention so that the owners of small theaters might prowl through the studios that manufactured their entertainment and rub shoulders with the stars, near-stars, educated dogs, lions, horses and gorillas of the trade. Ordinary citizens of Hollywood paused in surprise and looked at all the visitors in derby hats. The year before, the exhibitors had convened in Atlantic City, where an excellent time was had by all and resolutions were adopted, after thorough discussion, urging that something be done about depraved patrons who keep sticking gum wads under their seats. It was shown at that time that if the wads surreptitiously attached to the underside of movie seats were gathered into one large behemoth wad, it would easily choke up Mount Vesuvius, with enough left over to surprise anyone.

In the midst of Walter Gilfillan's dejection the exhibitorial hordes swarmed upon the film capital, knowing full well they would be welcomed with open arms by officials of all studios; for there is one man who cannot be kept out of a motion-picture studio, and that is an exhibitor. You can keep government officials, army officers and Austrian grand dukes off the sets, but an exhibitor must be allowed to stroll in and bring his gang; and no matter how much he interferes with the day's business, everyone must be polite and later on take him out to luncheon.

"That's All Right, Gil," Said Miss Snow. "As Long as You Think I'm a Fair Actress, I Don't Mind Being Discharged"

Fat and thin, they came, with their yellow suitcases and umbrellas. They clogged the streets, broke the traffic laws, cluttered up the hotel corridors and descended upon the helpless motion-picture studios like the Kansas locusts on a warm year.

They loitered in groups on street corners, telling one another what was the matter with the movies; and after the opening session of the convention they fell upon the studios amain, pestered directors who were trying to work, talked at length with perspiring stars and waved their little yellow badges gayly. Everyone was polite to them. The grouchiest general managers wore fixed smiles. It was a seven-day convention, and some folks went to the extent of calling it Better Movie Week.

"This would be a good time," Shorty said to Gilfillan, "to get 'em all on a boat and send 'em a long ways off."

"Not off," said Gil. "Down."

It was observed that a trifling few of the exhibitors arrived with their families, including wives, children, dogs, parrots and cats; but in the main, when the convention was called to order, it was seen that virtually all the theater gentlemen had left their helpmeets back in the home town. It seemed almost like a concerted act. One was inclined to feel that someone had sidled up to the exhibitors and told them frankly that if they were going to a movie convention in Hollywood, why not leave the old lady at home with the radio and be sure of a good time in a town noted everywhere for its thousands of vivacious young movie queens? And so, describing it to the spouses as a long, dusty trip on a hard-bitted train, the box-office boys galloped into town, bright-eyed with expectancy.

Finger Tips and Stopped, and the Convention Burst Into a Genuine Thunder of Approval

(Continued on Page 136)

RADICALISM IN MEXICO

By Isaac F. Marcosson

RADICALISM in Mexico is part of the wave of ultranationalism that has swept the world. It registered first in Russia. China is in the throes of it. The Mexican brand, however, is different from the Russian or Chinese variety. Beginning as a protest against the Diaz autocracy, it has become a camouflaged agency for the perpetuation—or rather rotation—in office of the small group that controls the country. Though nationalization is the keynote, there is no definite or consecutive policy. It is characteristic of the Mexican mentality that the appeal is not social but political. The three countries that I have mentioned have populations whose illiteracy is not less than 80 per cent. The natural consequence is that a few rule the many. This is particularly true of Russia, where Stalin, instead of conserving the dictatorship of the proletariat, is fast becoming the whole works himself. If the truth were known, Eugene Chen, head of the Soviet-sponsored Cantonese nationalistic government in China, would like to do the same.

Each of these is predominantly an agricultural country. Since the hope of communism invariably reposes in the industrial worker, any permanent hold is precarious. Hence Bolshevism is doomed eventually wherever it happens to be intrenched. This is small comfort to us, because in Mexico particularly havoc is being wrought with our interests, which aggregate nearly $1,500,000,000.

Analyze the beginnings of Mexican radicalism and you find that they are really rooted in the Industrial Workers of the World, more commonly known as the I. W. W. The pioneers of radicalism were Ricardo Flores Magon, his brother Enrique Flores Magon, Angonio Villarreal, Librado Rivera and Juan Sarabia. In 1905 they organized the Mexican Liberal Party to oppose the administration of Porfirio Diaz. Headquarters were established at San Luis Potosí. One of the Magon preceptors was the notorious Bill Haywood, once head of the I. W. W. in the United States and now a fugitive from justice in Russia, where he is employed by the Soviet Government.

In those days no radical or political activities were permitted in Mexico. The Diaz government opposed the radicals at every turn, and the ringleaders, especially the Magon brothers and Rivera, had to fly. They escaped to the United States, where they first lived as ordinary political refugees. Subsequently they blossomed forth as active radical agitators. Their first base was at Laredo.

United Under One Banner

LATER they moved to San Antonio, and finally brought up at Los Angeles, where they became closely affiliated with the I. W. W. and other kindred extremist groups in this country. The Magons were made head of the Spanish section of the I. W. W. and published a weekly newspaper, Regeneración. This was adopted as the official organ of the radical organization which came to be known as the Magonistas.

Although exiled in the United States, the Magon brothers initiated the first revolutionary movement against the Diaz administration, in 1907, by crossing the border and attacking the small town of Las Vacas in Coahuila. The expedition really started the train of revolt against Diaz, because the majority of Mexicans residing in the United States along the Rio Grande were closely affiliated with the Magonista faction. As a matter of fact, the Magons really paved the way for the insurrection headed by Francisco Madero in 1910, which ended the long Diaz régime.

I have dwelt upon the Magons because they were the forerunners of the movement which has reached its fruition in the radicalization of the Mexico of today. Although the Magonistas aided the Madero revolution, the usual split developed after victory had been won. One reason was that Madero was not radical enough. The Magons and their henchmen withdrew and became instrumental in organizing branches of the I. W. W. in Mexico, which are still active. Various other radically inclined groups also sprang up, including factions headed by the bandits Zapata and Orozco and Antonio Soto y Gama.

A Strike Demonstration at Tampico. At Right—Luis Morones, Minister of Industry, Commerce and Labor. Above—Alberto J. Pani, Minister of Finance, Who Opposed the Radical Measures

This last-named individual is now head of the National Agrarian Party. He is also one of the principal advisers of Luis Morones, Minister of Industry, Commerce and Labor, who is Calles' right-hand man.

When Gen. Victoriano Huerta overthrew the Madero government in 1913 and became president, all the radical groups consolidated against his reactionary régime. Later on it was natural that they should align themselves with Carranza when he launched his revolution against Huerta.

With Carranza and his revolt we reach the crystallization of the socialistic sentiment. For the first time all the radicals were under one banner, which proclaimed constitutional reform.

The Carranza revolution was notable for still another event. Among the early adherents of the Mexican Liberal Party was Plutarco Elias Calles, then moving toward mastery of the state of Sonora, of which he was later governor. He had subscribed by word, deed and purse to the Magon tenets. Calles served as general under Carranza and got his first military experience in that way. It is interesting to add that he has never deviated from his original radical views. They are as apparent in the drastic legislation that he has formulated since he became president as they were when he was an onlooker so far as participation in affairs was concerned.

The Magon brothers broke off relationship with the Carranza faction when the latter refused to finance their propaganda in the United States, whereupon they renewed their close affiliation with the I. W. W. and sought to establish a communist republic in Lower California. The movement failed largely because of the influence brought to bear against it in the United States.

The Magons and Librado Rivera then got busy on this side of the border. Their activities during the World War became so pernicious that they were arrested for violation of the Espionage Act and for obstructing the selective draft. They were sentenced to twenty years each in the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth. Ricardo Flores Magon died in prison. The body was sent home for burial and a great radical demonstration was staged at the funeral. Enrique Flores Magon and Rivera were pardoned at the urgent request of President Obregón and deported to Mexico. No sooner were they back on native soil than they assumed their former rôles as radical agitators. At the time of my visit to Mexico they were affiliated with organizations with headquarters near Tampico.

Outside Help

ALTHOUGH the name Magon no longer carries its one-time magic, the principles with which it was invested go marching on. We can now pick up the Carranza thread and carry it to its logical conclusion.

Once in office, Carranza proceeded to give full vent to all his socialistic theories.

The principal expression of Carranza's radical theories is in the constitution of 1917, around some of the provisions of which the present controversy with the United States rages.

Do not think for a moment that the Mexicans, and especially Carranza and his radical associates, were able to project an extremist policy on their own. Then, as now, the average high-placed Mexican official is a provincial and, in the main, utterly ignorant of world affairs. For one thing, the Carranza crowd had advisers among socialistic Americans and idealistic uplifters from the United States and various European radicals. Some are still with Calles and are among his most trusted colleagues. But the chief aid and comfort came from Moscow. Once the Bolsheviks had consolidated their power at home, they turned their batteries loose for the conquest of new worlds abroad. Mexico was selected as the logical base for operations in the Western Hemisphere for two reasons. One was that it had a good strategic geographical position for the dissemination of propaganda to both North and South America. The other lay in a fertile and receptive soil.

It followed, therefore, that in 1919 the Third Internationale initiated its propaganda campaign in Mexico with

A Public Letter Writer, Mexico

the establishment of a bureau in Mexico City. Some of the most expert workers were sent into the field. They included Russians, Japanese and a few Americans. These propagandists and their successors are not only still active in Mexico but use Mexico as the center of operations which extend in many directions.

The Extremist Organization

THE next step was the organization of the Mexican Communist Party, which came into being in 1920, a few months after Obregón had succeeded in overthrowing the Carranza government. Locals sprang up at Vera Cruz, Orizaba, Puebla, Morelia, Guanajuato, San Luis Potosí, Tampico, Aguas Calientes and other industrial centers.

Among the chiefs of the communist movement was Felipe Carrillo. He instigated an independent labor and political movement in the southeastern states of Yucatan, Tabasco, and Campeche. Its tendencies were all communistic. He also organized the Central League of Resistance, which was opposed to everything and everybody that savored of capital. This league maintained the closest relationship with the Third Internationale of Moscow.

Carrillo paid the price for his excesses. During the De la Huerta revolution of 1923 he met the fate that he had meted out so ruthlessly to others. The aftermath of the Carrillo régime exists today in Yucatan in what is perhaps the most radical and domineering group in all Mexico.

The Third Internationale became stronger in Mexico with each succeeding year. Every effort was made to coddle the Mexican. Numerous delegates went from Mexico to the annual internationale gatherings at Moscow, where Zinoviev persistently preached the gospel of world revolution and hostility to the United States

No sooner had the Communist Party established itself than the inevitable row among radicals broke loose. Although the party was as red as could be, it did not quite suit the rabid element. They accordingly withdrew and organized the Confederación General de Trabajadores, which means General Confederation of Workers. It is more frequently referred to as the C. G. T. or the Red Workers. This was the first pretentious extremist labor organization in the republic. It was dedicated to extermination of capital, the church and the army.

Russian influence in Mexico received a real impetus in 1924 with the arrival of the soviet minister Stanislas Pestkowsky. Most soviet ambassadorial luggage the world over is full of propaganda. The minister became a leader among the ultra-radical element. The soviet legation, as elsewhere, was and remains the fountainhead of communistic ideas. Pestkowsky associated himself with the various labor bodies which had sprung up since the C. G. T.

A characteristic activity was the assistance that Pestkowsky and his government gave to the launching of the so-called Anti-Imperialistic League of America, which is really an ally of the Third Internationale. Its object is to spread communist propaganda in all the Latin-American countries and to foster the work of the Communist Party in Moscow in its campaign against the United States. It has branches throughout Central and South America, but its main offices are in Mexico City.

One of Pestkowsky's friends and associates was Col. Adalberto Tejeda, Minister of the Interior in the Calles Cabinet. While governor of the state of Vera Cruz he carried out an extremely radical program and favored the confiscatory policy of the revolutionary government.

A further evidence of the association between Mexico and Moscow is the Club of Friends of Soviet Russia in Mexico City. This is the official center of communistic propaganda. The Zionist Club—it has nothing to do with the Jewish Palestine organization of the same name—is the rendezvous for the professional agitators both native and foreign.

Another Strike Demonstration at Tampico

I can best round out this section about the Russian influence in Mexico by referring to the enthusiastic welcome accorded Madame Kollantay, who succeeded Pestkowsky as soviet minister. The very fact that she was sent to Mexico shows the importance that Moscow attaches to our neighbor on the south. Madame Kollantay is perhaps the most astute and effective of the Bolshevik diplomatic propagandists. Calles sent a member of his cabinet to bid her welcome at Vera Cruz. When she presented her credentials he made a flattering speech, assuring her of Mexico's fraternal feeling for Russia.

Although the I. W. W. and communist groups continued to maintain their organizations throughout the country, their influence, as entities, waned.

Russia Reversed

A NEW agency which usurped their radical tendencies, and went them one better in the matter of drastic authority, now came to the fore. It was the ultra-labor movement. With it we reach the mainspring of the Calles political machine and the driving force behind much of the antiforeign agitation. Here you have the first divergence from Russia. In the stronghold of sovietism the Communist Party is all-powerful. Its influence is undisputed in all nationally administrative matters. The unions are subservient.

The reverse is true in Mexico. Organized labor, and especially the CROM, constitutes the dominant political as well as industrial weapon. It is stronger, therefore, in the federal district, where the capital is located, than in any other section.

Labor organizations, as such, are no comparatively new institution in Mexico. Carranza, as you will recall, fostered the first unions and gave labor its original governmental sanction.

In 1916 the so-called Casa del Obrero Mundial—House of the World Worker—was formed by members of the old Magonista faction and I. W. W. agitators, who, while political refugees from Mexico, had served their apprenticeship in unrest in California and other parts of the American West. The headquarters were at Saltillo, in the state of Coahuila. Carranza bestowed his benediction, and the organization set to work to radicalize all industrial operators.

(Continued on Page 229)

A Market Place at Guadalajara in the State of Jalisco, Mexico

At Left—The Burro Pack Train, a Familiar Sight on Mexican Roads

PHOTOS COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD

THE MAKING OF A MERCHANT

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"Things are Pretty Quiet, Peter, Aren't They?" She Asked

THE series of events that resulted in my becoming a merchant on my own account began when I was about twenty-four years old. Mr. Stewart's health began gradually to fail, making it necessary that he be away from the store considerably, and at last he decided he would sell out. For several months he ran advertisements in the For Sale columns of the trade publications, but as is usual in such cases the majority of those who responded wished to buy on credit, and he would consider nothing but cash. There was only one man, I think, who was in position to make an offer Mr. Stewart might have accepted.

Negotiations with this gentleman progressed to the point where he came to Centreton to look over the field, and for a time it appeared as though the deal would go through, but a hitch occurred over terms and nothing was done. It was the same situation that I have seen scores of times when a business is thrown on the market. The owner can see his enterprise only as a going concern, worth a premium because of its established trade. But the prospective buyer sees it from the standpoint of mere physical assets, because there is always the chance that trade may fall off under a change of ownership.

For a time, after losing his one possible customer, Mr. Stewart continued to run the business himself, though for days at a time he could not come to the store. At last he was forced to stay at home altogether, and Mr. Troop, who had for years been head salesman, was made the manager and placed in full charge.

If a part of my business education consisted in learning what not to do through watching Mr. Stewart, certainly I had a postgraduate course during the managerial régime of Mr. Troop. He was a bachelor; a tall, precise, anæmic-looking man who had, I think, been even more afraid of Mr. Stewart than any of us others. He was always excessively polite, and when waiting on trade would repeat the customer's name over and over again: "This is a fine piece of goods, Mr. Smith." "You will surely be more than pleased with this, Mr. Smith." "I recommend this heartily, Mr. Smith."

Putting Ceremony Into Business

EVEN when he did not know the customer's name he went through the same formula, but would leave the end of the sentence, so to speak, hanging in the air. "This is a fine piece of goods, Mr. ——" "I recommend this heartily, Mr. ——" It was not like a Frenchman's "Monsieur," or the frank American "Mister." I think Mr. Troop's idea was to flatter the customer that he knew the name perfectly, but omitted to speak it because of some other thought that engrossed his attention.

Outside the store Mr. Troop's only social intercourse for many years consisted of attendance on his lodge meeting each Thursday evening. What distinctions were conferred upon him during these secret sessions no one outside the order knew; but they must have been considerable, because on the occasion of lodge funerals Mr. Troop always took a half day off from his duties at the store to participate, and as the parade went the length of Market Street he invariably marched immediately behind the hearse between two lodge brothers dressed as knights at arms who held crossed spears above his head. On these occasions Mr. Troop had an appearance of great dignity, wearing a yellow robe and a plush hat, and carried a brass tray on which was a silver dish full of salt.

Somewhere in Mr. Troop's secret soul there must have existed a love of dignified ceremonial; for as soon as he was appointed manager of the Stewart store he put into effect the most extraordinary changes. He seemed to think a store should be run formally and majestically, like a lodge meeting; and he had full opportunity to carry out his peculiar ideas because by this time poor Mr. Stewart was altogether confined to his home.

Mr. Troop's first move was to do away with the little grilled inclosure at the back of the store that had so long served as office, and replace it with an inclosed room, on the ground-glass door of which he had painted, "Mr. Troop. Private." He spent practically all his time in this room, though what he found to do was a mystery to all of us. He insisted that no one should enter without knocking, but once I forgot to do this and discovered him standing in front of a mirror going through some kind of calisthenics that I suppose were a part of his lodge proceedings. Usually when any of us went in to see him he was just sitting at his desk thinking.

A rule that Mr. Troop inaugurated was in connection with the visits of the traveling salesmen. During all the years that Mr. Stewart had been in business he was very informal with these callers; a salesman would come in, ask if there was anything needed, and get his answer immediately. If it was a line sold from catalogue or requiring only a few samples, Mr. Stewart would do the business on one of the counters; if a more elaborate display was necessary he would go with the salesman to the Commercial House across the street, where all the traveling men put up in those days. But when Mr. Troop became manager he announced that he would see traveling men only at certain specified hours; the card that he tacked on his office door said, "Salesmen received from 10 A.M. to 11 A.M." Also, he insisted that each salesman desiring an interview should first hand his card to one of us clerks; we would carry the card back to Mr. Troop and bring out his answer.

One day, shortly after Mr. Troop became manager, we had a visit from Jim Garretson, who for many years represented a Philadelphia jobbing house on the territory. Garretson was a man of fifty-odd, a little loud in manner, but respected everywhere because of his reliability and loyalty to his customers, and Mr. Stewart had bought from him from the time he first started in business. When Garretson came into the store on this occasion he talked to me a few minutes about Mr. Stewart's illness and said he had heard on the road that Mr. Troop had been made manager of the business. I said Mr. Troop was back in his private office and I was sure would be glad to know Mr. Garretson was in town, because we needed some things in his line. Garretson grinned when I spoke of the private office.

"I never thought Herb Troop would be so stylish," he said jokingly, "but every man to his own taste. I'll go back and see him."

No Sale

MR. TROOP had given such strict orders about traveling men that I felt I must warn Mr. Garretson; I told him he would have to give me his card, which I would carry back to the office and bring word when Mr. Troop would see him. Garretson fairly whooped at this.

"You mean," he demanded, "that I, who have known Herb Troop since he was a boy in knee pants, must send in a card to find out when I can see him? That's some kind of a joke, I guess. I'll go back and find out what it means."

He went to the private office and stopped to read Mr. Troop's placard regarding the hours for receiving traveling men. Then he knocked loudly on the door and I could hear Mr. Troop's "Come in." Garretson opened the door.

"Hello, Herb," he said pleasantly. "I'm here with my full spring sample line. You don't seem to be very busy at present. Why not put on your hat and come over to the Commercial to look at my stuff now?"

Mr. Troop sort of squirmed in his chair, then pulled out his watch. "I'm sorry, Mr. Garretson," he said, "but it's three o'clock, and my hours for looking at salesmen's samples are from ten to eleven. You read that sign on the door, didn't you?"

"Yes, Herb, I read your sign," Garretson answered slowly, "but I didn't believe you meant it, especially with me. You know I don't call on anyone else in Centreton, and I'd like to finish and get out on the evening train."

Mr. Troop looked unhappy, but stuck to his guns. "Tomorrow at ten o'clock," he said, "I'll be glad to see you."

Garretson answered, speaking still more slowly: "Tomorrow at ten o'clock, Herb, I shall be exactly fifty miles from here, selling a bill of goods to Everson and Holmes in Overburg. If you mean what you say, I guess I shan't try to see you any more. You may think the whole favor is on your side when you buy a bill of goods, but it isn't. My house saves the merchants a lot of money by sending me out to call on them; and it is up to the merchants to help us any way they reasonably can. If I have to stay in every town a couple of days to see a buyer, it adds to the expense of selling my goods. If the expense of selling our goods goes up, we've got to get bigger prices. Good-by, Herb, and good luck!"

With that he walked out of the store, and later in the afternoon I saw him get in the Commercial Hotel bus with his sample cases and start for the depot.

I have never been able to figure why Mr. Troop evidenced such an astonishing change of character as he did. My only guess is this: He was naturally a weak and timid person, but these qualities did not appear so long as he held a subordinate position. When he became manager of the business he felt his incapacity and tried to cover it up by an outward show of authority. Too timid to make his personality count, he resorted to rules and regulations. Since those days I have seen many little men pitchforked into big places, and almost always there was something in their actions that reminded me of Herbert Troop.

Whatever the reasons might have been, the fortunes of the Stewart store did not prosper under Mr. Troop's management. We had by that time about a dozen employes; but as there was virtually no one in command, inefficiency and loafing were general.

Mrs. Mulvey, the faithful middle-aged Irishwoman, and myself were, I believe, more serious than the others, but even we two were affected by the general laxity and put less energy into our work than we were capable of. When Mr. Stewart gave up active managership the store was doing a business of around $100,000 annually; by the time Mr. Troop had been in charge a year we were running one-third behind this rate.

The Manager's Manager

ONE day Mr. Stewart sent word that I should come to his house to see him. It was a warm spring day, but he was sitting in front of the big base-burner stove, sagged down in a rocking-chair, and with a shawl around his shoulders. His whiskers had turned entirely white. Looking at him, I wondered how it was I could have been so afraid of him. The ferocious air was gone. He inquired about my mother, and how I was getting along at the store, and even asked me in a joking way if I had found a girl. Always before he had called me Sherwood, but now he addressed me by my first name.

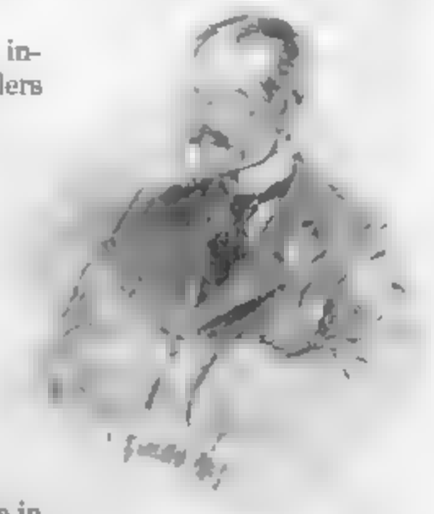
"Peter," he said finally, "I guess I made a mistake in not selling the store when I had a chance. I couldn't sell it now because it's not making any money, but I've got to do something. You're pretty young, but you've worked for me long enough to know the business. You're steady, and once or twice you've showed some original ideas. Do you think you could run it and get it back anywhere like it used to be?"

This was so unexpected I hardly knew what to say. Mainly, as I recall it, I had a shamed feeling at my lack of effort under Mr. Troop's régime. During my seven years in the store I had filled every position from porter to head salesman; but I had sense enough to know that these things were no guaranty I could be a success at managing a business. In my heart I knew Mr. Stewart was choosing me because there was no one else to fall back on. I asked if Mr. Troop was quitting.

"He's going to quit as manager," Mr. Stewart answered grimly; and then added, with a touch of the shrewdness that had made him successful in spite of his temperamental eccentricities, "Troop will be a good deal happier back in his old job. You needn't worry about displacing him. He's displaced already."

The upshot of the interview was that I stepped into Mr. Troop's shoes and he went back to his former position as head salesman. As Mr. Stewart predicted, he showed no resentment over his demotion; rather, I think, he was relieved to be rid of responsibility so he could again devote himself more wholly to his lodge activities. He gave me less trouble than any of the other clerks over whom I was thus suddenly put in a position of authority. Even Mary Mulvey, in the beginning, had moments of near rebellion; but from the first day Mr. Troop adopted a deferential and amicable manner from which he never departed during the time we were associated together, and that only ended when he retired on a pension half a dozen years ago.

I was manager of the Stewart store, but my management turned out to be more in name than reality. Mr. Stewart had one son, Alfred, a man ten years older than I, who had gone away from home as a boy and studied for the ministry. I don't think he ever preached anywhere regularly, for he married a girl with considerable money and they lived most of the time near Boston, where Alfred wrote pieces for weekly newspapers and started to write a book on American humor that he never finished. Shortly after I took charge of the business Alfred came back to Centreton to look after the family interests, with the result that while I was manager of the Stewart store, Alfred was my manager. Once or twice a week he would come in to go through the books, or to look over the invoices from wholesale houses, or merely to stand around for an hour or so. On these visits he never in the least criticized, in fact he hardly spoke at all; but the next day I would get a letter from him, sometimes eight pages long, in which he would give his views and recommendations.



Herbert Troop

Once, for instance, he inclosed a list of wholesalers with whom we dealt, and checked off several firms that he said I should no longer buy from. Other suggestions were of the most trifling nature, like saying I ought to go to the bank with my deposit before lunch instead of after. In December, when we were in the midst of the Christmas rush, he wrote to say I should get a carpenter and have certain changes made in the wall shelving. He never gave any reasons for his suggestions, and I don't think he had any, except that he felt he must be doing something.

Trying to Cut Loose From Haggling

JUST the same, it was putting me in a hard position. I was expected to make the business profitable, but to do it in someone else's way. I often think of it now in connection with the chain stores that have sprung up all over the country during recent years. Remembering my own experiences, I take off my hat to the fellow who runs one of these branch establishments and who somehow manages to make it earn dividends in spite of the fact that he has to take his orders from someone hundreds of miles away, and operates under policies that he has no hand in making.

When Alfred had been back in Centreton about a year, old Mr. Stewart died. Up to that time I felt I ought to stick to my job, but now I decided on some sort of change, and this decision was the stronger because of a matter on which Alfred and I clashed.

I wanted to quit our old method of haggling with customers, and to adopt a one-price policy. Our competitors in Centreton had not yet come to it, but I knew it was being done in the larger cities and it appealed to me as the proper thing to do from every standpoint. One day when Alfred came into the store I broached the subject, explaining that we could sell stuff cheaper under such a policy, because selling would be more or less automatic that way: while the way we were doing then almost every transaction was a long-drawn-out affair in which the clerk had to run to Mr. Troop or to me to find out the lowest price. He said he would consider the matter, and next day sent me a long letter in which he said he had given it a great deal of thought and decided it could not be done in Centreton, where conditions were so different from the large cities.

I have never been able to understand why people are so inclined to believe human nature is somehow different in their particular community. That night, feeling pretty sore over the situation, I stopped on my way home to talk with a traveling man I knew who was sitting on the veranda of the Commercial Hotel. It was John Birch, representing Ames and Crowell.

(Continued on Page 182)

"You're Steady, and Once or Twice You've Showed Some Original Ideas. Do You Think You Could Run It and Get It Back Anywhere Like It Used to Be?"

CLOSE-UPS—By Norma Talmadge

Hughie Mack, Mary Maurice, Norma, Kate Price and Van Dyke Brooke

Norma, Leo Delaney, Van Dyke Brooke, Mrs. Norman, and Rose Tapley

IN PIECING together these rather haphazard recollections of the dear early days of the industry which has so shaped and colored my life, I feel the same sort of tenderness for the past that a mother experiences in fingering the first baby clothes or early trinkets of her children. In a sense, the motion picture is my baby. When only in my teens I grew up in it and with it, contributing my bit to its frail infancy and healthy adolescence. Motion pictures are still a long way from full maturity, but no other art of expression in the entire world has grown up so quickly. Only a span of fifteen or sixteen years separates the peanut-strewn store theaters, such as I remember in Flatbush, where children under twelve were admitted "two for a nickel," from the palatial picture palaces scattered throughout America. But I wonder if the 1927 audiences get any more thrill from the ten-reel two-dollar screen feature than did the 1911 audiences from the one-reel life dramas. The novelty of the entertainment then more than compensated for the celluloid sins of the period.

Comparisons have never been odious to me—I find them exceedingly interesting. The other day an intimate friend of mine was having tea with me and went into raptures about the flavor of the pressed jasmine flowers and my silver service, once belonging to the King of Hanover who later became King of England.

"Norma," she said, examining the beautiful workmanship of the royal coat of arms, "how you must shudder to remember those squalid days of your youth."

Irish-Stew Days

"ON THE contrary," I replied, "I was just as happy when I brewed my ten-cent package of tea in a ten-cent cup with the five-and-ten-cent-store coat of arms," and I meant this in all sincerity. I am truly glad to have experienced poverty. It has given me a sense of appreciation that I might never have known otherwise, as well as a sense of values. It taught me the beauty of homely simplicity. Often I am seized with a mad desire to get away from our big house in Hollywood Boulevard—from the servants, the endless responsibilities—and I run away, for a day or two, all by myself to my little cottage on the beach at Santa Monica. It is glorious to lie there in the sand in a bathing suit, watching the graceful gyrations of the pearl-gray sea gulls. Or to read, comfortably propped up with cushions in the couch hammock, clad in an old short skirt and sport blouse, with no prying visitors to observe what the well-dressed woman of the screen wears in her home. What's more, I cook my own meals there. No maids rule over my kitchen demesne. I peel potatoes, carrots and onions, shell peas, boil meat, and concoct an Irish stew that melts in your mouth, or at any rate, in my mouth.

The smell of Irish stew always conjures up my childhood days in Brooklyn when every Wednesday night was stew night. Peg and Natalie made out the menus to fit the family pocketbook, and it was not until my salary had been gradually increased, over a period of two years, from twenty-five to the munificent sum of fifty dollars a week that we knew the taste of turkey or a juicy porterhouse steak on days other than holidays or gala occasions. Peg and Constance made a little extra money whenever there was an opportunity for them to appear, and Natalie brought home an occasional five dollars. Fred was sending small checks from the road and, all in all, things were looking up for the tribe of the Talmadges. We decided to move into better quarters, and from Fenimore Street we migrated to an old-fashioned brownstone front on Nostrand Avenue. Here I enjoyed the luxury of a room to myself, and Constance blossomed out in little school frocks originally made for her, instead of those handed down from me to Natalie and then turned on the other side and passed on to Constance.

Almost from the start the Vitagraph Company distributed a small monthly bulletin to exhibitors, giving a brief synopsis of each photoplay and embracing the complete month's releases. At first only the names of the characters in the cast were used, but in 1912 the players' names began to appear opposite those of the rôles they portrayed. Thus exhibitors came to know our individual work long before we gained public recognition. They would observe the attitude of their audiences toward certain players, and when a picture went over especially well exhibitors would write to the Vitagraph Company requesting more productions in which these particular players appeared.

A Group at Tea at the Talmadge Bayside House. Left to Right—Seated, Norma, Doctor Livingstone, Constance, Anita Loos, Mrs. Talmadge and Mrs. Gish, Mother of Lillian and Dorothy. Irving Berlin is the Central Figure, Standing

A Baffling Report

ONE-SHEET posters at fifteen cents each and three sheets at twenty cents each were issued by the publicity department from the executive offices in East Fifteenth and Locust Streets, for advertising purposes, but these contained only the names of the pictures, not the names of the players. Souvenir postal cards of the players to distribute in the audiences on special Vitagraph nights and life-size portraits of the more prominent members of the stock company for lobby display did, however, carry our names. In this way audiences first began to know the names of the players they saw repeatedly week after week, since each of us made between thirty and fifty pictures yearly.

Then, as motion pictures became more popular, salesmen were engaged to travel through the more important territories and boost coming productions. In 1910 Mr. Albert Dorris made a trip for Vitagraph expressly to learn which players were arousing the most interest and whether the demand was for tragedy, comedy, historical drama or Westerns.

I learned years afterward that Mr. Dorris' report on Norma Talmadge was rather baffling. "Many of the

exhibitors," it read, "regard her a first-class comédienne, while others think her future lies in dramatic or emotional rôles." My varied experience, fluctuating between slapstick one day and sob stuff the next, stood me in good stead, as it created an argument in exhibitor circles all over the States. Most of the other players continued in one line of work. Flora Finch, Billy Quirk, Kate Price, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and John Bunny were established comedians. Mr. and Mrs. Young, Julia Swayne Gordon, Florence Turner, Rose Tapley, Maurice Costello, Antonio Moreno, Earle Williams, Leo Delaney, James Woods Morrison, Carlyle Blackwell and others were classified as players of straight or serious parts. Lillian Walker, Anita Stewart, Leah Baird, Zeena Keefe, Rosemary Theby, Edith Storey and most of the less experienced players were among the ingénues. But I was "neither fish, nor fowl, nor good red herring."

Playing All Over the Lot

TWO rows of brass buttons, a saucy cap and a tight-fitting uniform turned me into a comedy bell boy. Curls down my back, fluttering eyelids and a baby stare made me as pure and innocent as the driven snow. A beauty spot on the left cheek, French-heeled slippers, and a bosom padded with three rows of ruffles converted me into a woman of the underworld. A smudged face, torn dress, ill-fitting old shoes and a half dozen plaits sticking out in all directions were sufficient to throw me into the spirit of my Sis Hopkins rôles; and the same narrow braids neatly combed out, parted in the middle, with a knot at the back, and a little aluminum powder sifted in, plus a lace cap, a cane to lean on and an expression of benignity, changed me into an aged and sainted grandmother. In other words, I was all over the place, and could not stay put in any one classification.

This reputation for versatility aroused the first genuine curiosity about me. Picture patrons who recognized my features began to ask theater managers if the girl who played such and such a part in one picture and a widely dissimilar part in another were one and the same person. My name began to get around, and before long I was receiving letters at the studio, addressed to Norma Talmadge.

Fan mail, as the letters from loyal admirers who follow the films regularly are called, is to the screen player what applause is to the actor of the speaking stage. The weight of the daily letter bag is a measure of popularity. Maurice Costello was one of the first cinema actors to recognize the box-office value of voluminous correspondence, and he who had made the express stipulation that his name should be kept a secret when he first came from the legitimate to the despised screen, was in two years' time determined to have Smith and Blackton tell the world that he was no longer ashamed of having exchanged the footlights for the Klieg lights. When his letters addressed "Mr. Dimples" grew in number Costello went to the five-and-ten-cent store and purchased a hundred and twenty Brooklyn souvenir view cards at six for five cents and wrote on each:

> The gentleman to whom you refer, dear lady, is none other than myself—Maurice Costello. I would be pleased to have you write to me again at the Vitagraph Studios.

This brought a flock of perfumed notes not only from the original correspondents but also from their friends, and Maurice soon found it necessary to purchase his postals in lots of five hundred. Neither Mr. Smith nor Mr. Blackton knew anything of this clever propaganda, but soon such an influx of mail addressed to Costello arrived at the studio that the partners decided it was good business to use his name on the screen. He and Florence Turner were the first Vitagraphers to receive this tribute to their work

Norma and Constance in Paris. In Oval—John Emerson, Anita Loos, Natalie Talmadge and Buster Keaton at the Talmadge-Keaton Wedding at Norma's Bayside Estate, Long Island, May, 1921

One of the proudest days of my life was the morning I received five letters from five different localities. I read, reread and re-reread them before answering in round, childish, painstaking longhand. By degrees the letters multiplied from month to month, until Natalie was pressed into service to help answer them

Nate, who has always been the best letter writer in the family, took much more interest in the mail than in the movies. The waiting around made her impatient and she would marvel at my enthusiasm. "Grease paint is to Norm what war paint is to an Indian," was her favorite comment. Yet, curiously enough, Natalie possesses a lot of histrionic ability. She has a wonderful sense of mimicry and would have made a fine character actress if she had continued her screen work.

The Family Business Woman

BUT Peg never forced us to do anything distasteful or against our inclinations. "You're not the type, Natalie," she said, "to sit around and take life easy while your sisters work. You don't like the pictures. Well, then, let's think of something else. How about a business course?"

Nate was all for that suggestion and took a course in bookkeeping, stenography and typewriting as soon as she finished public school. She became a valuable secretary to me when I reached the stage where I could afford and had to have one. Afterward she further proved her executive ability by becoming a sort of secretary and assistant business manager for the Comique Film Company. It was there she first met Buster Keaton, who is now her husband

Today Constance and I average between us four thousand letters a week. Most of our fan friends ask for autographed photographs—a request we are

(Continued on Page 154)

Left to Right: Standing—Anita Stewart, George Cooper, Gladden James, Harry Northrup, Maurice Costello, Paul Panzer, Hal Wilson. Seated—Anne—Sunshine—Brody, Mabel Normand, Norma Talmadge, Florence Turner, Leah Baird, Anne Schaefer and Flora Finch. Some ex-Vitagraphers Who Remain in Motion Pictures, Photographed at Hollywood, December, 1926

PEOPLE VERSUS DENLINE

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THE records of the Coney Island Police Court show that Steve Denline, giving his occupation as building superintendent for the MacGowen Construction Company, was fined five dollars for disorderly conduct on Monday, June 9, 1913. He had entered Day's Free Vaudeville Saloon on Surf Avenue, and had sat at a table in the first three rows fronting the stage of the free show, had ordered beer, had been duly served, and had then thrown the said beer on the waiter when the latter had demanded payment of twenty-five cents. Immediately after the ensuing fight, and it being still Saturday night or Sunday morning, he and his companion—one Ted Rorty, alias Chin Rorty—were treated for scalp wounds in the Coney Island Hospital; there is a record for that. The two merry-makers were then removed to the station house, languished there until Monday morning, and were then stood up at the rail of justice, shoulder to shoulder.

This mean incident is recounted here with precision because Steve Denline alleged at a later date, when charged with a crime of the gravest nature, that he did not know Chin Rorty, had never laid eyes on the man, wouldn't know him if he fell over him. He denied Chin Rorty's acquaintance thus vigorously when questioned by Inspector Conlin on July 11, 1913; upon his memory being refreshed, he said that he had indeed met a man at Coney Island that day who had treated him like a gentleman and who had crowned royal treatment by offering him a piece of a projected robbery, but he alleged that he had rejected the offer with anger, and had been about to throw his beer on the winning stranger when the waiter intervened and drew it. He said that beer was five cents per big handle, and that the attempted extortion had so confounded him, and the resulting row had so interested him, that he had forgotten what this picked-up acquaintance had been talking to him about.

"There it Goes, Boss!" Cried the Painter. The Canvas Had Bellied Emptily; Almost at Once a Crash of Breaking Glass Sounded in the Court

He said that he was not exactly a building superintendent for MacGowen, but was more in the nature of a straw boss, though better than a watchman. His experience in construction had been gained while acting as foreman of petty street-opening jobs for the Highway Department. He had met MacGowen in a Tammany club to which they both belonged, and the wealthy builder had taken a fancy to him at the suggestion of the leader. He worked for a living, and Inspector Conlin could not find that he had a record outside of the Coney Island mishap, though that was blackening enough because of the collateral circumstance.

It is also a fact established that MacGowen drew eighty-five thousand dollars in cash from the Columbian Bank on the morning of Friday, July 11, 1913; this fact was later in issue, but four straight, clean American men—bank employes—swore to it in a line, and that was good enough for the grand jury, and is for us. The bank's people swore, too, that MacGowen had a check for eighty-five thousand dollars certified to his own order that Friday morning; the cancelled check was put in evidence.

The paying teller testified that the cash—one thousand dollars of which was in twenty-dollar bills—was put by him into a canvas sack, and that this sack was put by MacGowen into a brown handbag, and that MacGowen passed the bag to Steve Denline, who was his only companion at the time. Steve Denline held the bag while MacGowen chatted with the teller, explaining to him what he wanted the great sum in cash for. MacGowen had said that he wished to pay off a mortgage on a building plot of his, and that the mortgagee had refused to take his money, wherefore it was necessary to tender him his due according to the letter of his bond in order to put him in the wrong and lift the lien and stop interest. Steve Denline, walking beside MacGowen, carried the bag out of the bank and to MacGowen's car. The paying teller knew Steve Denline because Steve had been to the bank several times alone to draw MacGowen's outside pay roll.

MacGowen and his straw boss returned directly to the builder's office on West Seventy-second Street. For what happened during that return trip we are indebted to the fallible memory of Steve Denline. He said that they had talked about Dan Fahey and his light-fingered and strong-backed men. This gang had been preying on MacGowen, and he, by Steve Denline, had just caught the redoubtable Dan himself with the goods. Dan and his men were truck drivers; they delivered their loads to new jobs honestly enough, but generally managed to snap up a return cargo in the shape of an unguarded bathtub or a box of fittings. They were Hudson Dusters, and belonged right on the wharves and waters, where they would not conflict with the inland Gophers. A telephone tip—from a Gopher, no doubt—had done for Dan. He had driven up to a MacGowen job with a load of brick and had got his ticket from Steve Denline in the shanty, and had gone around the corner to dump, but he had not dumped. Steve followed him to the Bronx job where he sold the brick. Steve called an officer, telling him to draw his gun if he didn't want his name on the police roll of honor.

That was what MacGowen and Steve talked about, according to Steve, and the money bag sat all the while on Steve's knees in plain view. Dan Fahey's case was coming up in a day or two, and Steve had urged talking to the leader, who would talk to the judge, who would then put Dan away hard. There would almost certainly be a leader talking for Dan, and the scales of justice should be balanced. MacGowen, a grim and serene man, said that people had called him up and asked him to see Fahey and be moved to human pity, or else to expect to be knocked off. MacGowen had told these invisible intercessors that he didn't know Fahey and didn't want to know him and devoutly hoped that the judge would give him the chair.

MacGowen and Denline arrived at the office of the MacGowen Construction Company, which was on the second floor of an altered building between Columbus Avenue and Broadway, in the front. Steve—the office girl agrees—sat in the outer office while MacGowen went with the bag into his sanctum and called up his lawyer, Nate Levison. Steve got on the outside extension to hear; the talk was none of his business, but his eavesdropping was not out of character. It had seemed theretofore that he had adopted MacGowen as a dog might, being loyal as a dog, but with a dog's nosiness. If MacGowen didn't want him about he'd push him away.

"I'm waiting here at the office, Levison," said MacGowen.

"What for?" asked the lawyer. "Come on down to Doc Nohl's office—that's where the closing is. You've got the cash and certified check, I suppose."

"Right here. But what's the idea of going down to Doc Nohl's office? Can't he come here and get his money like anybody else?"

"Well, he won't. We've got to go to him. What Nohl wants to do is to give us a squeeze for an extension, and that's why he's making difficulties."

"You told him that the mortgage is being paid off?"

"I did, but he thinks I'm replacing the mortgage for you and squeezing you myself. He asks two thousand dollars

bonus for a year's extension and stands pat on that. We'll have to go to him and offer him the money in cash—just what the bond calls for—and after we've made our tender we can pay the money into court and have the mortgage cancelled. Say, you're lucky the bond doesn't call for payment in gold coin, as many mortgages do. You'd have to hire a truck."

"I still don't see why he won't take a certified check."

"He will; that's just the fun of it. He'll either refuse to accept his money, or he'll take the check. He doesn't want all that cash on his hands. Oh, I guess he'll come to time fast enough when he finds his bluff called. Doc Nohl is a double-dyed rascal, but he's no fool."

"And I have to cart this ton of money around New York just to humor that fellow?"

"Sorry. Don't forget to bring the check too."

"What for? Let's jam the money down his throat!"

"No. If you have to go to court with him I want you to have the judge's sympathy. I'll be at Doc Nohl's office in fifteen minutes."

MacGowen hung up. Steve Denline hung up, too, and strolled in to MacGowen, who was at the window looking down into West Seventy-second Street. Steve stood and looked down too.

"Did you notice that fellow hanging around the doorway as we came up?" asked MacGowen. "I don't see him down there now. He may have stepped into the hall."

"I didn't notice," said Steve.

MacGowen's manner was undecided. He lingered at the window and caressed his blue and shining chin. "Do you suppose"—he began, and halted. "There's the same man now, I think—in the sedan that's trying to get in and park behind our car. Hello, what's he up to? The fellow that got out of the sedan."

"He wants to move our car up so he can get in," interpreted Steve, watching.

"A stall, like as not," said MacGowen. "As soon as he gets the car rolling, it's his. Go on down and run him away."

Steve hurried down to the street and told the putative car thief to mind his own business and be quick about it. MacGowen signed to him from the window, and then came down to him, carrying the brown bag.

"Anybody," said MacGowen, frowning nervously about as he stepped into the car, "who'll carry eighty-five thousand dollars in cash around New York is just a plain fool."

They drove to their appointment with Doc Nohl—who was, by the way, no kind of a doctor. His office was in an old six-story building in the lower Forties off Broadway, a building that had been residential in the days when New York apartment houses were still called French flats. It was still largely residential, for that matter, but its owner had changed its ostensible use to suit changing times and to get it from under the tenement-house law. *Masseurs* and *masseuses* practiced their art there, with doctors of new and weird schools; actors roomed there, and there was a sprinkling of business men who had to have space in the neighborhood. The building was of the obsolete inclosed-court type; the main hall was under this interior court, and was roofed over with glass.

MacGowen and Steve Denline passed through a narrow hallway and into this square hall, finding Levison waiting there alone. Visitors did not linger in the public parts of this building, preferring to come and go unobtrusively. Steve Denline stayed downstairs; it seems that the fire-and-theft insurance on the car had been permitted to lapse. He went into an alcove and sat down to a dog-eared comic periodical. MacGowen and Levison took the noisy elevator and rose from view, MacGowen carrying the bag.

MacGowen and his lawyer got off at the fifth floor, filing by a number of house painters who were waiting to descend; the mechanics were knocking off for their lunch hour. The public halls of the house were being redecorated. When the two men followed the hallway around the turn to Apartment, or office, 5-G, they were obstructed by scaffolding and impeded by spread canvas. At the end of the hallway, and about twenty-five feet from Doc Nohl's glass-paneled door, was an open window looking into the interior court. Paint-spattered canvas was spread across the window sill. This section of the hallway was deserted at the time.

Levison, who was a slightly built man and physically timorous, stopped his client at Doc Nohl's door, and said, "I wonder if we oughtn't to call your man up here."

"Now don't get to worrying," said the builder in an aggressive grumble.

"Oh, I'm not worrying," said Levison. "I don't think he'd dare attempt anything, because he couldn't get away with it, but you know the sort he is. Well, let's go in. But we want to be careful."

They entered a square room in whose center was a library table and against whose walls were straight-backed chairs. No one was there to direct them. Levison saw a man—apparently a clerk—passing through an interior room; Levison stepped to the open doorway and spoke to the man, saying, "Kindly tell Mr. Nohl that we are here."

"What about?" said the man curtly.

"Tell Mr. Nohl that Mr. Levison, of Jencks & Levison, and Mr. MacGowen are here to see him. He'll understand."

"Maybe he will, but I don't," said the man impudently. "Come, what's your business? Speak up."

"I don't like the way you address me, young man," said Levison sharply. "I'm not used to it. We are here to pay off a mortgage that is due today, and if Mr. Nohl refuses to receive us, directly or through you, he will be in default and will take the consequences. Now tell him or not, as you please."

The clerk walked on, disappearing without answering. The two men sat down to wait. The clerk came back, snapped his fingers, and said, "Which of you is Levison the lawyer? This way, Levison. No, you stay where you are, MacGowen."

"This is rich," said the lawyer, amused in spite of himself. He followed the clerk.

MacGowan sat in the waiting room; the brown bag was on the floor beside his chair.

The clerk came back, puffing a cigarette. He stood in the doorway for a moment, smoking, and looking critically at MacGowen as he might have looked at an odd piece of furniture. He flipped his burning cigarette at a cuspidor, missing it, and walked back into his room to a desk from which he could still study MacGowen. Some minutes passed without bringing Levison. MacGowen could hear a dulled murmur of voices.

The outer door of the waiting room opened furtively and a man peeped in from the public hall. He glanced at MacGowen, and then looked carefully at the clerk in the room beyond. He stepped into the waiting room. The day outside the windows was fine, with cloudless blue sky, but the intruder carried a raincoat over his arm; the garment was new and had never been worn. He was a youngish man, bulky of limb, with drooping mouth and hard eyes. He went to MacGowen, opened the raincoat upon MacGowen's knees and bent over him, feeling the stuff of the garment demonstratingly, evidently inviting MacGowen to feel it, too, speaking in a hurried undertone. MacGowen pushed a fold of the enveloping garment aside with a gesture of refusal. The man became more importunate, leaning closer, throwing a fleeting look over his shoulder. The clerk got up and came forward.

(Continued on Page 145)

"You Got a Good Act There, Inspector, and I Was Giving You a Big Hand Until You Pulled That Bone"

THE MAD MASQUERADE

"I Don't Want Him to Fall in Love With Me," Said This Candid Girl

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VI

TYBO sat, lost in thought, on a bench in the great garden of the Salpêtrière. He felt an immense sense of relief, for Lord Llanthony was due to arrive that day, was already on his way from Cherbourg with Sara. The end of responsibility was nearing, and under happy conditions; for he had been told within the hour that the patient was almost certainly out of danger and that the remarkable improvement had been due as much to his presence and devotion as to any medical aid. He had been warmly congratulated and praised by this kind *chirurgien* of the hospital, and though he had understood little of the French, he had found it easy to guess the meaning.

He had talked, too, a little with the sufferer, and he had listened to her halting words of tenderness without a pang of regret. She had said that nothing mattered now that she had her son again, and though he had been profoundly moved and had responded with genuine feeling, he had had no sense of guilt. As he had sat by the bedside and looked down into the unseeing eyes, at the softly smiling lips, expressing peace and happiness because he was there, because his hand clasped hers, he had been only glad that he had done as he had done. He was relieved, too, from fear of discovery. Her hand had wandered all over his head and his face and had been content with what it found. There was no resemblance between him and the real Tybo, Sara had said, but she had afterward qualified that; the shape of the head and the profile were not markedly different, she had thought. He had had a great fear that as Lady Llanthony improved she might detect the imposture; and such detection might have had dreadful consequences. He felt safe now, until the real Tybo came. If he should be told that Tybo could not be found, or could not or would not come—he refused to think about that! Of course the father could get the boy.

People passed and repassed, sometimes throwing an indifferent glance at the absorbed young man who obviously saw without seeing. He was thinking now of the approaching meeting with Lord Llanthony. The man was despotic, impetuous, Sara had reported; fond of his wife, quick of brain, generous outside of business. He would know all about the strange situation, for Sara had gone expressly to tell him. It did not greatly matter whether Lord Llanthony would approve or not. It did not greatly matter that he might express censure instead of gratitude.

The important thing was that, approving or not, he should support the situation until the son should arrive. Tybo could conceive a man, from a high regard for truth, perhaps, cruelly exposing the deception to his wife. That motive was ruled out with Lord Llanthony. But the man might so profoundly resent the intervention of a stranger in his intimate family life, as curtly to reject further help. That was possible. If that was to come, well, there was no help for that. Sara had said that it could not happen; that her uncle would never dream of sacrificing his wife to any prejudice. But Tybo had an idea that Sara was gallantly hiding some qualms. Not a hint from her; oh, no, that was not her way; she had waved him a gay good-by as the train had left the night before, bearing her to an uncle who was to be told that a son had thrust himself into the family. An incredible tale; and Lord Llanthony was hearing it now in all probability.

"Obese, arbitrary, but able," he recalled these words of Sara's, and then he stared about him, blinking his eyes. He had the conviction that a fat man of commanding manner was in sight. He saw no such person, but he knew such a figure had passed. That he had seen it came belated to his knowledge. Lord Llanthony had gone by. Ahead of train time by two hours; and he was to have been taken to the Archer apartment. Could Sara have missed him? The startled young man hurried back to the waiting room, hoping that all this was fantasy; but he was told that Lord Llanthony was in the sick room. He did not dare to go up; that was impossible. But if Sara had missed her uncle—what would this man say and do when a broken wife murmured words of a son? He passed a bad half hour under the trees; the crowded waiting room was no place for such a meeting as was coming. At last, slowly dragging his feet, the stout man came, holding his hat in his hand and wiping the sweat from a gray-fringed brow.

Tybo hesitated; to break in after that meeting between husband and wife seemed sacrilege, but he felt that he had no choice. "Lord Llanthony!"

The man stopped dead, staring. His jaw fell. The powerful face went slack. Too late, the young man remembered the voice and feared to speak again. He pointed to the bench and sat down. He watched, silent, the working of a will of iron. He saw the jaws snap beneath the big mustache, the flabby face muscles harden, the eyes focus on him with an intent concentration; no antagonism, no suspicion; just alert inquiry. The boy could not analyze this, but he felt it. He got the quick impression of a big man, of one who waited to know before forming judgments.

"So it's you." The voice was almost natural, deep, pleasant-sounding. Lord Llanthony sat beside him, appraising him with a directness natural and forgivable at the moment.

"Have you seen Sara?" The listener did not move, but he saw the fists clench hard. "The voice did it," the boy

said. "It jars you at first, of course. Have you seen Sara?" Lord Llanthony shook his head. "Then, then ——"

"I thought she was mentally unstrung," His Lordship answered. "I did not contradict her, of course. Afterward the nurse, then the doctor—my son here, in Paris! I did not deny."

The boy drew a deep breath of relief. "And you knew that he was not; that he could not be?"

"Yes, I knew that. You forget Sara; you came with Sara; she was the one to explain."

The boy, impressed by the self-restraint which had not blurted out a denial of an imposture so surprising to a father, told the whole story. He thought at first that he had an antagonistic listener, but this brought no note of apology or pleading into his narration. He knew that his telling was not good, that it was jerky, disconnected; he did not know that his earnest candor was quickly winning a cynical listener, profoundly distrustful of men, but trained to quick and decisive judgments. Not a question, not a criticism of this detail or that, now and then a nod of assent. It sounded fantastic to the boy himself, this story of a meeting with Ellis Evans and his bride, with the Finleys, with the Archers. It seemed incredible in the retrospect, this story under an alias and pretended relationship in the same hotel with Sara. But behind every detail lay the helpless figure of a woman in a hospital, smiling happily when her hand rested on the head of a kneeling youth.

"It should never have begun," the boy ended by saying. "Once begun, it could not end."

"But now?"

"For you to say, Lord Llanthony."

"Indefinitely?"

"Until you get your son here, if you ask it."

The two looked into each other's eyes. Lord Llanthony pressed the other's shoulder. "Three weeks; a month perhaps."

"If you ask it."

"Come." He took the boy's arm and leaned on it as they crossed the long high-walled courtyards. "Her broken words were all of you," he said. "No, it cannot end." He repeated this half a dozen times; sometimes whispering it as to himself. This was his only moment of faltering, this walk to the gate of Salpêtrière. In his waiting automobile he was again the strong man, calmly bearing his burden. He surprised Tybo by giving the correct address of the Archers. He had remembered even that.

"I will drop you there," said Lord Llanthony. "Sara's train has arrived. It's due at 12:54. I will see her and come for you at five o'clock. Will that be convenient?"

"Get this, Lord Llanthony. Everything is convenient until Tybo comes."

"Until Tybo comes"—so poignant a sadness was conveyed in that utterance, that the boy shivered. A long silence; the car drew up. The young man got out. "I'm sending the car back for you straight away. Take your friends somewhere for lunch."

"But—but ——"

Lord Llanthony gave some directions in French to the chauffeur. Tybo caught the words: "*Mon fils.*" So the son was adopted.

"Tybo"—the word came without hesitation—"be back here by five o'clock."

The young man nodded, waved a hand, stood looking after the automobile. He felt profound weariness and an immense depression. He could not understand this. He did not know that he had been wound up tight for days and had run down with a crash, that his immense relief left him with spent nervous force. He felt a deep sympathy for this strong man who had faced without flinching a broken wife and a phantom son and had accepted so promptly an almost impossible set of conditions. The boy went up the stairs slowly, with tired footsteps.

Lord Llanthony in that automobile was truly an object for sympathy, but not for the reasons supposed. He had shown more fortitude, more strength of will, than he had been credited with. He had worshiped an idol—his son. That worship had died long ago; repeated disappointments and the final death of hope had been put behind him. All revived now, but hope; a fresh, bleeding wound, poignantly inflicted; a son—a son such as he would have—a clean simple boy with fearless eyes and honest manner, forced on him—he must intimately know what might have been, in carrying out this pretense.

A daily, hourly torment; memories revived with each sound of the voice; contrasts, bitter, piercing, forced on him by every action of the boy; an apparition evoked with every utterance. Most able men have the capacity to step outside their sorrows and broken hopes and contemplate the ruins. Lord Llanthony did this now. He thought this the most perverse, ironic blow he had ever heard or read of. Too strong for remorse, too intelligent for superstition, he thought no nonsense about fate or vengeance; he told himself that he had been the victim of a million-to-one chance. A million? Hundreds of millions against arrival at a bedside to find a voice installed, an impostor enthroned—an honest impostor who must be supported.

It will be noted that he gave little thought to his wife The breach was indeed far wider than Sara knew. When ambition of founding a family had been killed by the progressive degeneracy of a son, Lord Llanthony had immersed himself in gaining money and power. He cared for neither, but no one knew that. They resulted from his large and daring operations, and these were eagerly undertaken to kill thought and time. The wife had screened, shielded, the boy; that had killed confidence.

Afterward, when the son had estranged his mother, there was a sealed compartment in the heart of both father and mother. That had resulted in further divergence. They had become amiable friends, and Lord Llanthony lavished more on her of material things than love would give. He gave her a son now, on her bed of pain, without hesitation. If he had still loved her, if perfect confidence had still existed between them, he might perhaps, taking all risks, have told her the truth; for his presence would have consoled and comforted her. No such confession was possible; with characteristic vision and promptness he had accepted the alternative.

At the hotel he metaphorically wiped an ice-cold sponge over his face, braced his mind, and found Sara, who literally leaped at him, just as he had expected she would. He knew precisely her state of mind, and he said precisely the

Continued on Page 194)

"Tybo and I Have Had a Long Talk in the Gardens of Salpetriere. We Think That You're Wonderful to Understand Everything and Accept Everything"

THE REVOLT OF PETER PURDY

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

"From All I Hear, Those Two Votes Will Have to Quit Him. They Can't Stand the Gaff"

IT HAD been a bad day for Senator Purdy—a miserable day. On the Tuesday previous he had dropped in to see his doctor, at that absurd person's urgent, even peremptory request, and the doctor had gone over him with sundry tappings and thumpings and listenings and applications of various mechanical contrivances; had taken a drop of blood from his ear and scowled at it through a microscope, and had otherwise inspected and questioned him most minutely and most impudently. That morning, by further and equally imperative request, he had gone to see the doctor again; and the doctor had handed him various slips of paper on which were set down utterly unintelligible statistical information about indican, casts, arterial tension, leucocytes, neutrophiles and other strangely designated things.

Peter looked uncomprehendingly at the slips. They meant nothing to him; but as he shuffled them in his hands he saw, here and there, words in a mysterious jargon—epithelial, hyaline, calc. oxylate, hæmoglobin, eosinophiles, albumen, and others of similar sinister import. These danced before his at first curious but now frightened eyes, danced out and smote him, and the impact of them jarred him from his usual pretentiousness. Was it possible he harbored such a congeries of alien lodgers within him? He was scared, but sought to brave out his fears with a heavy jocularity.

"Well, doctor," he said, "now that the returns are all in, who's elected?"

"You are," replied the doctor, showing a cold unresponsiveness to Peter's attempt at waggery that jolted him from his pose—from all his poses—and caused him to lapse into the language of his private life.

"To what?"

"You have a choice," replied the doctor, with frozen and professional impersonality that sent shivers up and down the apprehensive bulk of the senator with terrifying decisiveness. "You are elected to a regimen of the strictest sort in your diet and manner of life, with certain reconstructive medical attention that I shall furnish, if you desire it; or you are elected to the principal rôle in a funeral within a measurable time; say, a year, or two at the most."

"Great snakes, doctor, what do you mean?" Peter was right back at his beginnings now, all senatorial and other attitudes sloughed off—a frightened man. "I suppose you think I'm a few pounds overweight. Is that it?"

Peter Purdy Held That No Cooking Equals Good American Cooking, That No Food Compares With Good American Food

"That's part of it. Roughly speaking, you are a few pounds overweight—about a hundred."

"Not so much as that! It can't be. Of course I am pretty heavy, but it's heredity, you know. My grandfather ——"

"Your grandfather has nothing to do with it, nor anybody but yourself," the doctor interrupted. "How much do you think you weigh?"

"About two-twenty."

"Get on the scales."

Peter climbed on, wondering why he, a senator, obeyed this mere physician in this abject fashion. The pointer whirled around the dial as if its mission was to complete the three-hundred-pound circuit and it intended to get the job done expeditiously, and came to a trembling stop away down on the right-hand side, a little more than three inches from where it started from zero.

"Look at it!" ordered the doctor.

Peter peered at the trembling hand. Two hundred and sixty-seven pounds!

"It ain't right," he protested. "Something's the matter with the darned thing."

"It's right to the ounce. Sit down here and listen to me. In addition to this enormous excess of fat, you have within you the beginnings of organic disorders that will kill you if you do not apply corrective and remedial measures. You have the makings of a terrible example of overeating, overdrinking, underexercising and a general and continuous disregard of every principle of hygienic living."

"But, great Scott, doctor ——"

"Don't but me, senator. It's too late for that. You must eat less and eat properly, drink less, smoke less and do a considerable number of things you do not do, or you will come to a stage presently where nothing can be done for you but ease your way into your coffin."

Peter sought to bluff his way out.

"Pshaw! I've heard that sort of stuff before."

"I know you have, and several times from me. But this is the last time I'll tell it to you. It won't be long until it is too late for anybody to tell it to you."

Senator Purdy wheedled, defied, begged. The doctor was inexorable.

"There it is in black and white," he said. "Take it or leave it."

After a time, exhausted by his dashings against the granite wall of the doctor's verdict, Senator Purdy took the meager diet list, a written and inhibitory injunction about liquor and cigars, a set of nauseating details concerning exercise, and various other monastic regulations that, it seemed to him, eliminated forever all the joys of life, provided he obeyed them.

There were minute medical instructions, and an ill-omened determination of enforcing them apparent in the doctor.

Protesting, cursing his ill fortune, he went to his senatorial office and shut himself in his private room. There he read and reread the repulsive details of the hideous fate that had befallen him; and with each reading his spirits sank to a lower level, until finally he slumped inert in his massive chair, his mind working dully and disconnectedly:

"It ain't possible! I'm well—at least, pretty well. Of course I've had some palpitation and some buzzing in my ears and so on; that's nothing; every man my age gets that. Really, I'm pretty spry. But there's that backache—probably nothing but lumbago. But my appetite's good; I can eat as much as I ever did. Still, my knees are getting creaky. Huh, that's nothing, either! Had an attack of vertigo last summer. I forgot that—caused by indigestion no doubt. Still, I do get woozy now and then—almost suffocated the other night. That must have been indigestion, too—maybe not, though. Oh, dammit, dammit, now I have got to eat hay—hay—hay! . . . Come in, come in!"

The door opened and Enos Brewer entered, a tall, thin, sideways sort of man, who half whistled and half whispered his words from the corner of his mouth and never moved diametrically toward an objective, either physical or verbal.

Brewer advanced with a series of tiptoed indirections that eventually brought him to the chair that sturdily held its burden of senatorial misery.

Long practice enabled Purdy to translate Brewer's whistling whispers into, "Senator Parton to see you."

"What does he want?" asked Purdy listlessly.

"Didn't say."

"Oh, well, tell him to come in."

Brewer steered for the door by tacking first for the window and then past the water cooler, with the quiet of a shadow; and the Hon. Peter Purdy pulled himself out of

his slump, grabbed a cigar out of the box on his desk, stuck it between his pursy lips, took a long breath and whirled the chair to face the door.

II

SENATOR PAXTON entered, a robust, ruddy man of sixty, with white hair that had a curly wave in it, blue eyes that had twinkles in them, a mouth that smiled a little at the corners, and an air of alertness, good humor and tolerant and cheerful cynicism about him.

"Hello, Bill," Purdy greeted him. "Glad to see you."

"Hello, Peter. How are things with you?"

"Not so good."

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, I went to see that pessimist of a doctor of mine today, and he put me in the cemetery unless I follow his instructions."

"What's the matter?"

"Everything, apparently, from hydrocephalus to fallen arches. I'm all wrong, he says, from head to foot."

"I wouldn't take it too seriously. You know these doctors. There's no nourishment for them in going over a middle-aged and financially responsible man and finding him well. He probably needs a new car, or his taxes are due, or something like that. What is his general trend? Did he advise you to have your teeth pulled or your tonsils cut out? Perhaps he thinks your gall bladder needs renovating, or has concluded your liver is cracking under the strain."

"He hasn't got around to tinkering with my machinery yet. A dod-gasted diet and exercise and some medicine are all he has suggested so far."

"A diet, eh? Nothing alcoholic allowed, I suppose," said Senator Paxton.

"Not a drop."

"But you're not on the diet yet, are you?"

"Not yet."

"Well, Peter."

"Well, William."

There followed a mysterious and interesting ceremony. A cedar chest, with Pub. Doc. ostentatiously painted on it in several places, yielded the instruments and ingredients for it, and the statesmen performed the rite with the easy familiarity that comes from practice, and with evidences of satisfaction that showed a full appreciation of its beauties and significance.

Additionally fortified with a cigar, Senator Paxton began talking of senatorial politics, discursively and reminiscently. His theme seemed to be the benefits of party regularity, coupled, occasionally, with digressions as to certain penalties of such loyalty. It was an interesting talk, and an inspiring. To hear the senator tell it, the chief end and aim and joy of every party man should be to prostrate himself gladly before the organization Juggernaut if politics was to be subserved by his immolation, sustained by the thought that the organization would gather up his fragments and remake them into something far surpassing the original package at some future and happier time.

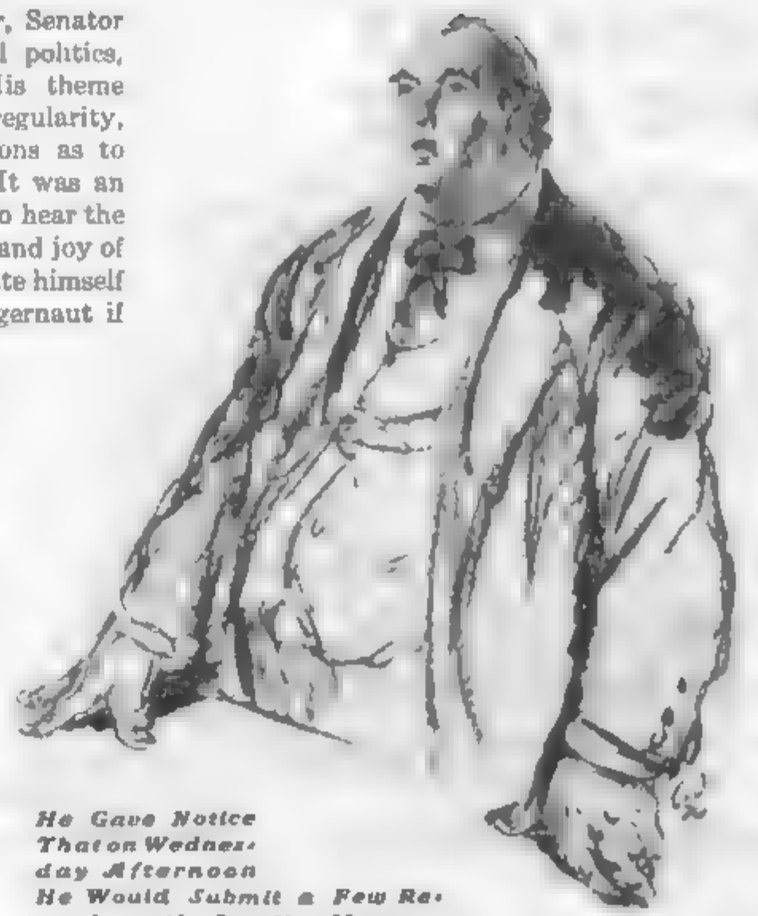
Purdy listened dispassionately. He wondered what his friend Paxton was getting at, where he was heading. He knew that something was behind this apparently irrelevant discourse; but the horrors of his diet list, the stern manner of the doctor, the lackluster life that seemed before him, diverted his thoughts at times and he but half heard what Paxton was saying.

Presently, after piling up instance upon instance where former patriots had submitted themselves to party discipline and demand only to be rewarded gloriously at a later date, Paxton edged around to the immediate political state of the Senate, recited the difficulties the leaders were experiencing in making their minute majority workable; and then asked, "Peter, how close is the chairmanship of the Commodities Committee to your heart?"

This question startled Purdy into a fuller comprehension of what was in Paxton's mind, startled him and frightened him.

"How close?" he cried. "Closest thing there is. I'm entitled to it by every rule of seniority and precedent. It's mine by right, by custom and by the rules of the majority. What's the matter? What did you ask that for?"

"Well, Peter, I hate to break it to you, but I don't think you are going to get it. McCrowder has run out on us and he controls his weakling colleague, Banting. McCrowder says unless he is made chairman of Commodities he and Banting will join the progressive outfit, and we must have these two votes. That's it in a nutshell."



He Gave Notice That on Wednesday Afternoon He Would Submit a Few Remarks on the Pending Measure

"And you are going to throw me down and let that Bolshevik blackmail you into giving him my place, are you?"

"That states it rather harshly, Peter. We are in a difficult situation. We can't turn a wheel without those two votes, and there is nothing else for us to do."

The great smooth-shaven jowls of the Hon. Peter Purdy began to redden with the effect of the rising sun on a bald butte in the desert. The color swept up from the three quivering chins to the dome of the forehead, magentaed it to the roots of the senator's thin hair, and purpled back to his bulging neck and outstanding ears.

"What?" he shouted with as much of a shout as his throaty voice could muster. "You sit here, Bill Paxton, and tell me that they're going to sidetrack me and give McCrowder my chairmanship? It can't be true!"

"Yes, it is, Peter," Paxton said gently, laying his hand on Purdy's arm. "It's true, worse luck."

Purdy lumbered to his feet.

"I won't stand it!" he wheezed, for the excitement had choked his voice as excitement always did. "You can't

(Continued on Page 111)

Paxton Tried to Appease Him, But He Might as Well Have Tried to Detain an Enraged Elephant. A Servant Helped Purdy Into His Coat

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year (52 issues). Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $2.00 the Year (52 issues). Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

To Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned, by subscription, post paid, $4.00 the Year (52 issues). Remittances by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 9, 1927

Changing Property Rights

PROPERTY rights, especially as related to women, require frequent scrutiny as the position of the sex changes and improves. Not a little of the noisy feminism so distasteful to many women as well as men has had justification in the "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" property rights granted to women, more particularly in the past. It was not until hardly more than ten years ago that in one of our richest states a wife's personal property was really her own possession. Until then a husband had important rights over the property even during her lifetime.

Woman's legal position as regards property rights varies from state to state, although it is perhaps most favorable to her in that small group of states with so-called community-property laws derived from the Code Napoléon and earlier Roman law rather than from the more frequently adopted English common law.

Many a woman's organization, if it looks closely, can still find in its state's legal system evidences here and there of a classification of their sex with infants, and perhaps even with idiots—if not in express language, at least in effect. Even in community-property states, where earnings after marriage of either husband or wife become joint or community property, there is sometimes a feeling on the part of the feminist organizations that modification of the basic idea by statute or court decision results in anything but a complete or absolute equalization.

Yet we are dealing with an extremely complex and delicate subject. The law cannot inject common sense into the union of irresponsible contracting parties, or at least it must proceed very slowly in the attempt. An example of the folly of moving too fast in this field is found in the proposed laws compelling husbands to pay wages to their wives. A fixed law along this line would be a foolish thing.

The fundamental concept of marriage is or should be one of copartnership. One partner does not pay a petty wage to another; if he did, the partnership would be dissolved at once. There are marriages in which the wife manages the entire fund; others in which husband and wife manage it jointly like true partners; others in which the husband would be ruined if he paid his wife even half his wages. It is impossible to generalize legally or in any other way on this subject.

The complete equalization of husband and wife as regards legal property rights must proceed slowly, because it carries with it an increased liability on the wife's part which can be taken on only in the same gradual manner. Rights and privileges always carry obligations. Among certain classes wives have done more, perhaps, than their share of the work; not so, it may be ventured, among other social groups. The controversy now raging over the alleged abuse of alimony is an indication. A complete equalization of property rights might result in less alimony, or in its being granted to men more often than now.

England cannot be accused of undue haste in amending its Law of Property. The new law, which went into effect on January 1, 1926, abolishes the feudal system, which dates back nearly a thousand years. "Lord Birkenhead's reform," as the new acts are known, is not only a charter of freedom for women but establishes for the first time legal equality of property rights as among all brothers and sisters. When, through the courage and foresight of Thomas Jefferson, primogeniture was abolished in Virginia, a custom was set that all the American states followed. Thus Americans have always regarded it as a fair rule that in cases of intestacy all the children should inherit equally. In like cases in England property has passed to the eldest son.

The new English act not only disestablishes the single heir but restores the mother to her ancient priority over brothers and sisters, excludes second cousins and remoter kin, and places husbands and wives on far more equal terms than in the past as to each other's property.

We need not be quite as slow as England in adjusting property rights to woman's altered position or changed conceptions of family relationships. It goes without saying that gross discrepancies and injustices in legal systems are always a spur to reform. But more lamentable by far are antiquated or selfish conceptions of marriage and family relationships. Until marriage is a more real contract of copartnership, not only in the minds of the contractual parties but in their daily living, we cannot expect a wholly satisfactory legal reflection.

More Expert Advice From Abroad

SIR GEORGE PAISH, a talented and accomplished British economist, has recently delivered in this country an address on the state of our commonwealth. Every so often Sir George comes over to instruct us in our duties to the world and our obligations to ourselves. He does it very well. As is usually the case in such deliverances, the address is a mixture of fact and propaganda. This time we are informed that the country is going to the economic dogs not later than the year 1928 unless we cancel the war debts and adopt free trade. Not we alone must do these two things, every country must do them. Presumably no one will cancel debts and adopt free trade unless we do; therefore, inferentially, the fate of the world is put up to us. Sir George says these things very politely and by indirection mostly; but the above is the gist of what he hands out, neatly wrapped up in the wordings of economic history, theory and prophecy.

One statement of Paish may be used to point another moral than the one to which he pointed it. He states that since the war we have purchased of our own securities abroad and loaned abroad some twenty billion dollars. That means nearly fourteen billion dollars exported since the Armistice. Sir George, of course, is fully aware that private loans have the same meaning for international trade as government loans. He does not intimate that private investments should ever be canceled; but he does intimate that they should be limited. He declared that the world in general, and Europe in particular, is becoming overborrowed, and that the borrowing countries are beginning to realize how difficult it will be for them to pay interest or principal. Certainly, without free trade, such payments he would consider impossible.

The suggestion of an overborrowed world is quite different from the ideas of many Americans, who consider that we ought to be in position to invest abroad up to thirty, forty, or even fifty billion dollars in the near, or at least not distant, future. Not only is there difficulty in the borrowers' making payments and in our absorbing them, there is also an inevitable industrial competition involved. In a resolution recently introduced into the House of Representatives by Congressman Wood reference was made to the fact that the products of industries set up abroad with American capital are beginning to make inroads in American markets. Certainly, just what was to have been expected. Money lent to municipalities does not result in production; money lent to industries means enlarged production, and some of the goods, of course, enter our market or compete with our goods in neutral markets. Yet even when loans enable Europe to buy what she could not otherwise secure, and to produce for sale more than she could otherwise do, Paish regards the Continent as overborrowed. If Europe is overborrowed, we are overloaned. Certainly we are overloaned when billions go out of the country and American railroads have to issue bonds because they cannot sell stocks.

Not All Distress Is in Agriculture

THE prolonged agitation over the McNary-Haugen Bill and the wide regions involved in farm distress, contrasted with the general tone of prosperity during 1926, should not lead us to make the false inference that there is no business distress outside of agriculture. Just to avoid one-sided assumptions, it is only necessary to consider the current difficulties of cotton mills, copper mining and coal production.

Textiles are overextended, many spindles are idle. There is much greater activity, relatively, in the newer textile districts in the Southeastern states than in New England. Contrasted with these Southeastern states, the mills in New England stand under disadvantages in costs of fiber, power and labor, all accentuated by the effect of fashions on the use of cotton cloth. The popularity of rayon has had effect on cotton mills. In a sense, the textile mills of New England are in much the same defensive position as that occupied by the mills of Great Britain. A liquidation of older mills is apparently in order, more or less the world over, attended, of course, with inevitable pains. Though the troubles of cotton growers are due primarily to excess production, to some extent they are hit by the depression in cotton spinning.

The position of copper mining is also one of overextension. The production of copper in the face of the low price is striking when one considers the number of high-cost producers. The newer copper mines of South America and Africa can produce copper much cheaper than many mines in this country, despite our technical efficiency. The price of copper has at no time since the war been notably above the prewar level, and has been far below the postwar wholesale index number. The use of copper is expanding, but not so rapidly as the new potential production abroad. To judge by the current price of copper, the newly organized Copper Export Association has been of little avail so far as prices and also exports are concerned. There has been horizontal integration of copper mines, mergers in the interest of lowering of overhead and costs, and probably liquidation of high-cost mines will proceed. Many mines can turn out copper at lower costs than before the war, and these producers expand in the face of low prices that spell losses or shutdowns to many other mines.

The coal mines of the country are overextended. In the central field the thickest and easiest seams have been largely worked out. In the southern fields newer and thicker seams are being opened up and worked. The costs of production vary greatly, with definite advantage in favor of the southern fields. Many mines in the central field are closed or running part time, and it was only the abnormal export demand occasioned by the British miners' strike that prevented the year 1926 from being one of widespread losses.

Surveying these three major industries and agriculture, we observe several points of comparability—overextension, high-cost production in part, regional dislocations, with liquidations under way and still impending. The social problems, outside of strikes, are less acute than with agriculture; the economic questions differ in degree rather than in kind.

AMERICA—THE NEWS!

By Richard Washburn Child

AT AN international conference there was one of those late-at-night meetings—confidential, somewhat secret, and held in the interest, on the whole, of the world's welfare. It was one of the endless examples of how the world is run by a little discretion mixed with the candor of the old-fashioned diplomacy still acting as a base for the making of agreements and policies which later can be exhibited in the world's show windows.

It was confidential, and yet a representative of the United States was there.

A seasoned, veteran and somewhat tired figure of Europe's chancelleries was present. His eyes were red with lack of sleep. They had been red like that many times before. He was an old hand. He had played the game of politics at home and had somehow grown out of that. Now he was interested in the world as a whole—in mankind as a whole. He had been interested in mankind as a whole, first as an expression of his own ego. But he had outgrown that too. Now he had achieved that rare distinction of having become a spectator of mankind's arena, of the rise and fall of the tides of development, of the happiness, the achievement of mankind.

And he said this—he said to the American, "You do not see yourselves. You see yourselves and your nation bit by bit and piece by piece, without the slightest realization of what your coming means to the world. Do you realize the resources and your opportunities poured into your laps? Do you realize your unprecedented civilization? Egypt, Greece, Rome, Charlemagne, the British Empire, were pygmy experiments compared with yours. You deal with staggering forces—with terms of amazement and phenomena of miracles. It is enough to send any civilization to hell!"

"But America will not go to hell," said the American representative quietly.

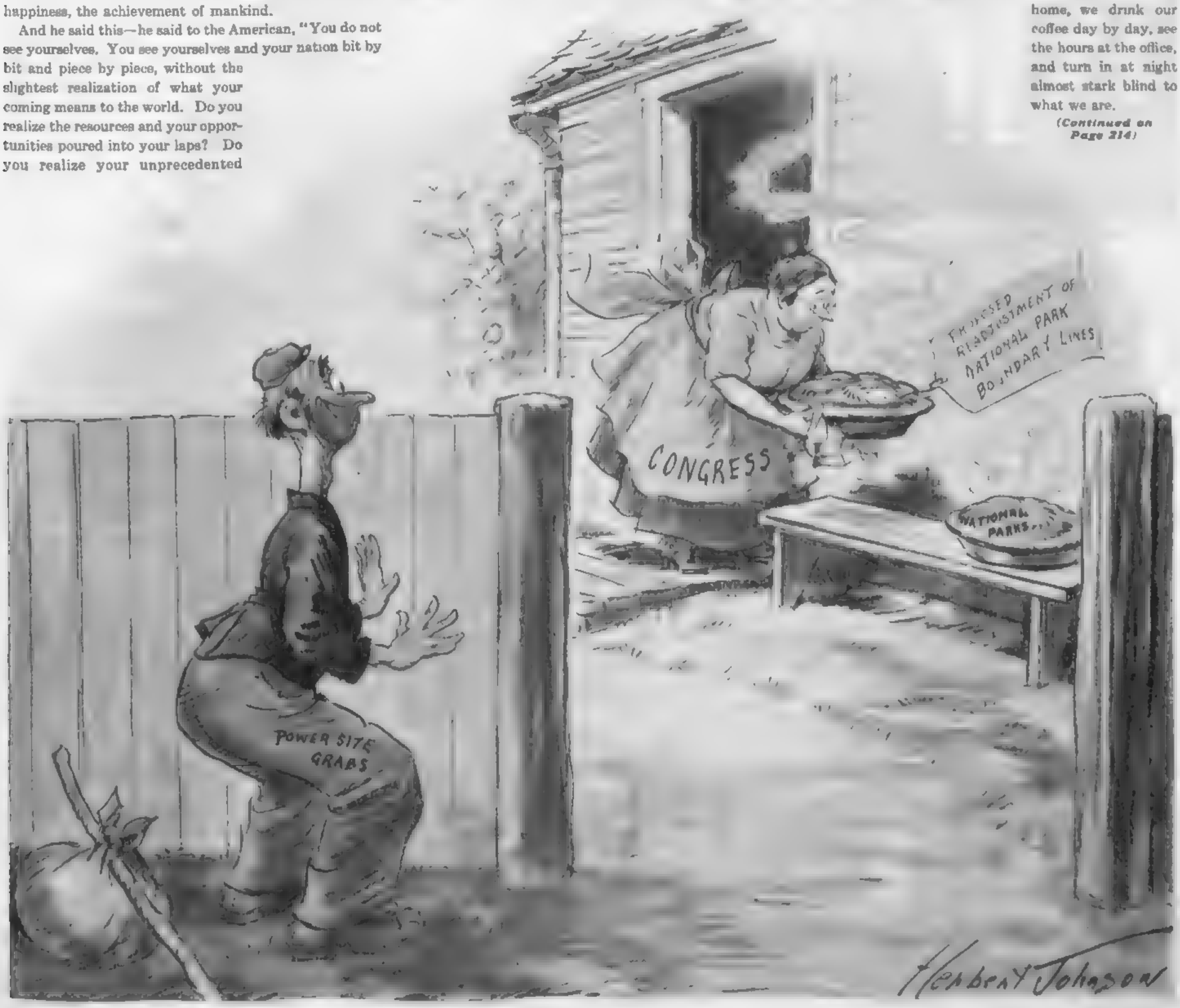
He spoke with some conviction, and today he would speak with increased conviction. He would speak in the language of facts, of an audit, of an appraisal. He would speak to those timid souls who become apologetic or apprehensive or disloyal to America. He would speak to those who, conceiving themselves wise of heart, fail to exercise any functions of the head. He would speak not as an evangelist, but as one who first looks at the facts, not as one who thinks, talks and writes so that London and Paris will give him the banquets and international honors that wise London and Paris so often offer to our picked susceptibles. He speaks not as one who craves distinction gained by the noble gestures of some of our international actors, but as one whose rôle was cast as a spectator. He speaks not as a theorist but as a reporter. He speaks not as one who would say "Americans! Do thus and so, for I tell you it is right," but as one who, having watched prayerfully, says, "Look! See now what you are." He speaks as one who says, "America, with enough to send any civilization to hell, is not going to hell."

The most astounding fact about the United States is that there is no self-realization among us.

We live in a civilization and a fabric of reality of miracle beside which nothing in history or the experience of man is more than a pale, wan picture. We open our mail of mornings, we read our evening newspaper and know nothing of it. We are in a rush of tide mightier than anything ever before, and we do not see the torrent for the drops of water.

It is true, literally, that America remains the big news story of the day. Extras might be sent out in flash editions onto the street. Abroad, they sense something of our unwritten story, as if, in the midst of small things, a mighty thing, unknown, unweighed, had suddenly appeared. At home, we drink our coffee day by day, see the hours at the office, and turn in at night almost stark blind to what we are.

(Continued on Page 214)



LOOK OUT, MA!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Aren't the Short-Skirt Critics Disgusting? I See No Immorality in the Mere Fact of Beauty Revealed"

A Choice Hardy Perennial

WHAT brings the poet's bosom such delight
As summer flow'rets on the summer leas,
When all the earth its flaming pageant holds?
Now break and blow the Mrs. Kerr Sweet Peas,
And the Electric Light Dwarf Marigolds,
And all the fields are bright
With the star-sprinkled buttercups, the lowly
Creeping Jennie—Lysimachia Num—
Ah, see the Evening Star Chrysanthemum,
And see the Mary Pickford Gladioli!

'Tis sweet to sniff the Belle of Naples Stocks
In the bee-murmuring odorous garden, where
The Scabiosa huddles in the shade
And Glory of New Haven Dahlias flare,
With bug death and with Cut-Worm Killer sprayed,
Nigh the Mrs. Jenkins Phlox.
Ah, sweet it is among the flowers to stray!—
But as I write, the ground is frozen hard;
It's March the first; 'tis lucky for the bard
That the seed catalogues arrived today!

—Morris Bishop.

Loan Collection 1926

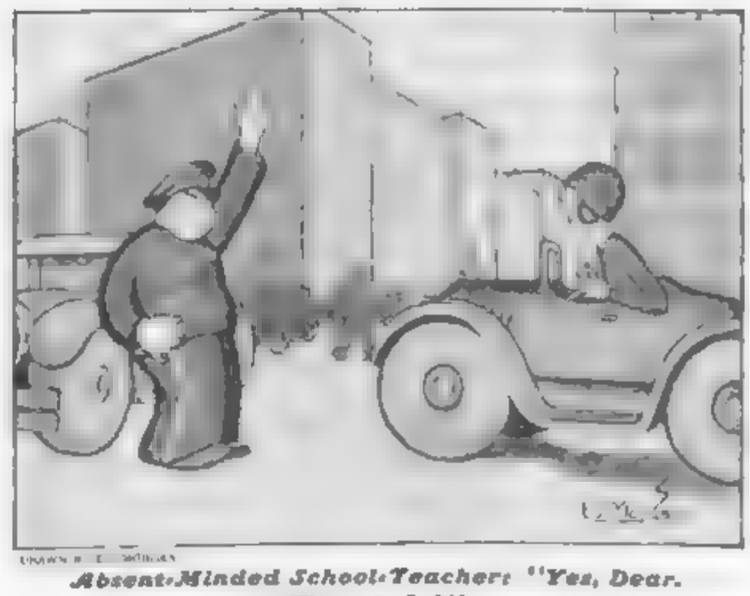
LAST night we gazed at Art—
Oh, so righteously and proud!
A-tiptoe and a-whisper
In the big Museum crowd—
But what we really thought of it
We daren't say aloud.
—M. K. Holmes.

The Silver Ship

OUT from the calm of a cloud lagoon
A star was towing the Crescent Moon
Bound for the uttermost port of sky,
Riding light and riding high,
For the old moon's ghost was all her freight,
And ghosts of moons have little weight.
—Arthur Guiterman.

A Valedictory

OH, I'VE given largesse to the furnace man through the season of frost and snow, that I might snooze in the wintry dawn, while he wangled the fires below; when the mercury took a drop too much he was sure to be two hours late, and I rose from my cozy bed to dress in a shivery forty-eight; when an Arctic wave swooped out of the West the furnace was banked at four, and I dared not peep, or he'd quit me cold and never come back any more. When mornings are mild he comes at five, and we swelter and swear and gasp, for the rule of seasonal ups and downs forever eludes his grasp; he chivies a clinker with



Absent-Minded School-Teacher: "Yes, Dear. What is It?"

earnest zeal that wrenches the grate apart, and he romps his way through a ton of coal with a verve that breaks my heart. The water heater befuddles his brain, for however I preach and scold, the faucets bust into steam and rust, or the water's entirely cold. As March departs in a lamblike mood to challenge his subtlest craft, he comes in tight of a Sunday night and leaves on all the draft. Come, hounds of spring, come do your stuff, according to Nature's plan, and I'll end this hell with a glad farewell to the demon furnace man!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

(Continued on Page 226)

"Y'know, Frank, Sometimes I Read Thuh Editorials. Sometimes They're Kinda Int'resting." "Listen, Baby, Don't Act Intelligent—be Yourself"

Picture Primer for Perplexed Parents. The Girl Who Refused to Have Her Hair Combed and Her Face Washed

What is the most important thing in your life?

A GREAT ocean liner approaches New York. On board is a celebrity. Perhaps a great military leader of world-wide renown. Or a girl who has swum the English Channel. Or a golf champion who has won the British "open." Or an ex-President of the United States, back from a triumphal tour of the world. Fame, beauty, talent, remarkable achievement have lifted them to a dizzy prominence.

The streets are lined with people. The bands play. The ticker-tape flies from the skyscrapers. With tumult and rejoicing the people acclaim their hero or their heroine. And through the stirring picture—buoyant and happy—moves the recipient of all this acclamation.

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

AND WHAT is it all but a tribute to Health? The crowd sees but the climax and the reward. But the celebrity passing through the lanes of spectators, knows the real secret. Talents have been cultivated. Ambitions have been nursed. Hard, grinding effort has gone into the battle. But always, everywhere has been the necessity for good, sound condition—abundant energy, steady nerves, sleep, exercise, the right food.

If every woman realized the reason soup is so healthful, she would never omit it from her daily menus. Soup is a liquid food. It is eaten hot. It arouses the appetite by causing the digestive juices to flow more freely.

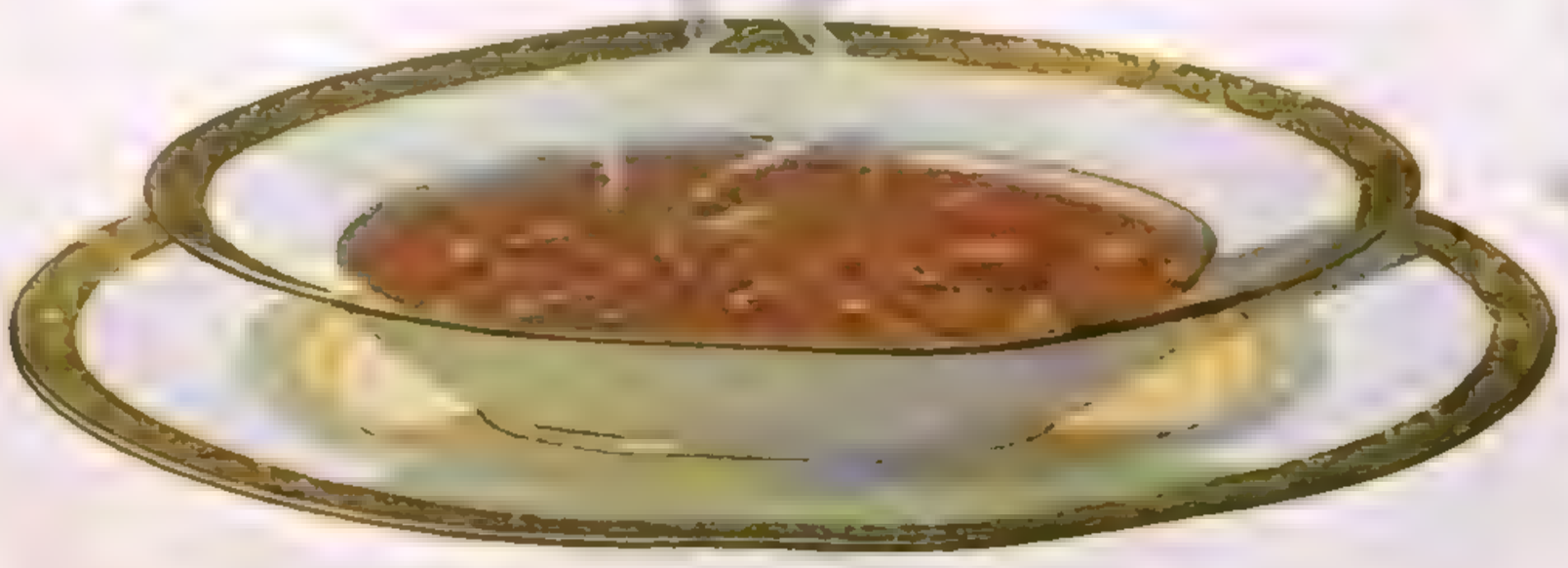
The many different ingredients blended in soup offer a variety and a deliciousness of flavors you cannot get in other foods. This daily invitation and invigoration to your appetite are splendid things for it. The appetite and the digestion, like every other function, act on habit. They will remain sluggish if not regularly encouraged by the right kind of food. They will be brisk and active and healthy if stimulated each day by the proper food. They respond instantly to good soup.

Since ease and convenience are combined with such trusted quality in Campbell's, "soup every day" is a rule without any burden upon you. You will be very much interested in visiting your grocer's and becoming familiar with the twenty-one different Campbell's kinds.

Campbell's offer a complete list of all the favorite soups in the world. For we know that the principal benefit from soup comes from eating it regularly every day. So we supply an abundance of different kinds to keep the menu varied and attractive.

FOR TODAY'S luncheon or dinner, select Campbell's Ox Tail Soup. It is justly popular as one of the heartier and more substantial soups, blended with all the skill and perfection of flavor for which Campbell's French chefs are so famous.

Meaty, marrowy ox tail joints are specially selected for this soup, in accordance with Campbell's strict standard of quality. The sliced joints, ox tail broth and a rich, invigorating beef broth are combined with luscious tomatoes, celery, carrots, turnips and a generous quantity of choice barley. Fresh herbs and seasoning make the flavor "just so." 12 cents a can.



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

JERRY GUMS THE GAME

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

ILLUSTRATED BY R. ALLEN COLEMAN

THOSE books which set about to classify the various ways in which a story may be begun mention with some favor that *in medias res*. In pursuance of this method, we begin with Jeremiah Fairchild.

Jeremiah Fairchild occupied the middle point in a family of five. There was his father, Mr. George Fairchild, and his mother, Mrs. George Fairchild, who had been an Ayling. There was his elder brother, Paul Fairchild, who bullied Jeremiah; and his younger sister, Mary Fairchild, who rolled on the floor and screamed when Jeremiah tried to bully her. Paul was the first son. Mary was the only daughter. Midway between them, Jeremiah had no marked significance.

Paul was named for his Great-uncle Paul Ayling, the millionaire—a man advanced in years and feeble in health—who opened a bank account for him when he was born and hinted that he might be mentioned in his will. Mary was named for her Great-aunt Mary Ayling Sprott, the aged and well-to-do widow, who gave her a gold cup for a christening present—quite a large cup—and promised her a string of pearls when she was married. Jeremiah was named for his Uncle Jeremiah Ayling, the magnate. Uncle Jeremiah was comparatively young, positively robust and superlatively eccentric. He sent his namesake a tin bank shaped like a horseshoe, with one nickel in it for good luck. He sent also a letter which little Jerry's mother, outraged and weeping, read to little Jerry in his cradle; little Jerry let his four-o'clock milk trickle down his chin while he listened. The letter demanded that when the nickel had been turned over to the child's personal keeping, account thereof should afterward from time to time be rendered, and expenditure thereof, at any hour, should promptly and fully be reported.

"Only those who can use their money to advantage deserve to have more," wrote Uncle Jeremiah.

"Crazy," said Mr. Fairchild.

"Insane," murmured his wife with more delicacy.

It did not occur to them, however, not to do as Uncle Jeremiah demanded. Uncle Jeremiah was like that.

Jerry's first report, printed in swaying capitals, was brief and to the point:

I have not spent the nikle i just gut it, with lov, JEREMIAH.

In later years he wrote with more detail:

They had a dandy sail of singing tops down to Fabers, but did not buy one with your nickle. They were ten cents anyway; but anyway this morning I neerly spent it. Willie Gomotto was making fun of my name. He kept singing Jeremiah hes a liar, and we wanted some lether nuckles so we could fight harder, only I desided to use my own instead. Willie was not to school this p. m. as he had to go to the dentists to see about some teeth. Well good-by, JEREMIAH.

That was the only time that Uncle Jeremiah ever sent a letter in reply. He wrote:

If you must have such a name, stick up for it. I always have. Tell Willie Gomotto that Jeremiah was a mighty man in Anathoth. Very truly yours,

JEREMIAH AYLING.
(G. L.)
JA/GL

"What's G. L. mean?" Jerry asked.

"Good luck," said Mrs. Fairchild, laughing feebly at her own feeble jest.

"Good Lord, I'd say," said Mr. Fairchild.

In spite of his uncle's nickel and the horseshoe bank, Jerry was never conspicuously lucky. He was the only one to catch measles when all three Fairchilds were exposed. His was the only leg that was broken when the Fairchild sled crashed into the trolley car.

Jerry Held Himself Against Rushing Up to Her, Against Seizing Her Hands, Against ——

Jerry did not even have the Fairchild dark good looks—you have to admit that the Fairchilds were good-looking—that Paul and Mary enjoyed so abundantly. He grew up tall, with a tendency to freckles, a tendency to redness—including ears and back of neck—in moments of embarrassment, and the most hilarious nose in the world. A little crooked, that nose was, a little bit tipped up; an impudent nose; a mocking nose; a nose to be thumbed at misadventure. Jerry had other features, eyes and a mouth and chin—must have, or their absence would have been remarked upon; he had a tousle of hair, too dark for red, too light for chestnut—more the color of a ginger cookie, well baked and crisp, with crinkled edges. But no one, looking at him, ever saw anything but that tipped-up, hilarious nose.

When Mr. Fairchild died, there was not much money left. Paul was halfway through college at the time and naturally had to finish. Mary was a girl. But there seemed no reason why Jerry should not go to work. He found a job downtown in McCurdie's real-estate office and went to evening school; if he learned more there than Paul learned at college, that was the fault of the college.

Paul was in the architectural school when the war came; he could not go because he was the oldest and his mother was dependent on him. Mary was a girl. But there seemed no reason why Jerry should not go, except that he was below the age limit; and even that, as he pointed out with a grin to the recruiting officer, was nothing against him personally.

They said in the Army that Jerry had no respect for anything, but that was not true. They said that he stuck his head over the parapet and made noses at the Germans, but Jerry said that that was not strictly true either. He carried the tin bank with the nickel in it all through the war to bring him luck.

"That way," he wrote whimsically to his Uncle Jeremiah, "I always have money in my pocket." Often it was all he did have. He sent most of his army pay home to help out on the high cost of living and of architectural schools.

Jerry came home from the war with two decorations, one scar and the rank of private. Twice he had been recommended for a commission; the first time it just somehow failed to come through, the second time it stopped the war.

At his return, he found Paul settled in his own architectural offices—not yet thoroughly upon a paying basis. He found Mary having an affair with Peter Farthing—not yet quite certain as to outcome. Mrs. Fairchild sat in a high-backed chair, her long bleak Ayling face etched in lines of permanent discontent.

"Thank Providence for your return!" she murmured for the benefit of the All-Hearing Ear in case it might be listening. She laid her hand over Jerry's in one of her rare, difficult moments of tenderness. "I'm glad you're back. I *feel*—safer. We've had a hard time since you've been away."

Jerry felt a comfortable pricking of warmth and pleasure. "We'll get on now," he said. "I'm going to strike out in business for myself."

He was aware at once of something not quite right—a jarring note struck.

"I should think," said Paul, clearing his throat, "that with business conditions so unsettled, perhaps a regular salary ——"

Mrs. Fairchild was more definite. "Of course," she said, "to become established in the profession of architecture and building takes time. I had thought you would go back to McCurdie's and perhaps help Paul out a little, while he is getting started. Afterward, of course, he would be in a position to help you." She hesitated, tapping ringed fingers on the arms of her chair. "I understand," she added, as if she spoke with relevance, "that Great-uncle Paul Ayling has been very feeble through the winter."

After all, the thing was fair enough. It wouldn't be long anyway. That afternoon Jerry went down to see McCurdie.

"Well, well!" cried old McCurdie, shaking his hand with vigor, as if it were a pump handle in a dry season. "Well, well! Coming back in here? I'll raise your pay a dollar a week if you will." McCurdie was never one to be reckless with his money.

"I'll come if you'll raise it ten dollars," Jerry said.

Old McCurdie gasped. "Oh, come now!" he gasped. "Come now!"

"Now?" said Jerry, grinning. "Sudden, isn't it? But I suppose I can come now as well as any time."

Jerry Fairchild used to think at first that that extra ten dollars a week would simplify everything. It proved the contrary. More money—that and his commissions—than he could make, beginning anywhere else, the very size of his salary put off from month to twelvemonth the start for himself for which he was planning. There was not

(Continued on Page 44)

A new delicacy and creaminess of flavor

because it's *Creamery Fresh!*

WE BRING you this famous butter while it's *creamery fresh.*

From our own creameries in selected dairy regions it is delivered to cities and towns in all parts of the country through Swift & Company's nation-wide system of modern refrigerator cars.

Thus it reaches you by the shortest, quickest, most direct route possible.

In the creameries, in the spick and span refrigerator cars—every step of the way—cleanliness prevails.

And so the goodness of the graded pasteurized cream, churned with exacting care, is preserved for you. Your dealer gets *this* butter with all its first, fresh goodness of flavor—just as it comes from the churns.

* * *

Brookfield Creamery Butter is sold by dealers everywhere.

These dealers also carry Brookfield Eggs, Brookfield Cheese, Brookfield-Premium Poultry—all supplied through Swift & Company's nation-wide food service.

You can buy any of them with complete assurance of uniform fineness of quality. It is only necessary to look for the name Brookfield on the package.

Swift & Company

Brookfield

Butter - Eggs Cheese

From the same dealer who supplies you Brookfield Butter, you can also buy Brookfield Cheese and Brookfield Eggs in these convenient cartons

© S. & Co.

(Continued from Page 42)

much chance for progress at McCurdie's. It was well known that McCurdie's young men advanced up to a certain point—and stopped. After that he held them down; McCurdie did not want the city full of competitors that he had trained. Jerry was always setting goals for himself that backed off as he approached them. Next fall now, when the architectural business was better ——

After the first, things began to be taken a little bit for granted. It was taken for granted that Paul should have his clothes made at Gilley's, because dress was so important in his business, while Jerry wore a ready-made from Beamond's.

Paul lunched on creamed mushrooms at the Touch and Go because he had to associate with the right people; Jerry on hashed-brown with rolls and coffee—butter two cents extra—at Carney's Cafeteria. Paul rode in taxis, because he must seem prosperous if he was to get on—and because he was always a little late in starting. Jerry obtained a car for business at the automobile abattoir—a thing of uncertain parentage and vicious habit, which, before ever it would go at all, he must tickle expertly in the ribs with a long-handled buttonhook.

"It's an asset," he explained, when old McCurdie objected to its looks. "Take a good serious breakdown now, it's as much as a sale. By the time your customer's back he'll buy anything, just out of gratitude for being alive."

At first Paul borrowed small sums of money from Jerry and returned them when he could. Afterward he borrowed larger sums, and it was taken for granted that Jerry would not expect itemized repayment.

Jerry lived at home now. Paul lived there, too, but he was seldom in—never, save for the last quarter of a night, the period before breakfast, a Sunday dinner. Sunday dinner was a rite—Mrs. Fairchild's. They gathered then foursquare about the table, Mrs. Fairchild at the head, Paul opposite, Mary on her right hand, Jerry at her left. They might have been, by their arrangement, the four winds of the compass. Mrs. Fairchild would have been the north then, chill and sunless; Paul south, sultry and easy-going, quick to smile, quick to laugh, a ready talker; Mary, a little steadier, a prevailing westerly, though swinging west to south, calm and mild and pleasant and rather lovable; opposite her Jerry, due east, heady and keen, a tingling wind right off the ocean, a pranking wind to lift a lady's skirt so high that even a lady would have been embarrassed.

Paul was the talker at these dinners. He made the others laugh. He made even his mother smile. He was outrageously good-looking, with dark eyes and rather full red lips; outrageously well set up, and very sure of himself in this situation, as he was in every other. When they followed Mrs. Fairchild from the Sunday dinner table, Paul moved with that perfection of careless ease that comes only to those who need take no thought for the coat collar, whether it fit, nor yet for the trousers, whether they shine behind.

It was on such a Sunday afternoon that the news came of Great-uncle Paul Ayling's death. Mrs. Fairchild never recovered from the shock of hearing that he had left his entire fortune to the Bureau of Ornithology.

"Oh, well, buck up," Jerry encouraged Paul later. "I just sold the old Trinity place for a poultry farm, and I'll see if I can get you the contract for the henhouses."

II

IT WAS not long after this that Paul's name was first linked with that of Emilee Pemberton.

Emilee Pemberton was a little person to have stirred society all the way from Boston to Paris and back again to Boston; a little person all boyishness behind, with her close-clipped flaxen poll, shorn high at the sides to a rim of small pink ear; all feminine before, with her soft flushed cheeks and soft lips and little soft round chin—that somehow had a hint of independence sticking through its roundness. People said that Emilee Pemberton knew her way about—but her eyes were round, child blue and wistful.

Gossip tossed back and forth a thousand absurd stories about Emilee Pemberton—the horses she rode, the cars she drove, her parties, her clothes, her suitors. Most absurd of all was the story about the will, included here only because it happened to be true. The will, you see, was her grandfather's will. Emilee's grandfather had been a queer fellow with theories about women. A woman, he said, does not know her own mind till she is twenty-one and therefore should not marry; after that she should be about it at once before she grows too particular, or too old-maidish or too ugly ever to marry at all. Emilee was to have the use of his money while she was growing up; if she were married between her twenty-first and her twenty-third birthday—nine P. M., October 20, 1926, that would be—she was to have it always. Otherwise ——

Emilee had a great deal of fun with the will before she was twenty-one, listening to passionate proposals and suggesting then offhand that they be married at once. After she was twenty-one, there were a thousand rumors always—she was engaged to Lee Henderson; she had broken her engagement to Lee Henderson; she was engaged to Parmer Dudley; she had never been engaged to Parmer Dudley; she was engaged —— In the middle of the rumors stood Emilee Pemberton, smiling, impudent but wistful-eyed—twenty-two and a half and not engaged to anybody.

Paul asked to meet her one night at a country-club dance. Emilee was in a black mood. Sometimes she was a little tired of it all, the excitement and rushing about and the—the millions. Sometimes she wished that everything could be quite simple and natural, and that she never need suspect anyone of interest in her money.

"How do you do?" she said to Paul. "Heard about the will?"

But afterward she liked him—she thought. Paul danced with her seven times that night, and at two o'clock he took her home, tipping the Pemberton chauffeur handsomely for the ride in the Pemberton limousine.

(Continued on Page 172)

"Perhaps," Emilee Was Saying. "Mr. Myer Would Like to Watch the Play Too"

How far will *your* car go *before* the miles begin to tell?

If you buy a new car every 10,000 miles or so, almost any car will give you satisfactory results. But if you want the same fine service on through the second, third and the many following tens of thousands of miles, buy a Buick!

Accurate tests at the great Proving Ground of General Motors, where all cars are driven and examined, show Buick's sturdy structure and powerful Valve-in-Head Engine still gaining in efficiency at the point in miles where other cars are distinctly on the down grade.

The unremitting care in Buick design—the constant tests at the Proving Ground—the unceasing quest for *better* performance—these safeguards are responsible for Buick's superior efficiency.

Savings resulting from enormous volume make possible both this extensive research and Buick's superior construction.

Buick cars are built for greater satisfaction to their owners.

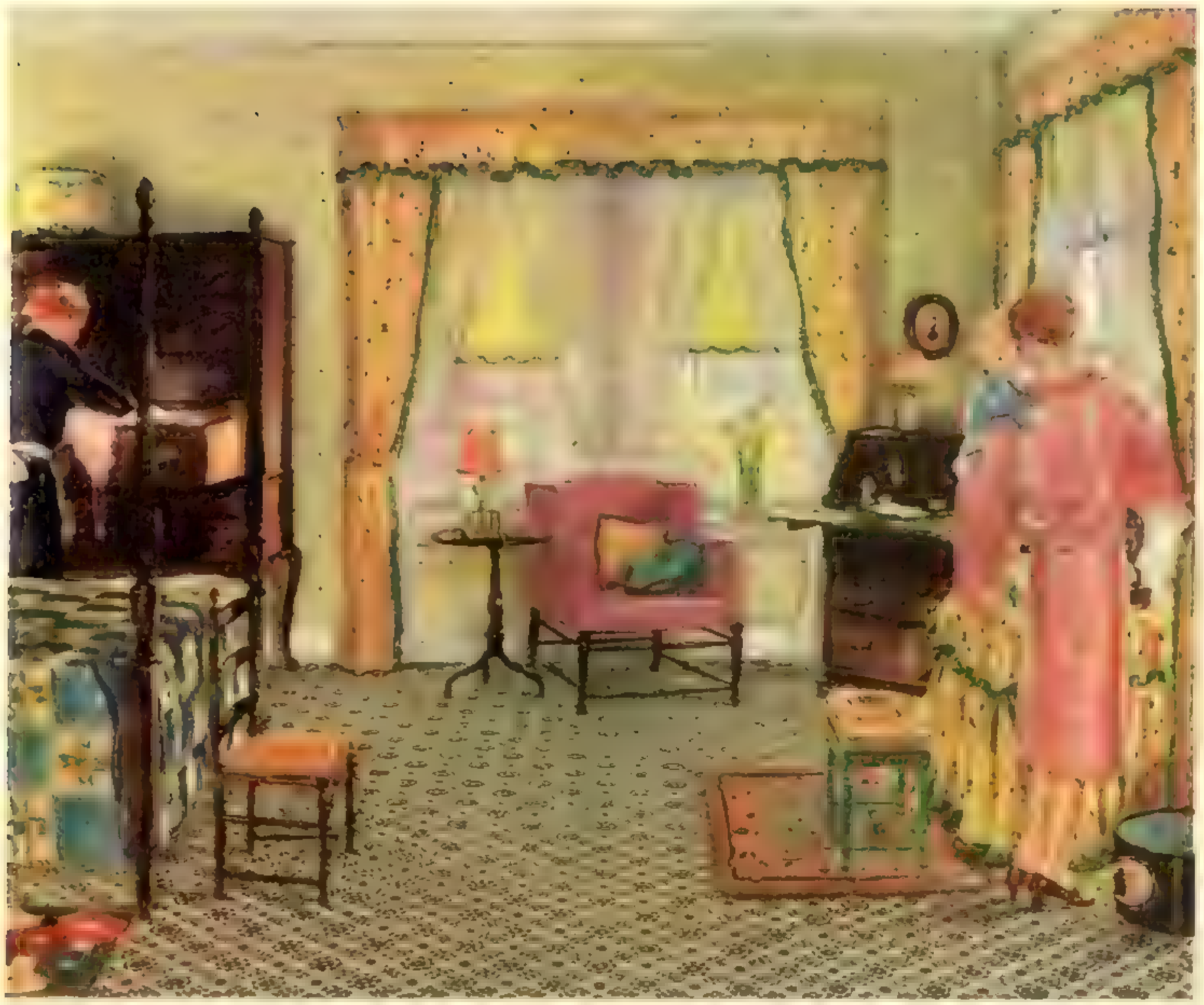
Buy a Buick for years of exceptional service.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ont.*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



This quaint-patterned floor is one of the Moulded patterns in GOLD SEAL INLAIDS. *A most delightful color foundation for informally furnished bedrooms.*

—and let the floor play its part

It's really a pity to mar the effect of pretty furnishings with a drab, commonplace floor. Rooms are much more livable and radiant when the floor plays its part in the color scheme.

Certainly the beauty of those mellow mahogany pieces in the picture, the summery hangings and upholstery, are given a most pleasing emphasis by the color-values of the floor.* It is one of the quaint *Moulded* patterns in Nairn GOLD SEAL INLAIDS. You can tell them by the way the colors softly merge into one another at the edges of the design.

Over and above the charm of GOLD SEAL INLAIDS, are their everlasting durability, their springy comfort and quiet, their all around economy. They are high-grade *inlaid linoleum*—of finely ground cork, oxidized linseed oil, gums and burlap. Properly laid they will last a lifetime.

No varnishing or expensive refinishing is required to keep them bright and new. The colors will not wear off, for they are inlaid through to the sturdy burlapback. Sanitary, too, with no cracks or crevices to gather dirt.

Let GOLD SEAL INLAIDS put an end to the endless trouble and depressing unsightliness of wear-scarred floors in old houses. Let them safeguard new homes from the old-floor problem.

And when you buy, look for the Gold Seal Guarantee. It's the sign of complete satisfaction in linoleum.

Insist on seeing this Gold Seal Guarantee on the face of the linoleum you buy.

NAIRN Gold Seal LINOLEUM SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

* *And it's astonishing how much more attractive your rugs look laid over a colorful Nairn* GOLD SEAL INLAID

Patterns for every room

Is it a formal library or dining room to which you want to give distinction? Or a smart sun parlor, dainty bedroom, cheery nursery? All kinds of suitable patterns await your choice in GOLD SEAL INLAIDS. Dignified,

This Belflor pattern in GOLD SEAL INLAID *makes a dignified yet delightful background for colorful furnishings.*

rich effects in the delicately mottled *Belflor* patterns, sharply contrasting designs, cool pastel hues—something for all parts of the house, including, of course, the kitchen, pantry and bathroom.

FREE: Laura Hale Shipman gives numerous practical suggestions for carrying out enchanting color schemes in "Creating a Charming Home." Just send the coupon or write to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

When buying INLAID LINOLEUM ask for NAIRN

GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

CONGOLEUM NAIRN INC., Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, San Francisco, Atlanta, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Dallas, Pittsburgh, New Orleans

OTHER GUARANTEED GOLD SEAL PRODUCTS: *Jaspé, Plain, Battleship and Printed Linoleums and Linoleum Rugs*

THE MENACE OF GERMAN COMPETITION

By ALFRED PEARCE DENNIS

IN THE world of trade Germany presents the picture of an enormous business concern that has been forced to reorganize under receivership proceedings. This is the way it impressed the imagination of the writer when, as an economic observer, he dwelt in the country through the long dark days of the Ruhr occupation. As a result of the war the national wealth, as estimated by Dr. Karl Helfferich, declined from $73,000,000,000 to $55,000,000,000. Not less than 2,000,000 men were reported lost on the field of battle, of which 85 per cent were between the ages of nineteen and twenty-nine, or on the very threshold of their highest productive capacity. The cessions of territory amounting to 27,000 square miles meant an economic loss far out of proportion to the actual area involved. It meant the loss of the great German enterprises in Uppet Silesia—by far the most important industrial concentration in Europe east of the River Elbe. The territory ceded to Poland included some of the best beet-sugar lands in Europe. This explains rather fully the breakdown in Germany's profitable prewar export trade in sugar. Before the war Germany could easily place 1,000,000 tons of sugar on the world market every year. But since the war the country has hardly done better on the average than supply the demands of its own population.

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF U. S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

A Plant in Norway that Manufactures Hardened Fish Oils, Including Hardened Whale Oil

The country has lost about 75 per cent of its iron-ore reserves, approximately 30 per cent of its blast-furnace capacity, about 26 per cent of its coal and about the same percentage of potash deposits. To this must be added the loss of the heavily mineralized Saar Valley, which is being exploited by France for a period of at least fifteen years. Her write-offs have to do with the loss of colonial establishments, a cut of 50 per cent in merchant marine, with a burdensome mortgage laid upon the taxpayers of the country for more than a generation to come under the Dawes settlement.

The German Scientific Trilogy

ALL these losses become imperfectly apprehended truths which float obscurely in the mind as one travels through Germany today. Smiling villages, magnificent forests, the smoking stacks of busy industrial plants untouched by war—these are the things we see in journeying through the land. Beyond these things lie intangibles having to do with the industry, skill, patience, inventive capacity of 60,000,000 homogeneous people occupying the heart of Europe. In the struggle to recover lost ground the Germans, unlike the French, are not handicapped by illusions. As a trading people the Germans occupy an unrivaled corner-shop location among the teeming populations of Europe. The country is girt around by customers with doors thrown open for the entrance of sea-borne traffic through such natural trade arteries as the Rhine, the Elbe and the Oder. Along with these strategic advantages of geographical position the country has been richly blessed with the most important prerequisite of industrialism—namely juxtaposition of iron and coal.

Depend upon it, about the best chemical intelligence which the world affords today is being applied by Germany to the problems of extracting wealth out of earth, sky and water. It is a matter of necessity. How can Germany pay off the enormous foreign mortgage except in services or goods? The question of meeting these obligations becomes a problem in foreign trade. It is a matter of selling more German goods abroad.

The story of Germany's will to conquer foreign markets is not without dramatic interest. Up to a year ago our Tariff Commission experts considered British India our principal pig-iron competitor. It is rather certain now that Germany has become our principal competitor. So of tartaric acid, a by-product of wine making. Up to within a few months ago Italy was considered our most formidable competitor, but today it is a question whether Germany through her superior chemical technic has not wrested this age-long primacy from Italy.

One may read, without perhaps understanding its far-reaching significance, that the Chilean nitrate producers have cut prices about 5 per cent. This means that Chilean nitrate dug from the earth is encountering sharpened competition from German nitrates drawn from the atmosphere. Our wood-alcohol people are complaining that they are no longer able to stand up against the competition of German synthetic alcohol which now enters our country in large volume under the name of methanol. Germany takes unappetizing fish oils, such as whale oil, and converts these oils into solid fats by the use of a catalyst. These fats are refined, put on the market as margarine and appear on the table as butter. The Germans out of ill smelling compounds produce low-priced, delicate perfumes which compete disastrously with the delightful flower scents obtained by distillation of violets and roses.

Under the dutiable articles in the present tariff act are listed no less than 1710 paragraphs, with many of these paragraphs embracing scores of separate items. Alphabetically the dutiable list begins with acetic acid and runs through thousands of items to worm gut and zaffer. It would be interesting to single out the items in this list which originate in Germany as the principal competing country. For example, acetic acid, the first item on the list, is now produced synthetically in Germany. Starting with acetylene gas as the raw material, the trick is done by the use of mercury dissolved in sulphuric acid as a catalyst. High-strength sulphuric acid is in turn manufactured synthetically in Germany from the union of sulphur dioxide and oxygen acted upon by platinum as a catalyst. Sulphur trioxide, the product of this transformation, when combined with water forms sulphuric acid.

These illustrations are hardly more than a peep at a swiftly moving picture film. It is like flashing the light of a tallow candle through the dark immensities of endless caverns. What I am trying to reveal in a faint, imperfect way is the amazing effectiveness of the German laboratory as a trade weapon. Later we shall see how the German cartels or trusts have proved a weapon of the first magnitude in the fight to sell German laboratory products in the far corners of the globe.

The writer is fond of quoting Walter Bagehot's dictum that "modern science is the product of systematic methodical men content to sit quiet in a room and challenge the mysteries of the universe." Since the days of Kant, Hegel, Liebig, Bayer, patient methodical Germans hungering to explore the mysteries of the universe have been content to sit quiet in their rooms and work.

In explaining the triumphs of the German laboratory in accomplishing chemical syntheses the term "catalyst" has been used. The catalyst in the hands of the German chemist has become a sort of philosophers' stone which transforms coarse and cheap elements into gold. The human imagination can hardly set limits to the transformations that may be accomplished through the trilogy C. T. P., or catalyst, temperature and pressure.

The Matchmaker of Chemistry

NOW what is a catalyst? As well ask for a definition of electricity. About the best answer that the scientist can make is to say that electricity is a form of energy. So of the catalyst. About the best explanation that a non-scientific man such as myself can give is to state that a catalyst is an agent that brings about chemical changes in certain compounds while itself remaining stable. Where two diverse substances are acted upon by a catalyst we can liken this agency to that of a clergyman who joins two persons in wedlock. What the clever chemist does with the catalyst is to take antisocial substances and cause them to fructify by uniting them to something else. Certain substances, such as castor oil, which resists heat and refuses to mix with mineral oils, may be classed among Nature's obstinacies. Now it may happen that a third agent, or catalyst, may be found that will cause antisocial substances to unite and form new and highly valuable compounds.

Thus through catalysis synthetic ammonia is produced. One may enter a German synthetic-nitrogen plant and observe a series of mysterious transformations. First, the power of falling water is transformed into electricity; second, water is decomposed into its components of oxygen and hydrogen by electricity; third, two gases—pure hydrogen and atmospheric nitrogen—at a high temperature and under terrific pressure, are transformed through the aid of a catalyst into pure ammonia; the ammonia in turn forms the base for the essential plant food known to commerce as ammonium nitrate.

Thus the Chilean nitrate producer is confronted with a competitor who draws his raw material from the air rather than from the earth. The competition of German synthetic nitrogen has become so annoying that the Chilean producers voluntarily reduced their prices about 5 per cent. This grim warfare between Chilean natural nitrate and German synthetic nitrogen is likely to cost the Chilean Government heavily, since it derives its support in large measure from an export tax of 25 per cent on the sales of nitrate. The United States stands to gain as a result

(Continued on Page 49)

Quality

Half and Half—

A Wonderful Smoking Tobacco

men like the flavor
women enjoy the fragrance

15¢

© Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

(Continued from Page 47)

of this struggle, since American farmers have been paying an annual tribute to the Chilean Government of about $10,000,000 a year in export taxes levied on Chilean nitrates.

Methanol furnishes another illustration of the commercial importance of the catalyst in the hands of the German chemist. Methanol is the scientific name for methyl, or wood alcohol, a colorless, highly flammable liquid. This synthetic product meets our refined wood alcohol in destructive competition. Methanol was placed on a commercial basis less than three years ago by the great German chemical trust, the Badische Anilin. Such competition was undreamed of when our latest tariff law was framed, in 1922. The German synthetic process has struck our domestic manufacturers like a bolt out of a clear sky. Synthetic methanol produced in Germany through the reactions of a catalyst upon gases derived from the coking industry is equal in quality to the best grade of refined alcohol distilled from wood and is practically indistinguishable from it chemically.

Twenty years ago we were obtaining 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 gallons of crude wood alcohol from our distillation plants. We have exported annually upward of 6,000,000 gallons of refined wood alcohol with a price average for the five-year period, 1919–24, of more than one dollar a gallon. In this period imports constituted no menace to the industry. For example in the year 1922 only twenty-seven gallons were brought in; in the year 1924 but forty-eight gallons. In 1925, however, more than 500,000 gallons of German methanol were imported into this country at a price of around forty-eight cents a gallon laid down in New York, as against a cost of at least seventy-five cents a gallon for domestic wood alcohol. The imports for the year 1926 ran in even larger volume. A plain case of destructive competition emanating from the German laboratory is thereby presented.

Our wood alcohol, be it said in passing, is employed in the manufacture of coal-tar dyes. Individuals craving stimulant occasionally have made attempts to substitute wood alcohol for grain alcohol as a beverage. The results are these, if persisted in—first, the optic nerve of the drinker is destroyed and he goes blind; second, he goes crazy; third, he dies; fourth, the undertaker employs wood alcohol to embalm the body.

Some pale German student, working in the fetid atmosphere of his laboratory, produced a synthetic blue comparable in every way to the vegetable dye known as indigo. Indigo, be it known, has been the fastest and most dependable dye for either cotton or wool, and has long been regarded as the king of colors. The new synthetic indigo put on the market for a few cents a pound dried up by the roots the indigo plantations in India which were worth millions of dollars a year to that country. The word "aniline" is derived from the Spanish word *añil* meaning indigo. Aniline derivatives already known run up in the neighborhood of 10,000. As is well-known, aniline is produced from benzol, which in turn is distilled from coal tar or obtained from coke-oven gas, coal tar being a product of our important coking industry.

Capturing the Rainbow's Colors

GERMANY'S indigo exports to China alone in 1924 amounted to more than 32,000,000 pounds, with a value of $12,000,000. It is rather interesting to note that China is the world's best customer for indigo. Here we have 350,000,000 souls pent up within the Great Wall of China. Blue is the Chinese national color and cotton cloth the universal fabric.

Korea, originally under Chinese sovereignty, was a heavy purchaser of indigo, but white, the badge of mourning in China, has been deliberately adopted by the Koreans for economic reasons. Some generations ago these people lost several members of the royal family in swift succession. The poverty-stricken people found it too expensive to oscillate between blue and white, and have stuck to their mourning color ever since.

Germany before the war flooded the world with her dyestuffs. We stand astounded at the miracle that extracts hundreds of delicate hues from black inert coal. When it came to dyes the ancients were limited to the primary colors, along with sundry variations extracted from a few plant and animal organisms. Among the ancient civilizations of the Eastern Mediterranean the favorite dyestuff for the rich and powerful was the purple obtained from a shellfish called the Murex. Nature revealed exquisite tints in animals, insects and flowers, but these colors could no more be captured and fixed than the evanescent afterglow of the setting sun. The ancient Romans were accustomed to bring mullets alive to their banqueting halls. The mullet, because of its pale pink and yellow hues, furnished pleasure to the eye as well as to the palate. The struggles of the dying mullet brought out other beautiful tints of purple and bright red. Guests enjoyed this brilliant display of color before eating the fish. But the transient iridescence of fish scales was as impermanent and elusive as the fading colors of a rainbow. Today we take the iridescence of fish scales as vulnerable to time as the fading brilliance of a dying mullet and preserve its tints in the permanent beauty of synthetic pearls.

With the disappearance of German dyes shortly after the beginning of the war an acute world shortage arose. Prices soared to famine levels, whereupon such great consuming countries as the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy, developed dye industries of their own capable of supplying from 80 to 90 per cent of their requirements. Exports of dyes from Germany in 1913 were about 240,000,000 pounds, valued at more than $50,000,000. In 1925 they were by quantity 32 per cent and by value 85 per cent of the 1913 figure.

Germany's foreign trade today as a whole makes up only 8.5 per cent of the total world trade, whereas in 1913 it comprised 13.1 per cent. Germany's losses in world trade have had to do chiefly with semi-raw materials such as coal, beet sugar and grain. German manufactures have suffered heavy declines in former enemy countries such as Great Britain, France and the United States. On the other hand the country's business with Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Finland and Spain is expanding all the while. As over 1913, exports to Asia show an increase of 33 per cent, to Japan 45 per cent, to India 28 per cent and to the Dutch East Indies 7 per cent.

Internationalizing the Cartel System

FOR years German trust organization has provided a convenient cutting edge for the penetration of foreign markets. The modern German trust usually functions as a cartel. Under the cartel system the domestic market may be charged what the traffic will bear and a portion of the profits on domestic sales applied to capturing foreign markets. Under the cartel system losses on goods that are sold at cut-rate prices to foreign customers may be recouped by controlled higher prices exacted of domestic consumers.

It takes a highly coherent, disciplined people to work the cartel system successfully. The disciplined peoples are the ones who inherit the choice places of the earth. Disintegrate, unorganized people, such as Laplanders and Australian Bushmen, have been driven to the inhospitable portions of the globe and compelled to edge themselves into odd, bleak corners where life is hard and dreary. Discipline is a winning quality in trade as in war. As Macaulay justly observes, "Many an army has succeeded with a bad commander, but no army has ever succeeded under a debating society."

The typical German cartel is organized on the principle of a joint-stock company composed of representatives of the principal firms in any particular industry. This central board, or syndicate, apportions to each unit its share of production, sees that the goods are marketed at a fixed price and divides profits among members in proportion to their output. A bonus, or compensation, is given to any firm which has not produced the whole of its allotment and fines exacted from any which exceeds its allotment.

Theoretically the competitive position of the German cartel is not unlike the overgrown American trust of a generation past. Most any man who has passed middle age may recall instances of ruthless warfare waged by trusts upon weak independents. A trust may open a retail shop across the street from a struggling independent and undercut him to the point of extinction, recouping losses on higher prices charged in other localities where competition has already been killed. In securing foreign business the German cartel may act in precisely the same fashion.

Not less than 1500 industrial cartels were established in Germany by the cartel office in the early months of 1924. A good example of a full-blown cartel is the raw-steel association formed in November, 1924. This trade association fixes domestic and export prices on iron and steel products and regulates output as well. The differential between export price and domestic list has varied from 5 per cent on pig iron to 40 per cent on fine sheets.

These German industrial groups on the whole are carefully constructed, smooth functioning, closely controlled organizations. The great German dye trust is working smoothly and efficiently. Grouped about the great Badische Anilin company are five other big concerns forming a great merger which is now branching out from dyes and including within its reach a vast number of synthetic chemicals, pharmaceuticals, electrochemical products, photographic supplies, artificial silk and industrial gases. The markets which the dye trust has lost in low-cost products it is retrieving on high-cost types of specialties. Note has been made of a budding export trade in synthetic chemicals such as methanol, nitrogen, sulphuric acid, and so on.

Practically every important German industry has been organized on a cartel basis. There is nothing new about the character and scope of German nation-wide cartels and the competitive strength which they exert in foreign markets.

The thing of more immediate and striking interest is the extension of the German cartel principle to international business. Germany and France have united to divide the world's potash trade. This cartel controls production and fixes prices in the world market. In regard to steel rails an international convention to which Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and Luxemburg are parties regulates prices, safeguards home markets and divides foreign-sales territory. Producers of rolled wire in Belgium and Germany have formed a combination. Enamel ware manufacturers of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland are in a combine which arranges prices in joint export markets. Negotiations are going forward for the setting up of a European glue syndicate, and a benzol union covering Great Britain, Germany, France, Belgium is in the making.

It is not at all unlikely that the German synthetic-nitrogen producers may pool interests with Chilean nitrate producers. But precedent to this the Chileans themselves must form a national nitrate combine. The industry at present is run on individualistic lines. The great international steel cartel composed of Germany, France, Belgium, Luxemburg and the Saar Valley was the big development of last year in the field of world trade. Economically this agreement is something akin to the political Truce of God in the Dark Ages, entered into by fierce enemies who had fought themselves to a standstill.

Who would have prophesied in 1918, when the German legions retired from Belgium and France, leaving ruin, desolation and accumulated hatreds in their train, that within six years German, French, Belgian and Luxemburg industrialists would be pooling interests against the rest of the world in the production of steel. Ten years ago one might have thought that fierce national hatreds stirred by the war would keep the European nations apart commercially for generations to come.

It is well to note that men may agree commercially where they fail to agree politically. Nations throw down the gage of battle, bring out their battalions to decide the issue, but nations, as such, do not trade—individuals trade. A man buys where he can buy best and cheapest.

Though the war has transformed Europe politically it did not alter climatic conditions, nor change materially the earth's crust, nor seriously disturb the mineral deposits beneath the earth's surface. Successful business means buying where the buying is best and selling where the selling is best. This Continental steel cartel is not a matter of sentiment; it is a matter of business. The sons of Israel do business with the Egyptians whether they like Pharaoh or not. As Carlyle puts it, "Cash payment is the sole universal nexus between man and man." Making money is a cold scientific pursuit.

The Economic Solidarity of the World

WHEN it comes to scientific matters, if six scientists from as many warring European nations are put around a table—say six botanists or six chemists—they are likely to agree. But if instead of the six scientists are substituted six politicians—say an Italian, Frenchman, Belgian, German, Hungarian, Englishman—these men will find it very difficult to agree on such questions as reparations or customs duties. In the one case the scientists follow the facts. In the other case the men who sit around the table are swayed by age-long prejudices, nationalisms, sympathies and antipathies.

Writing a year ago I ventured to forecast the formation of a great Continental steel pool. It seemed a thing of manifest destiny. Nature ordained a complementary rather than a competitive relationship between the iron and steel industries of Germany and France. That is to say, an exchange of mineral products between France and Germany would be helpful to both countries, particularly the exchange of French iron ore for Westphalian coking coal. It is a question of business, pure and simple. A combine is the logical thing, since coking coal wanted by one party and iron ore wanted by another were separated only by a frail, impalpable barrier—an international boundary. Furthermore the capacity of these Continental mills had been absolutely overbuilt during the war. An era of ruthless competition had set in, and this competition was proving futile and ruinous.

If the Great War has lessoned us in anything it has taught us respect for the economic solidarity of the world. World business may be visualized under the analogy of an organism. In the case of an organism the whole is dependent upon all the parts for its vitality. A hurt done to one

(Continued on Page 50)

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

CARL LAEMMLE

You dear "Old Timers" who were young men and women back in the early 70's, don't you recall some sweet romance or dramatic story or play that would make a good moving picture? Let your minds wander back, dig into the recesses of your memories and tell me what you find.

I am sure there is some story which thrilled you when you read it—or some play which left a lasting imprint on your mind. Don't you know that many of the most beautiful and spectacular pictures produced were based on the days of long ago "when blades were out and love afield?" I'll appreciate it deeply, if you will write to me, Old Timers, but please don't mention anything that has been produced. Let's have something that has never been done and I will go with you to the limit.

Are you aware that Universal serves *ten thousand theaters*, and that at some time or other its pictures reach the 110,000,000 people of this country as well as the millions in other countries? It is a glorious thing to create entertainment and mental recreation for the whole world, and it thrills me when I think of it. It's better than making a barrel of money, living high and owning two pairs of suspenders.

As a favor to me I wish you would see *"The Collegians"* and then write me your conclusions. These stories of college life were written by Junior, the "heir to my estates" whom I am training to follow me and continue the work of making the world happy. Also I want you to see *"Michael Strogoff"* and *"Les Miserables"* which I brought here from foreign countries.

More than anything else I would love to hear from you no matter what you write. I love your letters. They help me amazingly. Have *you* ever written?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

of the members is a hurt done to the whole. Let the commercial prosperity of a great nation be seriously affected and business suffers throughout the world. When the Bradford wool buyers in 1920 found British stocks excessive and withdrew from the market, there was not a sheep herder on the lonely plains of Argentina or New Zealand who did not feel the pinch of hard times. Prices quoted at a St. Louis fur sale affect the fortunes of Eskimos and Laplanders living in wretched igloos within the Arctic Circle. The bobbed-hair craze in America deprived of their jobs 16,000 women hair-net makers in Chefoo, China.

What are some of the salient facts in the international steel trade? Although we produce considerably more than one-half of the world's steel we have fallen from second to fifth place in the export-trade race. We are beaten by Great Britain, France and Germany more than two to one. Even tiny Belgium greatly surpasses us in the export of steel. But the fact must not be forgotten that our great market lies among our own people, our exports being incidental thereto. In the case of European producers the industry must command a heavy export trade as well as the domestic market in order to maintain itself. During the past twelve years the consumption of steel has increased by more than 50 per cent in the United States, and taking them as a group, by less than 6.5 per cent in the five leading foreign producing countries. During the same period the consumption in world markets outside the United States has declined by 8 per cent or more. That is to say, outside of our own country world steel consumption has not done better than climb back to what it was in 1913. It is to be realized, therefore, that the export market is a far more serious problem for foreign steel industries than it is for our own. European steel masters would have to export from 50 to 75 per cent of their output in order to maintain full production schedules. Our steel industry could live and prosper if we withdrew entirely from the export trade.

In the case of steel products one must go back through the steel ingot to pig iron in any cost inquiry. Since raw materials form the main item in the cost of making steel, quality and accessibility of iron ore and fuel constitute the central facts in the industry. Though the ore and coal are of good quality in the United States the principal deposits are separated by 1000 miles or more. After our steel is made it must travel on the average some 500 miles from mill to market. It is hard to overestimate the importance of the freight factor in the manufacture of iron and steel.

The Price Competition

Men now living can remember when Pittsburgh beyond all question was considered the most advantageous location in the country for steel manufacture. But the frontier of steel making has pushed westward and southward. Both ore and limestone for fluxing are freighted eastward at heavy expense from points as distant as Michigan. It is estimated that the pig-iron-assembly costs on ore, coal and limestone in the Pittsburgh district are fully ten dollars a ton. Pig-iron-assembly freight costs in the great Middlesbrough Yorkshire district in England are not more than half the Pittsburgh district costs, with assembly costs in Continental Europe probably somewhat lower than the costs in England.

On the Continent of Europe the Westphalian coal deposits are linked with Lorraine ore deposits by waterways and relatively short railway hauls. The waterways which thread back and forth through this region not only facilitate the assembling of raw materials but also provide a cheap means of egress to the sea. Under these circumstances, and even assuming that higher wages in the United States are fully compensated by better machinery and better plant layout, most American steel plants are unable to compete on a price basis with those in Britain, Germany, France, Luxemburg or Belgium, either in foreign markets or in the coastal regions of our own country.

If our national industry as a whole were as favorably situated as the plants in the Birmingham, Alabama, district, there would be nothing to fear. The cheapest pig iron in this country is produced in this district, where the mills literally sit astride of coal, iron ore and fluxing material.

Cooperation in Steel

The Tata Iron and Steel Company at Jamshedpur, India, has long been regarded as the cheapest pig-iron producer in the world. Here lie high-grade ore, fuel and fluxing material in close juxtaposition, with cheap and plentiful labor thrown in. But what has Tata pig iron on the other side of the globe to do with our own industry? Simply this, that a ton of pig iron may be freighted by water from Calcutta, India, to New York at cheaper rates than it can be hauled overland from Pittsburgh. More than this, the ocean freight on steel rails from Rotterdam to New York is only three dollars a ton as compared with the hauling charge of $5.70 from Pittsburgh to New York. The Rhine steel masters are able to freight both rails and shapes across the ocean, pay the duty of $2.24 and $4.48 respectively, and land these products in New York cheaper than they are freighted from Pittsburgh.

Recently we have been encountering severer pig-iron competition from Germany than from British India. The Continental steel combine undoubtedly possesses the power to invade our coastal markets and extinguish our export steel trade. Having this power, will they use it? Will this huge Continental cartel prove benignant or malignant in character? Will the international cartel led by Germany persist in selling cheaper abroad than at home?

The fundamental consideration with Germany, Belgium and France is the necessity for attracting gold in exchange for goods. The great Continental producers have drawn together because of ruinous and futile competition. What these people most require is a profit on their goods, particularly on goods sold abroad. If the cartel raises prices on raw steel this increased price will be reflected in higher steel products. Billets of steel are not manufactured to lie in warehouses. They are made to be converted into a multitude of products from locomotive boilers to embroidery needles. It must be understood that the international steel trade is based for the most part upon steel products and not upon raw steel. If the cartel cuts prices on export steel products it will lose money eventually and fall to pieces of its own weight. On the other hand if export prices are raised we are favored. The marginal producer in any cartel must live, and in order that he may live the more successful producer within the cartel must be restrained from swinishly increasing his own output at the expense of his less-favored brother. Otherwise the marginal producer would be driven out of business. The same principle holds in the case of the international steel cartel. It will be difficult to keep the component parts of this gigantic structure in line if any one of the units, such as Belgium or Luxemburg, operating on higher costs, finds itself getting the worst of it.

Britain remains outside the Continental steel trust and is therefore in the position of an independent competitor producing 40 per cent of the structural iron and merchant billet requirements of imperial dominions scattered throughout the world. England is in a position to make trouble for the cartel in the four quarters of the globe, but the chances are that Great Britain will prefer to sell with rather than against the cartel, unless the latter starts a price-cutting war. Owing to the coal strike and other misadventures a price war is about the last thing the British steel makers are seeking at this time.

One may suspect that the Germans are learning from the British restraint and moderation in the conduct of international business. Under the pressure of the Dawes payments, Germany, if she is to pay reparations, must continue to export increasing quantities of goods. The accomplishment of this lies beyond the power of individual manufacturers. The thing must be done through some form of coöperation. The cartel represents a groping effort toward coöperation. It is a matter of business and not of politics.

The British trusts have found that it is not good business to hack a way through to foreign markets by dumping goods. In Britain the idea of fairness to the consumer and to the small competitor seems to be pretty well grounded in the conscience of the average business man, as is also the feeling on the part of the public that industry is entitled to its keep.

One may reckon that the European steel producers are about at the end of their tether when it comes to dumping goods on foreign markets. The international steel cartel by ruthless price cutting might pick up 1,000,000 tons of new business a year at the expense of Britain and the United States, but our loss in exports would hardly cause a ripple on the surface of our enormous steel business. Further, the products of the cartel might be summarily excluded from our markets by a Treasury order in execution of the antidumping laws. Later a more permanent injunction might issue from Congress in the form of an impenetrable tariff wall against European steel. Finally American capital has gone into a great number of foreign steel plants. The German Steel Trust—Vereinigte Stahlwerks—was financed largely by a single powerful New York banking house.

In our national steel business we have profited through stabilization rather than through price wars. Mr. Carnegie remarked that our steel business in his day was either a feast or a famine, running through the cycle of gluts, low prices, shutdowns, scarcity, high prices, overproduction and demoralization once more. Under the leadership of the United States Steel Corporation acting as a stabilizer, production has been throttled down to somewhere approaching the limits of consumption.

Becoming Self-Sufficient

The independent marginal producer has found hospitable protection under the umbrella held over him by Big Steel, all of which has meant better times not only for the steel maker but for his customers. The manufacturer who is out to buy steel for sewing machines, typewriters or automobiles desires above all things to know how and at what prices he may cover his future needs for raw materials. He cannot afford to gamble on the violent price fluctuations in his raw materials as they alternate between feast and famine.

International trade in manufactures today by no means involves a battle to the death between competitors. There is room enough for all in developing the latent and unsuspected markets of the teeming millions of diverse people who dwell upon this planet. The gradual recovery of Europe has helped our trade in the four corners of the globe. As the South Americans sell more of their meat, wheat and hides in Britain and Central Europe, they are in a better position to import our agricultural machinery, typewriters and automobiles. For example, our sales of $30,000,000 worth of automobiles in Argentina in one year were directly stimulated by the steady recovery of European demand for Argentine meat, wool and cereals.

We appropriate German triumphs in the field of chemistry and make them our own. A dozen years ago we thought ourselves absolutely dependent upon German dye stuffs. Today we are making 90 per cent of our dyes and exporting a respectable surplus to the far ends of the earth. Have we been hurt or helped by German synthetic indigo? In the old days our great textile industries were importing natural

(Continued on Page 52)

FISHER · BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

The symbol "Body by Fisher" is found on every Fisher body. Fisher first distinguished its bodies thus, that the public might unmistakably identify them. Practically all America recognizes the presence of that emblem as positive assurance of safety, enduring quality and supreme luxury

Week of April 11th

What do you think is the final bid in the hand below, and which player is Declarer? Can he make game? Pit your Auction Bridge skill against that of the exhibition players by trying out this hand tonight. Then compare your results with the score in the Radio Game as scheduled.

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, dealer, South—
Spades 3
Hearts 9, 4, 3
Diamonds ..... A, Q, J, 2
Clubs ..... A, Q, J, 8, 4

James G. Stanley, Denver, Col., West
Spades ..... A, Q, J, 5, 4
Hearts ..... J
Diamonds 10, 8, 7
Clubs 9, 6, 5, 3

R. E. Needham, Greenville, Pa., North—
Spades 7, 6, 2
Hearts ..... A, 8, 2
Diamonds ..... K, 9, 6, 3
Clubs ..... K, 10, 2

Milton C. Work, New York, East—
Spades ..... K, 10, 9, 8
Hearts ..... K, Q, 10, 7, 6, 5
Diamonds 5, 4
Clubs 7

Tues., April 12, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WWJ, WRC, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WTAM, WGY.

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark.
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WJAX	City of Jacksonville	Jacksonville, Fla.
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KPO	Hale Bros. & The Chronicle	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KFOA	Rhodes Dept. Store	Seattle
KHQ	Louis Wasmer, Inc.	Spokane
CHXC	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
CKNC	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.	Toronto
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg
CFQC	The [illegible] Sun	Saskatoon
CJCA	Calgary Herald	Calgary
CJCA	[illegible]	[illegible]
CKCD	Vancouver Daily Province	Vancouver
CJGC	[illegible] Free Press	[illegible]
CFLC	Radio Assn. of Prescott	Prescott, Ont.
CHNS	Northern Electric Co.	Halifax

Splendid finish, big indexes, lasting quality. Single or two-pack cases.

You cannot get Bicycle quality for less than Bicycle price.

BICYCLE *and* CONGRESS
PLAYING CARDS

FREE! Reports of Games and Advance Hands

Write your name and address on this advertisement, and mail to The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A., or Windsor, Canada—or Auction Bridge Bulletin, 30 Ferry Street, New York.

(Continued from Page 50)

indigo from the Far East, and paying a dollar a pound for it. Today our own chemical plants are supplying all the indigo we need at a price as low as fourteen cents a pound. Germany is the cheapest producer of synthetic nitrogen in the world. German synthetic nitrogen is likely to break the Chilean nitrate monopoly. Is this causing any distress to our farmers? German methanol threatens the prosperity of our old wood-distillation industry, but old methods based on handicrafts are yielding continually to the devices of inventive and mechanical genius. Who would say that the weaving industry has been hurt through the substitution of the modern automatic loom for the archaic hand loom? Does anyone doubt that with our abundant raw materials and active American brains we will not be producing synthetic wood alcohol on a broad commercial scale within the next two or three years?

The world in these latter days is coming to see that we prosper in international trade through the prosperity of our competitors. Even in the highly competitive steel business we prosper by selling with our European competitors rather than against them. Potentially they are our customers rather than our rivals. As international traders we have more to gain if Germany, Britain and France are prosperous than if they are depressed. In the meantime steel making in this country has approximated 50,000,000 tons, a new record for all time.

We may go on as we are, employing a wealth of money and mechanical genius in applying the scientific achievements of the Germans, but some day we shall have to establish for ourselves a great pool of pure science on which American business may draw. Mr. Hoover, among other great American engineers and scientists, would convince you in a few words that American industry can find no better use for $20,000,000 than to establish a national fund for the support of research in pure science. It is a confession of weakness on our part that we are compelled, particularly in the field of chemical research, to follow the lead of Germany. The American business man thinks in terms of his own individual needs. Mr. Hoover, whose chief business is looking after everybody's business, thinks nationally or in terms of our business as a whole. Generalizing the proposition it seems apparent that we must train workers willing to pursue research for its own sake and not for its immediate rewards in dollars. Of the ninety known chemical elements—seventeen of which have been discovered in the past thirty years—only one—illinium—is credited to an American. Behind the applied science which converts ill-smelling substances into delicate perfumes, and black benzol, a few drops of which would ruin the fabric of a woman's dress, into hundreds of lovely delicate hues employed throughout the world in the coloring of fabrics—behind all this lies pure scientific research for its own sake. If through the true scientist results may be attained in three years which the business man may translate into dollars, it is well. If results are not obtained for thirty years, it is also well. All things to the greater glory of science.

The efflorescence of American inventive and mechanical genius is constituting just such an important epoch in the history of world commerce as did the old pioneering era of geographical exploration and discovery.

Through our engineering and mechanical genius we are winning our way to a commanding position in world business, just as Germany is winning back lost markets through genius for organization and achievements in the field of chemistry.

AS EVER

(Continued from Page 13)

happy as kings! You were born to be loved, and I was born to love you."

Jane had dreamed of words like those—no one had ever written them to her. Of course, her brown hair was long, and her skirts—a trifle. She didn't rouge much. She looked like any other nice girl of twenty-four or so who's never had her name in the papers, except at birth, graduation, and so on, and who will never get it there, most likely, except by marrying or dying. There was nothing about her, perhaps, to evoke that song of songs: "You were born to be loved, I was born to love you," but it woke an echo in her heart—a sighing echo, a dying fall of beauty.

It startled Jane that she came to the bottom of the packet so soon. And that the last letter of all was so brief. He had seen her again, and he had seen Bill Gross. He had not been able to have her all to himself, except for a little while, because Bill Gross had been so much in evidence.

"If you ask me," he wrote bitterly, "your friend—the old friend of your family—needs kicking. He's got the manners of a traffic cop on New Year's Eve, and doesn't know it. He seems to feel at home with you. I thought you told me you'd eased him off some time ago. I don't mean to be a crab, Jenny—dearest darling Jenny—and that last moment in the hall when you kissed me good-by was worth anything—although I hated like hell to have my last moment with you come at the end of a rotten studio party—but I wish you'd keep away from that whole crowd. You're so far above 'em—it's funny! I'll write to you again—maybe tomorrow. I picked up a cold on the train coming back—feel like a grampus—isn't that the thing that blows such a lot? Well, no matter how things break, I love you. I'd give this world and the next, if you were my wife—all mine."

There wasn't any more. Jane sat with the letters in her lap and looked out of the window, where darkness had settled, slashed with oblongs and squares of misty gold—light from other people's windows. Room 379 was very still. Had Ricky ever seen it, Jane wondered. He might very well have. The day bed, being covered with a nondescript sort of tapestry piled with pillows of nondescript pattern, made the place a sitting room of sorts. Had Ricky looked out into that cavern of a court? Had he sat in the chair where Jane was now sitting? Not unlikely.

Tall, was he, with deep-set dark eyes and thick smooth dark hair; a mouth, half humorous, half ardent? No, two-thirds ardor! Very little humor, in a lover, will do for any woman. His voice, not too deep, but with an undertone of caress.

Jane got up and hid the letters in the bottom of her trunk—not yet entirely unpacked. She laid an ivory-lace shawl which her grandmother had left her round them and about them, tucked them into it with tender fingers. The frowzy pink ribbon she slung into the wastebasket.

She had her dinner and read a book and went to bed—the first night of her freedom from family routine. But she couldn't sleep as she should, and when she did sleep she was restless, because all night long Ricky and Bill Gross and Horace and Jenny-my-sweet walked in and out of her dreams, tormenting her.

She thought, lying awake in a grayish dawn, with only the groan and grunt of an elevator somewhere for reassurance of other life upon the planet: "I'm where I always wanted to be. This is my room—all mine. I've lived till now in other people's houses. They were my father and mother, but they were other people. Whether I was welcome there or not, the room I lived in never belonged to me. This does."

That the room she had lived in most of her life had been larger and airier, better curtained and carpeted, with a view other than court walls inclosing a miscellaneous assortment of windows, mattered very little before Jane's passion for possession, for individual existence.

She thought: "And the first day I'm in my own place I find a beautiful page out of life, with my name on it. It looks like fate. It looks like an omen. It looks like a hunch. I can get what I want if I go on looking for it. It exists. I believe in it." She lay with her arms crossed under her head and drowsed and dreamed, awake. "I wish I could see him, that Ricky! There's never been anyone I could tell myself to really, never anyone who told himself to me that way."

She didn't see Ricky, but about noon that day, just as she was putting on her hat to go out, the telephone rang and the clerk at the desk downstairs said, "Miss Jenny Thompson to see you."

Jenny Thompson—Jenny—what other Jenny would it be?

Jane said coolly, "Miss Thompson had this room before I came, didn't she?"

The clerk said yes, that Miss Thompson had had 379 until a few days before Miss Thornton moved in.

"Will you ask her to come up?" said Jenny.

After that—some five or six minutes after that—there was a knock at the door, and when Jenny answered, a pink and white and golden girl walked in with considerable grace and all the composure of Cleopatra. Jane thought the pink a little faded, the white a little soiled, and the gold a little tarnished, but then Jane had doubtless a dash of the cat in her blended soul. Besides, though gentlemen prefer them, ladies as a rule do not, knowing how hard it is to get, and keep, a convincing shade. Also the perfume put Jane off. It was stronger than in the closet and, if anything, less subtle.

"Oh, Ricky, how could you!" cried Jane in silence. Aloud she murmured, "Miss Thompson"—she wanted viciously to add, "Any relation to Sadie?" but that she forbore.

"How do you do?" said the other sweetly, and softly, and slowly—lazy, languid, laughing. "Yes, I am Jenny Thompson, and I ought to beg a thousand pardons for intruding like this."

"Oh, not at all," said Jane. She added—immemorial line—"Won't you sit down?"

Miss Thompson sat down and made a bit of conversation about the weather, which was not, as it happened, of a kind to inspire attention.

Jane thought to herself fiercely, "Why doesn't she say what she's come for and be done with it?"

"I had this room, you know, for three years, before you came into it," said Miss Thompson wistfully. She was beautiful in a way. Her nose and her eyes and her mouth were nearly perfect, but with a lack somewhere. Not as if the hand of the potter had slipped, but as if it had wrought steadily in a poor sort of clay.

Jane saw what it was that had magicked Ricky. Even a woman could see it and feel it. Something that blossomed like a flower, flowed like moonlight on the air. Miss Thompson didn't need the perfume she used in such abundance, nor the large pearls about her neck, nor the moist scarlet accenting her mouth. She had in herself something beside which perfume and pearls and lipstick were fairly futile. And she used it as a peacock uses its tail absent-mindedly.

She said, "It's such a dear little room."

"It'll do," said Jane.

"I was very, very happy here."

"Why," said Jane—Austen—"did you move?"

The other was vaguely frank: "Oh, one gets restless. I'm on the Drive now. I do so love the river." She made flowing gestures with two slender white hands, overly

(Continued on Page 54)

The Landau Sedan $1295
Body by Fisher

"...now rich new colors in Duco place refreshing emphasis on the brilliant beauty of Oakland-Fisher Bodies!"

$1095
SEDAN

Prominent among the many advancements Oakland has pioneered for the industry is the use of Fisher Bodies on cars of the Oakland price class. Everyone knows that no small part of Oakland's popularity is directly traceable to the excellence of Oakland-Fisher coachwork. Oakland bodies have always been notable for the spaciousness and luxury they provided. In balanced proportion, in harmony of contour, in excellence of detail and appointment—they have long represented an ideal that other manufacturers have found advantageous to imitate ... and *now rich new colors in Duco place refreshing emphasis on the brilliant beauty of Oakland-Fisher bodies*—for these striking and original combinations were devised in cooperation with Dupont, the world's leading authority on automotive color and color contrast... You who have felt that refreshing color harmonies were exclusive to the costly car field, will find a revelation awaiting you in the Greater Oakland Six of today. Each body type reveals even more satisfying beauty... Each represents the outstanding value of its field... For each provides all of Oakland's renowned stamina, smoothness and flashing performance enhanced to a new and unique degree by a new and unique order of beauty!

Touring, $1025; Sport Phaeton, $1095; Sedan, $1095; Landau Coupe, $1125; Sport Roadster, $1175; 4-Door Sedan, $1195; Landau Sedan, $1295. The New and Finer Pontiac Six, $775 to $975. All prices at factory. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

The Greater
OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS ❧ ❧ WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

The HOOKLESS
REG U S PAT OFF
FASTENER
on Overalls

OVERALLS, work clothes and children's play-suits are subjected to severe wear and tear, yet the durable HOOKLESS Fastener with which they are now fastened will outlast even these sturdy garments themselves.

This modern method of fastening replaces buttons, snaps, laces, buckles, hooks and eyes on all types of wearing apparel.

It is as flexible as the material to which it is applied and absolutely rustproof, which assures laundering with perfect safety.

It ALWAYS WORKS—just an easy pull to open or close!

For rugged, constant service you can always depend on the HOOKLESS Fastener. The HOOKLESS trade-mark on the pull identifies it as the original slide fastener.

Write us for names of manufacturers who supply articles using the HOOKLESS Fastener.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
Meadville, Pennsylvania
In Canada
CANADIAN LIGHTNING FASTENER CO., LTD
St. Catharines, Ontario

The HOOKLESS ... you against inferior imitations and substitutes

(Continued from Page 52

manicured. "You find it very comfortable, don't you?" she added irrelevantly.

"The river?" said Jane.

"The room!" said Miss Thompson.

She moved uneasily under Jane's impersonal glance, under Jane's brisk rejoinders. "You have your hat on. I know you were going out—I won't keep you a moment."

"Quite all right," said Jane.

"You see," said Miss Thompson appealingly, "I think I may have left something when I moved out of here. I am frightfully careless, and I had to do all my packing myself." Her great gray eyes besought sympathy.

"I haven't found anything," said Jane—the Pirate Bride speaking.

"Oh, you wouldn't have been apt to find this"

"Was it something to wear?"

"No, no, no! It was nothing of any importance—some papers, that's all."

("That's all"—poor Ricky!)

"Where did you say you left them?" asked Jane, polite but not obsequious.

"You'd never imagine—might I look?" begged Miss Thompson.

"Certainly," said Jane.

"Don't think me a frightful nuisance—it was in the closet."

"Oh," said Jane blankly, "there was nothing hanging there, I'm sure."

"This wasn't hanging. It was—do you mind if I look?"

"Not at all," said Jane, adding pleasantly, "Shall I switch on the light for you?"

She switched on the light. She said, "Have a look!" throwing open the closet door.

The other seemed to hesitate. "It would have been on the shelf."

"Really?" said Jane. "Can you reach it?"

"I'm afraid I'll need a chair."

"Let me get you one."

"Oh, please!" murmured Miss Thompson. "I hate to give you so much trouble." Jane fetched a chair and stood by with an expression of well-bred interest.

Miss Thompson mounted with a dancer's swing and thrust a hand across the shelf till she touched the large white pipe against the wall. She felt around it and behind it very thoroughly. She inspected the shelf from end to end. She came down off the chair, looking startled, and smiling sweetly.

"There's nothing there. I must have been mistaken."

"Too bad. I'm afraid you've got yourself rather dusty," said Jane. "Shouldn't you like to wash your hands?" When the caller had washed her hands, Jane inquired further, "Papers, you said? Shall I look out for them?"

"Please don't," said Miss Thompson. "It really doesn't matter in the least. The chambermaid who cleaned up after me must have thrown it out. No good asking—they're all such liars."

"Aren't they!" said honest Jane.

"I'm so sorry to have troubled you."

"It's been no trouble."

"You know what it is to leave things lying about. One forgets so easily."

"You would!" cried Elaine in Jane. Aloud Miss Thornton said amiably, "Of course."

Miss Thompson went away like smoke rings on the air, like foam in the wake of a ship. Jane locked the door and sat down on her trunk, which was of the steamer variety and had stood all the time near the day bed. She put her elbows on her knees and put her chin in her hands and fell to dreaming of the letters, with an outrageous smile on her mouth. Jane's mouth was nothing to be ashamed of. If she'd used the same tricks with it as the other Jenny, it would have been almost as beautiful; perhaps not quite.

"She didn't deserve to have them," said Jane to herself. "She should never have had her hands on them. She didn't seem to mind frightfully, not finding them. If I thought she actually wanted them—I'd keep 'em anyhow!"

Jane rarely deceived herself. She had a certain quality of ruthlessness which came of not being an only child. She had had, all her life, to grapple things she wanted; and she wanted those letters with a hunger and an ache she hardly cared to admit.

Of course she had moments—uneasy argumentative moments—when she considered calling Miss Thompson on the telephone and saying to her, "I have found a package of letters—is that what you were looking for?"

Eventually she decided it couldn't be done, for the simplest most unanswerable reason: Because she had thrown the frowsty pink ribbon into the wastebasket. The chambermaid had thrown it out, and one couldn't very well go begging a chambermaid to bring back a thing like that. Equally, one couldn't, without it, return the letters to the person who had so tied them together. It would involve explanation, at the very least.

So Jane had her luncheon and went for a walk and went to see an editor who had once written her that a certain manuscript was not quite suited to his present purposes—he regretted to say—but wouldn't she sometime send him something else; and the editor, who was plump and patient and knew his stuff, gave her five minutes, then gave her the gate—in Ricky's delightful phrase—but so gently, so altogether charmingly, that until she reached 379 again, Jane almost considered that she had effected a landing.

As soon as she realized what had actually happened she gave a short and bitter laugh. Who wouldn't? But by that time the wound had closed and she could contemplate with calmness inviting the same treatment from another editor next day.

"If I can't make a living at that," she thought doggedly, "I can get work in a bookshop"

She had worked in a bookshop at home and had been a great success, allowing customers to browse undisturbed until just the right moment, then pouncing hawklike.

"But I shall," thought Jane, "get away with fiction." Race memory sustained her, stretching back into Neanderthalian twilights. When was fiction not the easiest get-away of the long-haired and helpless ones?

She sat in her chair by the window, dreaming and planning; thinking occasionally, with a shade of uneasiness, about Miss Thompson and the letters wrapped in the white lace shawl; thinking, with a sort of wistful tenderness, about Ricky, who hadn't been able to believe love would last, and the dusty high shelf where his had come to rest ignominiously—one almost fancied the perfume of Jenny-my-sweet hanging on the air again.

Jane got up and opened the window, letting in a gust of chilly air for relief. Six o'clock by her wrist watch, small but businesslike upon a gray leather strap. Five minutes later the telephone rang.

Jane was doing her hair in the bathroom, had just about put in the final pin. She meant to change her frock and go out for dinner. She had observed around the corner a tidy little tea room. The telephone startled her, not altogether pleasurably. It couldn't be the plump and patient gentleman. He didn't know where she lived. He hadn't even asked her to leave her address. It could be—although the thought repelled—it could be Miss Thompson wishing to make another and more thorough search.

"Hello!" said Jane coldly, in case it were Miss Thompson.

A man's voice, curt but pleasant, inquired, "Miss Thornton?"

Jane didn't know a man in New York. She said more coldly yet, "Jane Thornton, yes. Who is this speaking?"

"My name is Lindsay. I haven't met you, Miss Thornton ——"

"I see," said Jane—she hoped not too apprehensively. "Well, in that case ——"

"I am very anxious to see you," he insisted, "upon a matter I can't very well discuss over the telephone."

"Have you a letter to me?" asked Jane—an inspiration she instantly regretted.

He replied at once, "It is about some letters which you have ——"

A lawyer from Jenny-my-sweet!—the plot thickening along perfectly orthodox lines. A lawyer—more likely a detective? Jane caught her breath. She didn't know what the law could do to her for taking another woman's letters; she didn't know just what she was in for. But she met the unknown gamely.

She said with aloof dignity, "Who told you, if I may ask?"

"I was sent to you," said the unseen Lindsay distinctly, "by a Miss Thompson. I am downstairs now, and if you will see me for only ten minutes ——"

"I'm afraid it can't be longer," Jane assured him, "because I was just about to go out."

"Thanks. May I come up?" he suggested.

"You may," said Jane.

She pushed the steamer trunk under the bed before he got there. She straightened a pillow or so on the tapestried day bed and turned on the lamp on a table beside the wall. It wasn't a bad little room, she thought. She had time to think that, in the midst of her apprehensions. She had time to think that if this were only Ricky calling up—coming up—to take her out to dinner somewhere. Oh, not to a place where he'd have to know the cover charge before he went in—poor darling!—just to some homely *rôtisserie*—a sandwich and coffee even. What living that would be! Women like Jenny-my-sweet get all the breaks.

Down the hall the elevator snored and grunted; its door snarled, opening; snarled and clanged, closing. If that were Ricky and if Ricky were—as he must be—tall and dark, with moody deep-set eyes ——

A knock on the door—a curt businesslike knock—to which Jane opened slowly. The man who stood there was reasonably tall, reasonably dark, but his eyes were gray and kindly. Never having met a detective, Jane didn't know if he looked like one. He inquired, while she regarded him with surprise and disinterest neatly conveyed in equal proportions, "Miss Thornton?"

"I am Jane Thornton," said Jane. Reluctantly she added, "Won't you come in?" She waved him to a chair.

He took the chair and Jane sat on the day bed. She felt easier there. By crossing her ankles and tipping the toes of one foot gently back and to one side, she could feel the edge of the steamer trunk. It was almost like feeling the letters.

"Miss Thompson ——" he began.

"My name is Thornton," said Jane.

"Sorry!" he looked a little startled at her brusqueness. "I know. I was going to say that Miss Thompson sent me to you ——"

"Really?" said Jane. "How interesting!" Lady Caroline Lamb putting the proletariat in its place. Discretion forced her to a question, loftily phrased, "May I ask when you saw Miss Thompson?"

"Why, I saw her only this afternoon."

'Only this afternoon!" Then she hadn't—until after she came looking for something she'd left in Room 379 and failed to find it—she hadn't called in this person.

He was saying gravely, "However, I had spoken to her on the telephone last night."

"Last night!" Last night she couldn't have known the letters were gone! She must still have supposed them to be safe on that lofty shelf. Here was a two and two which did not make four.

"I take it for granted," said Mr. Lindsay, "that you know why she sent me to you."

"Haven't the least idea," said Jane insolently.

He corrected her, kindly yet with authority and a faint flavor of something appallingly like contempt, "I think you must, Miss Thornton. My errand is no more pleasant for me than for you. Can't we lay all the cards on the table and get it over with? Without stalling."

(Continued on Page 56)

Wonder what a man reading a menu thinks about?

EVERYTHING but the menu, probably! . . . Waiting for the waitress and scanning the card that offers him today's choice of dishes, does the average man think once about *the kind of nourishment* he'll get from the meal he's going to eat? Not he! Nourishment is nourishment, and that's that! . . . When a man's not hungry any more, then he's well-fed . . . "Take my order, please —I'm in a hurry!"

On second thought, however, it's not fair to say "average man" and let it go at that. "Average man below thirty-five" would be nearer the mark. After thirty-five the majority of men readjust their diet and their views on diet. Some do it because they have to . . . "Yes, my stomach's gone back on me!" . . . Others do it as a deliberate step in a certain direction—a move toward greater mental and physical efficiency, greater happiness and greater success.

Men of the latter type have as much respect for modern scientific knowledge of nutrition as they have for any other science that contributes to the welfare of the human race. They use such knowledge for their personal benefit. They make it guard their health.

A perfectly balanced diet is the best health-protection that can ever be devised. Scientists know that now. They are shouting it from the housetops. And the wiser part of the world is listening very respectfully.

There is a delicious modern food which can be of great benefit to you in arranging a well-balanced diet. Grape-Nuts—crisp, golden kernels, made from wheat and malted barley. By a special baking process, the tempting, nut-like flavor of the grains is developed to the utmost and ready digestibility is assured.

Grape-Nuts gives to the body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with whole milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an exceptionally well-balanced ration.

The crispness of Grape-Nuts, also, was planned for your health. This delightful crunchiness adds to your enjoyment, and gives to teeth and gums the vigorous exercise they require for health and beauty . . . Chewing is a vital factor in perfect nutrition.

Try Grape-Nuts tomorrow morning. Your grocer sells it, of course . . . Perhaps you will wish to accept the following offer:

Two servings of Grape-Nuts and "A Book of Better Breakfasts"—free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free—together with an interesting booklet written by a famous physical director.

© 1927, P. Co., Inc

Mail this Coupon Now!

G—S E P 4-8-27

Postum Company, Inc
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me free two trial packages of Grape-Nuts together with "A Better Breakfasts" by a famous physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name

Street

City

State

In Canada, Address
Canadian Postum Co., Ltd.
[illegible] Bldg.
Toronto 2, Ontario

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate

THE hand that writes the bridge score is always under keen, appraising eyes. Nothing enhances the grace and beauty of feminine fingers more than the Conklin Sapphire Blue Endura pen. The short model shown here, fitted with ring cap, sells for $6.00 and is covered by an unconditional guarantee of free service forever. The long model is $8.00. Annular rings in contrasting color on cap and barrel are the distinguishing marks of the Conklin Endura. Other Conklin pens all prices, all colors, all models. Pencils to match.

The Conklin Pen Company
TOLEDO, OHIO
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Conklin
ENDURA
Unconditionally & Perpetually Guaranteed

(Continued from Page 54)

"Be good enough to say what you mean," said Jane. She sat very straight, with her chin in the air and her brown eyes blazing. His contempt faded, but the authority remained.

"If you are after the letters ——" said Jane.

"I am," said Mr. Lindsay. "Thanks very much for allowing me to be frank about it."

"I allow you nothing."

He smiled. Washington crossing the Delaware would have smiled. Jane was so small and so proud and so prickly.

"Miss Thompson," he told her—his smile did not last long, and when it went the lines about his mouth and his eyes grew deeper—"Miss Thompson said she was sure you would be only too glad to let me have them—she said you were not very serious about Ricky." With the name the strained mouth twitched suddenly and painfully.

"She said that, did she?" said Jane. Her brain whirled. She sat looking at the floor and thinking fast. What had Miss Thompson told him? What was she up to? Was this man a detective or wasn't he? Even a sketchy acquaintance with criminal literature suggested to Jane that detectives didn't commonly wince, discussing the object of their investigations.

"You seem," said Jane carefully, "to have got a good deal of information from Miss Thompson."

"I might explain," he offered rather tiredly, "that in the first place I thought it was Miss Thompson I was looking for."

"Oh, did you?" said Jane. Then the errand was his own—Miss Thompson merely a side issue.

"Your names," he continued, "sound rather alike."

"Perhaps. That's as far as it goes—the likeness."

"I dare say, but you see it wasn't until she set me straight ——"

"Good at that, isn't she!" said Jane.

"She was very kind."

"And she told you I had the letters?"—daringly—"Ricky's?"

"She said, although she hadn't seen them recently, she was quite sure you had them."

Jane folded her arms and looked at her caller for some moments in silence. Rage mounted within her for Miss Thompson's smooth knavery. It was one thing to appropriate those letters; something else entirely to have them planted on one. One thing to desire sweetness another had misprized; something else, emphatically, to be left holding the bag while that other proceeded safely upon her languid way. Far off a light broke—which is to say, the dawn.

"Did you, by any chance, meet a Mr. Gross with Miss Thompson?" asked Jane silkily.

Mr. Lindsay seemed a trifle impatient and tireder than ever. "I believe I did. Rather heavy set? She introduced him as her fiancé."

"That's it!" said Jane, very nearly crowing, to see the thing unfold itself so thoroughly in accord with all the best precedents. "That's undoubtedly it!"

"I have no interest in Miss Thompson," said Mr. Lindsay, and looked it. "My only interest is in my brother's letters."

Jane gasped. She felt her heart stumble and pick up again. "Brother!"

"Certainly. I am Horace Lindsay. You may have heard Ricky speak of me."

"I have heard of you," said Jane, groping her way dazedly out of this least looked for, although most natural, complication.

Horace, who from time to time had come through with a check, ready, even now perhaps, to come through with another to get his wild kinsman out of a muddle. After the letters, was he? With his tired, businesslike voice. Taking that perfumed slattern's word for it that Jane was the one from whom his brother would have to be saved, from whom his brother's brave black-and-white promises would have to be rescued, so as to have no breach-of-promise suit, no gold-digger's scandal in the respectable house of Lindsay.

They deserved a sweeter fate, those letters, than to fall into ungentle hands, under contemptuous eyes. If Ricky were weak enough to connive at the desecration of the shrine himself had wrought, Jane wasn't.

Inwardly she ran up the black flag, broke the Jolly Roger to the wind. "Yes," she said, "I have the letters, and I expect to keep them."

"How much will you take for them?" he asked. Jane looked at him without a word, until he reddened and withdrew it. "Perhaps I shouldn't have said that."

"Quite all right to say it, if you thought it."

He shook his head—there was a touch of gray in his dark hair which she found rather distinguished. "I don't think it. As a matter of fact, you're different from what I expected, from what Ricky told me."

"What has Ricky told you?"

Jane couldn't choke it off. Ricky seemed so real to her. Through the letters she had watched his heartbeat, like a vein on a man's temple, swelling and subsiding beneath the skin. She felt she knew him far better, just through those letters, than the man sitting there talking to her would ever know him. He was too tired, too cold, too practical ever to make contact with a flame like Ricky's.

He was saying, "Ricky said you never really cared for him."

Jane nodded, almost forgetting the speaker in the thing he was telling her. Ricky had known then, when he wrote, "How can I ever keep you?" He had known in his soul he wasn't going to be able to keep her—his Jenny, my sweet. She was slipping away, and he had known it, to Bill Gross, who would take her where he could spend the most money. Bill Gross had almost got her then. He had quite got her now, "and good riddance of bad rubbish!" thought Jane savagely. Of course, Ricky had known, but that hadn't stopped his wanting her, with the devastating hunger of youth.

"Infatuation," said Horace Lindsay, "that's all. Still, somehow, I will say you're not ——"

Jane said nothing at all, afraid of a misstep. She looked so small, sitting on the side of the day bed, so slim and so clean and so cool, in her tailored frock with its round, schoolboy collar.

Horace Lindsay scowled wearily and shrugged his big shoulders.

"You won't let me have them?" he persisted. "Ricky thought he'd like them destroyed."

"Then why didn't he come and get them himself?" said Jane impudently.

At which, like the wing of a monstrous bird, something brushed her with deathly chill. The grim and tortured dignity of the mouth that answered her, the suffering in the look that met hers—suffering and reproach!

"There was hardly time," said Horace Lindsay.

All at once, under her eyes, he went to pieces. "Oh, good God—I'm sorry!" he said brokenly, and put his face down in his hands with a deep gulping sob.

Jane went blindly into the bathroom for water, came back and stood at his shoulder till he looked up and took the glass from her hand, trying apologetically to smile.

She said imploringly, "I didn't know ——"

He nodded, pathetically boyish, "It's a horrible thing to ask, but can you lend me a handkerchief? I've lost mine."

Jane fetched him the largest she owned, and the plainest. It looked small enough and sheer enough in his big brown hand. Then she put away the glass while he blew his nose. When she came back he had steadied himself.

"I must be pretty well all in to pull a stunt like that. Haven't had much sleep this last week. . . . You say you didn't know about Ricky?"

"No," said Jane, "no—nothing." Her throat hurt her, watching those bloodshot eyes, that doggedly controlled mouth, waiting to hear Ricky's brother tell her what she hadn't known.

"Ricky's dead—pneumonia—a week ago yesterday. He was sick just three days. Caught cold on a train ——"

That was in the last letter of all—it came back to her like a knife thrust—cruel now to remember. "I picked up a cold on the train"—he had joked about it—"I feel like a grampus—isn't that the thing that blows such a lot?" And death, at the moment, just three days away from him! All that bright fire of living, snuffed like a candle. That singing voice, dumb. That ardent heart, still.

Unbearable suddenly to Jane, that she had lied! She said, locking her hands together in her lap and looking at Horace Lindsay out of dark steadfast eyes, ashamed, "I didn't know, you see, because I didn't know him."

He stared, baffled and weary. "But you said ——"

"I know. I said I had his letters. I have. I'll give them to you."

"How could you have ——"

"I'll tell you," she begged, "if you'll listen."

He sat with his arms folded, slumped wearily back in his chair, watching her while she told. She sat on the edge of the day bed, hands clasped tight between her knees, and her voice shook a little. It wasn't so easy, telling.

"You see, I moved into this room day before yesterday. I've just come to New York from Georgia."

She didn't quite get a mutter of his at that point, so she explained carefully, "My grandmother left me some money—not much ——"

"I said you looked more like Georgia than New York," said Horace Lindsay.

"Give me time," said Jane. "However, about the letters. I found them—first day I was here—on a shelf in that closet. A high shelf, way back ——"

"You found them! Well, how did she know?—Miss Thompson."

"Because she'd left 'em there, that's why. They were hers. He wrote 'em to her. And she cared so little she went away and left 'em behind a steam pipe, covered with dust. She had this room before me, you know. Then, after you telephoned her, she came back here to look for them; and she couldn't—she didn't—as a matter of fact," said Jane defiantly, "I had put 'em away!"

"You had? To give to her?"

"No," Jane flushed deeply, but she kept her chin up. "I wanted them for myself—to keep. They were beautiful."

"Hadn't you any letters of your own?" His eyes crinkled—if he hadn't been so tired ——

"No," said Jane stubbornly. "Never any like those. They were the kind that take you straight off your feet; the kind that every woman dreams of getting, but most men don't write. He must—he must have been wonderful."

"Ricky was a great kid," said his brother huskily. He cleared his throat abruptly, then he got up and walked to the window, stood there with his back to the room.

"So I let her think," said Jane, returning to Miss Thompson, "that the chambermaid had thrown 'em out."

He was coming back now, over the hard place, diverted, as Jane had intended he should be.

"Then why did she tell me ——" he inquired.

"Because she didn't believe it—about the chambermaid. She was cleverer than I thought. She used so much scent, that was what fooled me."

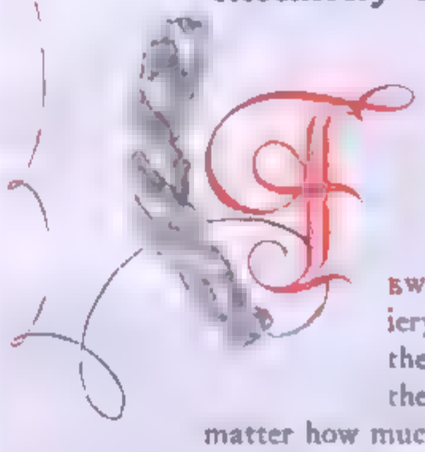
"Good Lord, it's dreadful—what is it she uses?" asked Horace Lindsay. He came all the way back to his chair and sat down, very nearly amused. When he was amused he had the nicest look about his mouth.

Jane said sedately, "It's probably called Night of Love, or Give Me Your Soul—something like that—and it would come in a black glass bottle. Anyhow, whatever it is, it's protective odoration, d'y' see? Because she's really very sharp. She was sure I'd taken the letters, and directly you came

(Continued on Page 59)

As for hosiery . . . . the *Fresher* the silk —— the *Better* the fit . . . . . *because*

FRESH silk hosiery is resilient, it moulds itself to every curve, clings snugly, and when stretched, springs instantly back into shape.



FEW THINGS are more irritating than hosiery that fits with limp indifference—the sort that continually wrinkles at the ankle and sags at the knee. For, no matter how much time or thought you may devote to the rest of your costume, unless your hosiery *fits well*, the whole ensemble is sure to lose its effectiveness.

You can easily avoid the annoyance of ill-fitting hose if you will let Realsilk take care of your hosiery requirements.

Don't overlook the fact that the *freshness* of the silk has a most important bearing on the fit of your hosiery . . . And you can always be sure the silk *is* FRESH if you buy your hosiery *direct from our Mills* through the Realsilk Gold Button Man who calls at your home.

SILK THAT IS 24 DAYS "YOUNG"

Due to Realsilk's exclusive methods, raw silk is brought *fresh* from the filatures in Japan to the great Mills at Indianapolis in the unbelievably short space of 13 days. In 6 days more it can be manufactured into hosiery. And since we deal *direct with the consumer*, rarely more than 5 days are required to make deliveries by mail to Realsilk customers throughout the land.

Think of it! Scarcely a month after the silk is taken from the cocoons, you can actually be wearing hosiery fashioned from it.

Silk as FRESH as that from which Realsilk Hosiery is made has lost none of its natural flexibility and life. That's why Realsilk Hosiery moulds itself so firmly to every contour—clings so snugly when once adjusted—creating a charmingly smooth, sleek silhouette from top to toe.

AND IT HOLDS ITS SHAPE, INDEFINITELY

Whether it be our full fashioned or our "regulars", you'll find—as millions of women already have found—that Realsilk Hosiery fits well not only the first time you wear it—but as long as you wear it! Stockings made of FRESH silk, even in the sheerest fabrics, are not likely to stretch out of shape.

If you have never worn Realsilk Gold Button Brand Hosiery, it will pay you to give our Representative an opportunity to demonstrate its advantages. We will be glad to arrange an appointment if you will 'phone our local Branch Office or drop a line to the Mills telling when you want him to call.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U. S. A.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie
250 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Consult 'Phone Directory for Your Local Office

REALSILK

Gold Button Brand

HOSIERY

and SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS

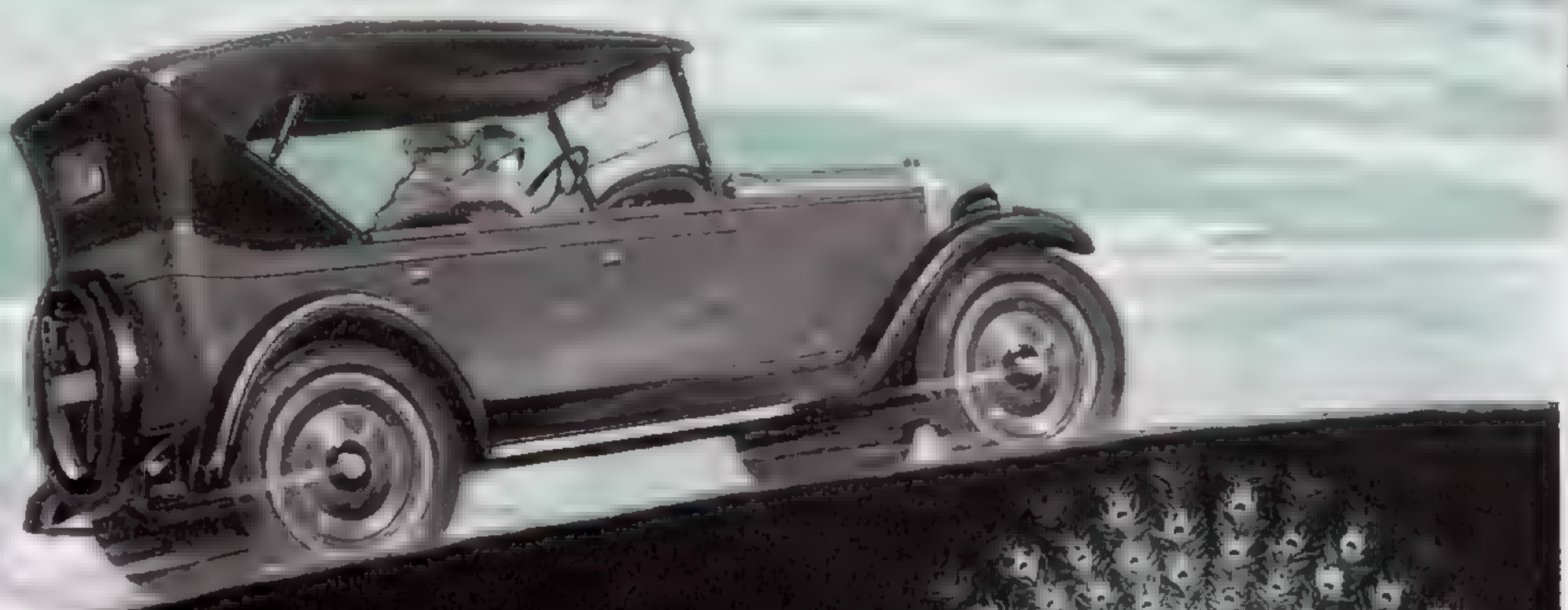
This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Service Representative when he calls at your home or office.

"There's just ONE WAY"

© 1927, R. S. H. M.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET



SO Smooth
SO Powerful
SO Beautiful

The Most Beautiful CHEVROLET in Chevrolet History

Never before has any automobile ever provided, at so low a price, so many qualities of costly-car performance and so many elements of custom-built beauty. Modern to the minute in design, offering true distinction in appearance, built of fine quality materials throughout—the Most Beautiful Chevrolet is the outstanding triumph of the world's largest builder of gearshift cars. Call on your Chevrolet Dealer. See and drive the car. Learn why everyone says, "So smooth—so powerful—so beautiful!"

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The TOURING CAR
$525

The Roadster	$525
The Coach	$595
The Coupe	$625
The Sedan	$695
The Sport Cabriolet	$715
The Landau	$745
1-Ton Truck (Chassis only)	$495
½-Ton Truck (Chassis only)	$395

Balloon Tires now standard on all models. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

In addition to these low prices Chevrolet delivered prices include the lowest handling and financing charges available.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 56)

looking for them she told you they were mine—to get rid of you, and of them."

He took hold of the tangled web there himself. "She said the name wasn't Thompson, but Thornton, and I couldn't be sure I hadn't misunderstood Ricky on it, because it was toward the last, when he guessed himself he was going, and he only told me—there was no one else in the room for a moment—that there were some letters he'd like destroyed. . . . A girl that lived here. He wasn't too clear with the name and address. He said what I told you about knowing she never really cared, then he went off again. I hadn't much to go on."

"You told her that?"

"I dare say she got it out of me."

"And she admitted that she knew him—or not?"

"She said you'd both known him. She'd seen his death, of course—in the papers. But what I still don't get is why wouldn't she want his letters? Why wouldn't any girl be proud ——"

"Bill Gross," said Jane.

"I see," said Horace Lindsay slowly. His mouth twisted in a slightly cynical smile. "No incriminating correspondence, eh?"

"Ricky hated him. Ricky was afraid of him for her. She fooled Ricky about him from the start. I'm sure of it. She always meant to get Bill Gross if she could."

"You know him?"

Jane had the grace to look startled. "No, I don't, but you forget I read the letters." She added, in extenuation of a sort, "You see, I'm called Jenny, too, sometimes."

He echoed musingly, "Jenny—well, you look it. She doesn't."

"There were no envelopes, you know. My name was right across the top on every one"—"Jenny, darling—Jenny-my-sweet." How long ago it seemed since she had climbed down from the chair with those incredible scribblings in her hands. Abruptly she admitted, "There's no excuse at all for me. I just did it."

Horace Lindsay shook his head. "It doesn't matter. I dare say Ricky'd have liked you to. He was a crazy youngster." She saw him steel himself against remembering too vividly the crazy youngster Ricky had been. "He never did things like anyone else. He never wanted the things most people go after—money, success, all that. He was impatient as the devil—always broke."

"You were awfully good to him, weren't you?" said Jane. "Yes, you were! It's in the letters. He said you were one of the best ——"

"Did he—did he say that?"

Jane wanted to cry. His eyes were so surprised and so pleased. Then, as if a wound, being touched, began afresh to bleed, he broke into explanation:

"He was ten years younger, you know. I sort of gave him a hand now and then. My father's got pretty rigid ideas about his sons inheriting the job. That worked all right with me—not with Ricky. Nobody but me understood the kid. Mother never could get him. She's pretty close to my father anyway. I'm not temperamental myself, but I could always find Ricky, when the rest of 'em couldn't. He used to come to me ——"

"And you used to come through with a check."

"Is that in the letters too?"

"Yes. He used it to come up here to her."

"I don't care what he used it for. I got a big kick out of having him count on me."

"You would!" said Jane.

"As for the Thompson girl," said Horace Lindsay, "I was always afraid he'd fall for something like that. I tried to tell the old man so—no good! Wouldn't listen to me. Ricky hated the work he was doing. He was an artist—he was a poet! If he'd had a chance at painting or writing—the sort of thing he always wanted—he wouldn't have been so easy for women."

"You think we're just one more outlet?" asked Jane wistfully. He pulled himself up with a start, smiling apologetically, and got to his feet. "I don't know anything at all about you. Been too busy all my life. I only knew Ricky."

"And he was your outlet," thought Jane to herself, "and now he's gone and you're all shot to pieces. You're all soul alone, aren't you?"

But even Jane didn't say it aloud. She offered instead: "Shall I get you the letters?"

"If you don't mind," he said gratefully.

She had to pull the trunk out from under the bed to get them. He helped her with it and stood waiting while she opened it, on her knees. She slammed it shut presently and got up with the ivory-lace shawl in her hands, still infolding Ricky's closely covered pages.

"I had them wrapped in this."

"It's a pretty shawl," he said unsteadily.

Jane knew he had caught his first glimpse of the handwriting. She slipped the packet, once unwrapped, into his pocket.

"Don't look at them now. Some day when it's not all so new."

"It'll always be new, losing him."

"Give yourself time," said Jane. She was realizing with terrifying clearness that she couldn't bear him to go away uncomforted.

He turned at the door, with his hand on the knob, and said, as if he were only just realizing something too, "You're the only human being in this world that knows what he meant to me."

"Does it help at all?" said Jane.

"It helps a lot. Queer—you're a little like Ricky, you know."

"Oh, am I?"

"I didn't notice it when I first came in. I suppose your hair—you've got long hair, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Jane, "I'm—I'm almost obsolete."

"It's beautiful," said Horace Lindsay. "You don't mind my looking at it, do you?"

"Not at all," murmured Jane, passionately grateful that just before he came she had brushed and combed and pinned it, shining smooth.

"Like the girl in the old fairy tale," he suggested daringly—he obviously felt it was daring. "You could let it down for a lover to climb by ——"

"I never have," said Jane. Not just byplay—she wanted him to know it.

"Bobbed heads, they're all alike," he considered. Then he went back to Ricky, his half smile suddenly washed out.

"It's not just the way you look; it's something about you. You're so small and neat."

"Was Ricky small?"

Jane caught her breath at that; stared in spite of herself. Not tall and dark and moody? Not pantherish and ardent?

"I've got a picture of him. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, please!" said Jane.

He took it out of his pocketbook with big gentle fingers. Jane took it into her hand and looked down at it through a sudden mist.

Ricky—a well-worn snapshot of a slim small chap in riding kit, small and neat, straight delicate features, a hyacinthine head—Keats drawn to scale—but the eyes were laughing.

"He was a great kid," said the brother that loved him, and took the picture back, clumsily tender, stowed it away, put the wallet into his pocket.

"The letters," said Jane, "were more like you." Lady Caroline Lamb, in that moment—no question—crowded her way to the front.

"Like me!" he stared down at her, incredulous.

"Like you. You may not know yourself. Heaps of people don't."

"You funny little thing!" said Horace Lindsay. He laughed unexpectedly. Then he drew a long sigh of weariness and exasperation, and blurted out like a lonely schoolboy, "I wish I could ask you to go somewhere and talk. You're the first rest I've had since the day he got sick!"

"That's sweet," said Jane shyly—which may not be believed of her.

He added, "But I've got to get a train inside of an hour."

Jane said softly, "I'm as sorry as you are."

"If I come up again ——"

"Oh, I wish you would!"

"Perhaps," said Horace Lindsay awkwardly, but his awkwardness was wonderful to Jane, because it assured her he hadn't done this sort of thing before—"perhaps you'd let me write to you. We seem, don't we?—we seem to have sort of got to know each other this evening. About the letters and all that. In a way it's almost as if"—his eyes begged her to understand—to understand and to say it was so—"as if Ricky had introduced us."

Jane's eyes brimmed suddenly with tears. She put her hand on his arm. She tiptoed—as she had tiptoed to the shelf—and very gently, with a passion of gentleness, she kissed him on the cheek.

"Don't be unhappy!" she whispered.

Then she pushed him out gently and closed the door.

She calculated, not being able to sleep much that night either, that he would be two days getting home, and if he wrote, say two days after his arrival, which would give him time to clear up his desk and what not, then two days back, she might have a letter in a week. If her mad behavior at the door hadn't too utterly disgusted him—a poignant if!

Jane Austen gave her rather a bad time toward morning about that kiss. Elaine considered it bold, Lady Caroline Lamb found it silly, and the Pirate's Bride felt frankly that a kiss should be on the mouth, or why bother?

Between them, Jane writhed. Even her marble halls seemed to close in upon her coldly.

She was eating a tasteless breakfast, wrapped in a dressing gown which looked much gayer than she felt, when a rustle and a hiss drew her attention and a letter slid under the door.

Jane simply sat and stared at it at first. It couldn't be what she wanted, but it was.

Upon the flap of the envelope large green syllables said clearly, "Empire Limited." Unbelievably, he had written to her on the train!

She could hardly bear to open the letter. His writing was small and clear and controlled; not at all like Ricky's.

If it shouldn't be all he had seemed; if, reading it, she lost the exquisite sense of contact; if his letter were just commonplace, it would hurt—it would hurt. . . .

Jane had thought about him all night long—the deep voice, broken in an unbearable agony of loss, "Oh, good God—I'm sorry!" Then that terrible sob, with his face in his hands.

And she had comforted him a little. She had done that. The only one in this world who knew about him and Ricky—he had said so.

She tore the letter open. It said:

Dear Jane Thornton: I can never tell you what you did for me this evening. It's no use trying. But I thought I would send you a line. Got a sandwich and a cup of coffee in the station and caught my train in plenty of time. Get this off to you at Philadelphia, then turn in and try to get some sleep. I need it. I think I may be coming up again in about two weeks. If I can get things straightened out at the office in that length of time, and find a reason to give the old man. Will you go to dinner with me and have a long talk? I'm going to miss you, until then.

As ever,
HORACE LINDSAY.

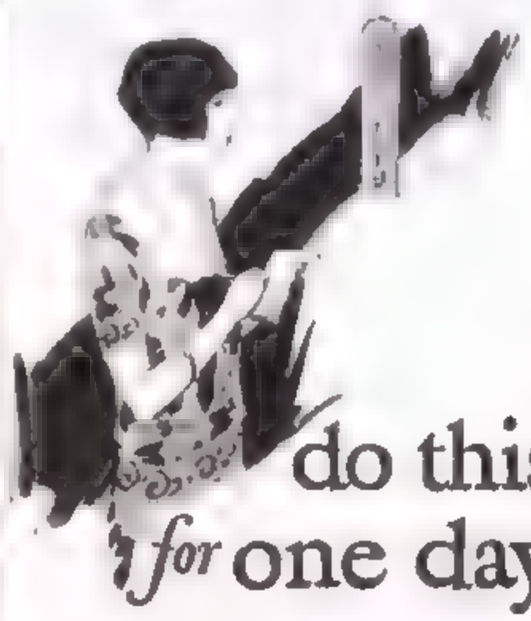
Jane put the letter to her lips and though she didn't use much rouge, a faint pink smudge remained, like the scar of a heartbeat, across his name.

She sat and smiled at nothing . . . like a lady on a fan.

She thought, "As ever—as ever and ever!"

She thought, with a long, long sigh that came from the bottom of her heart, "If his letter had been just like any other man's—I couldn't have borne it."

If you haven't a heat regulator-



do this *for* one day

Every hour, just for one day, make a record of the room temperature in your home. Also note the number of times you find it necessary to open drafts and check the fire. One day of this, especially in the Spring, will convince you of the need of the Minneapolis Heat Regulator.

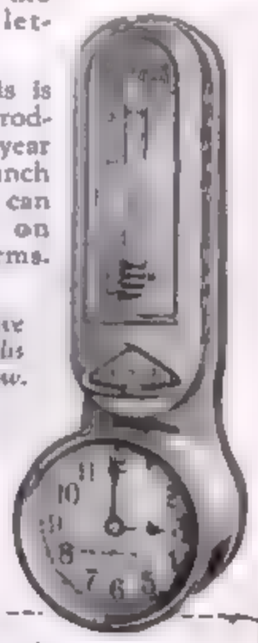
In mild weather, if the draft is open a few minutes too long the temperature shoots beyond the 70 mark. Next time you think of the fire it may be out. It's almost impossible to avoid the two extremes when the heating plant is manually controlled.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR for COAL—GAS—OIL

puts an end to these common heating troubles. You fire up the plant and completely forget about regulation. The room thermostat is sensitive to the slightest heat variation and operates dampers, drafts, valves to keep the temperature uniform. In the Spring it keeps drafts open for short periods only; keeps the fire alive without letting it go out.

The Minneapolis is a dependable product with a 42-year record. Any branch office or dealer can sell it to you on convenient terms.

Phone today, have your Minneapolis installed tomorrow.



Mail this Coupon

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.
Established 1885
2803 Fourth Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your free booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant," and full information on the subject of automatic heat control. I have checked the kind of fuel I am now using or have under consideration

Coal ☐ Gas ☐ Coke ☐ District Steam ☐

Name

Address

ASK...ANY...RADIO...ENGINEER

The "Mountie" isn't lonely any more

WHEN the supply ship steams south from the last outpost of northern civilization in September, not to return until the following July, loneliness will never again beset the lives of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who patrol that vast, wild area.

Radio is now brightening the long winter nights with music, special programs, messages and greetings from their "home folks."

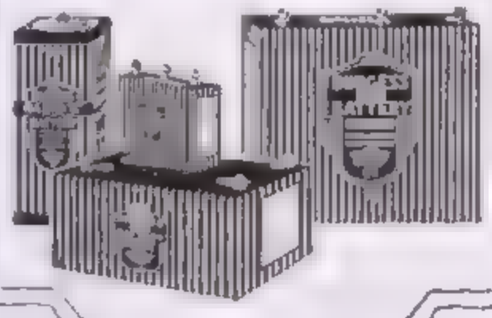
And in the receiving sets of the "Mounties" is the best equipment obtainable. The batteries they use *must* be dependable. They *must* serve until new supplies are brought in a year later.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO

Canadian Factories and Offices:
Niagara Falls and Winnipeg



BURGESS
RADIO BATTERIES

THE DEW OF SUSPICION

(Continued from Page 17)

of action. He took out one of his tap filters, resumed his more professional manner and stepped briskly enough into the tenement-house hallway. He would canvass that human ant hill, he decided, from cellar to attic, and in doing so he would find out just which small and dingy flat harbored this stranger he was so foolishly interested in.

To explore the entire building, however, was not altogether necessary. For by the time he had worked his way to the second floor and was addressing himself to a leathery-faced Ukrainian woman with a baby on her hip, his alert ear caught the sound of a key turning in a near-by lock, and over his shoulder he had a fleeting glimpse of a tall and swarthy man stepping out of a door, relocking it after him and disappearing down the narrow stairway. And since the leathery-faced woman wasn't greatly interested in tap filters, Sporran moved promptly on to the relocked door, where failure to get an answer to his repeated knock persuaded him that the man who had so recently left was, inferentially, the sole occupant of those cramped and gloomy quarters. He even tried the door, to make sure it was securely fastened. Once convinced of this, he wasted no further time in that narrow hallway. He decided to double after the man in the dark gray fedora.

When he stepped out into the street, doing his best to conceal all signs of haste, he caught sight of his quarry standing at the corner of Second Avenue, apparently studying the side street which he had so recently traversed. So Sporran stooped at the house step to tie a shoe lace which wasn't greatly in need of tying, and remained doubled up there until the man in the gray fedora moved northward across Nineteenth Street. Sporran, at that, started toward Second Avenue, turned north at the corner, and again slackened his pace when he saw he was drawing uncomfortably close to the saunterer in front of him. A moment or two later, however, the tall stranger was going forward at a brisker clip. He walked like a man who had shaken off the last of his irresolution, shouldering on through the crowd at Twenty-third Street and turning westward again at the next corner.

Sporran, following him into Twenty-fourth Street, saw him turn in at the house steps of a brownstone front halfway down the block. He neither knocked nor rang a bell, so far as his pursuer could see, but stepped purposefully in through an unlatched door and disappeared from sight. And the only distinguishing feature about that faded door, as Sporran ambled leisurely past, seemed to be a small black and gilt sign which announced, Otto Schoenfeld, Optician.

Sporran, as he drifted on toward Madison Square, decided there would be undue risk in any immediate invasion of that brownstone house that had swallowed up his enemy—if, indeed, the stranger in the gray fedora could be reckoned as an enemy. His better plan, he concluded, would be merely to keep an eye on the place and await eventualities. And even though nothing came of it all, he at least had tucked away in his own mind two addresses for future use, two definite points of interest in case any further information should make any later investigation desirable. It had not, all things considered, been an altogether blind trail.

Sporran's wait, however, proved both a tiring and an uneventful one. For one long hour he loitered and doubled aimlessly back and forth. And before another half hour had dragged by, weariness and a growing hunger combined to take the razor edge off his enthusiasm. He began to feel as foolish as an idle farm dog barking over an empty woodchuck hole. So, after one final and fruitless patrol of the block, he headed for Third Avenue and a German restaurant, where he knew he could dine adequately if not over-luxuriously for forty cents. He stopped on the corner to buy an evening paper. And his sagging interest revived as he perceived the heading that ran halfway across the front page of that paper: Lone-Wolf Bandit Robs Diamond Merchant, and below it, in slightly smaller letters: Maiden Lane Dealer Mulcted of Almost Quarter Million in Unset Sparklers.

Sporran, as he ate his meal, sat with the paper propped against a pewter sugar bowl, slowly absorbing the details of a crime sufficiently spectacular to command a front-page position. At about a quarter after eleven that morning, it was recorded, a lone bandit had entered the offices of Charles Cruzan, the Maiden Lane gem merchant, and before Cruzan or his chief clerk could realize the intention of the intruder, had them covered with an automatic. They were both ordered into the inner office of the suite.

When Cruzan, ignoring this command, attempted to reach the push button of an alarm gong, he was struck over the head with the pistol butt and stunned. His clerk was likewise assaulted, and the legs and arms of both men were promptly trussed with picture wire.

Cruzan's daughter, who chanced to be in the office at the time of the encounter, had been backed into a corner and threatened with death if she lowered her hands from above her shoulders. When she first protested and then screamed aloud at the assault on her father, the holdup man had promptly struck her on the temple with his closed fist or some instrument hard enough to bruise the flesh. She was still dazed when found gagged and bound in an office chair. Her cry, however, had alarmed the underclerk in the rear room, who ran to the door, to find himself confronted by a leveled pistol. He was at once ordered, under threat of death, to lie down on the inner office floor, where he, too, was quickly trussed with the close-woven picture wire, obviously carried for this purpose. The thief then rifled the stock-room safe, which stood closed but unlocked, as more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of cut and unset diamonds had just been brought in from the safety deposit vaults and placed in an upper drawer tier for later sorting and reappraising. The thief then backed out of the office, threatening death to anyone who moved inside of ten minutes.

But Cruzan, still dazed and weak, managed to roll over on the floor until he reached the alarm button, which, though still bound, he succeeded in pressing with one of his finger ends. The robber, however, must have quietly made his escape from the building before the antiburglar devices had automatically stopped the elevators. Clerks from neighboring offices, on hearing the siren and then the gong, hurried to the Cruzan suite and crowded the halls and stairways. Police and detectives also promptly answered the alarm and at once threw a cordon about the building, where a thorough search of every floor was made for the bandit, who was believed to have escaped in a closed car which was seen speeding across Broadway into Cortlandt Street.

The police, it was said, had a good description of this car and of the robber himself, who, it was further expected, would be apprehended before midnight. But Mr. Cruzan, who was hurried to headquarters to look over the Rogues' Gallery in the hope of being able to identify his assailant, was unable to recognize any picture there as that of the holdup man. The robbery, however, bore all the earmarks of professional work, with a strong suspicion that the Pareso gang might be involved.

Miss Cruzan, at the time of going to press, had sufficiently recovered from the shock of her head blow to give a good description of the offender to the authorities, though she would carry for several days the marks of the cowardly blow that felled her. Her father had already offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the apprehension of the criminal, and the Maiden Lane Security Alliance had officially stated that they would pay a like amount for the arrest of the criminal, for producing him, dead or alive.

Sporran, as he sipped the last of his brackish coffee, felt an altogether new interest in existence. He felt less afraid of life, without being quite able to decipher why. But his shoulders were squared with a new fortitude and his lean face was solemn with a new sense of dignity as he broke his last dollar to pay for his meal and once more stepped out into the open street. When he saw a bluecoat on the corner he was momentarily tempted to step over to that minion of the law, place a fraternal hand on his coat sleeve and quietly remark: "How'd you like to round up a diamond thief that a hundred men are looking for at this particular moment? How'd you like to put the cuffs on that lone-wolf bandit they're offering ten thousand dollars for, dead or alive?"

But that wasn't the way Sporran wanted to see it end. He already had his own ideas about the termination of that case, and he proposed to guard his secret until the right moment came. So he trudged contentedly southward to the rooming house in East Fifth Street where two dollars and a half a week still brought him the use of an iron bed and a roof over his head—so immediately over his head, in fact, that he knew of every midnight rainstorm by a stubborn drip of water between his lumpy cotton mattress and his yellow-oak washstand with a pine splint on its fractured foreleg. He went through the slowly darkening streets with a stiff upper lip and an obstinately light heart. He even denied himself the luxury of a smoke, remembering as he did the strict need now for the husbanding of his limited resources. From that day forward, he knew, he was a participant in big affairs, in affairs worthy of a place on the front page of every city newspaper. So, in lieu of the consolations of tobacco, he whistled as he went.

II

SPORRAN was up bright and early the next morning. Before the sun was above the East River factory smoke he had carefully shaved with cold water, trimmed the ragged edges off his cuffs and triumphantly turned his collar so that only the closest inspection revealed it as not new. The thing that most worried him, however, was his hat. One's headgear, he remembered as he carefully sponged the worn brown rim of his collegiate fedora, could be the most betraying feature of one's attire. And no amount of rubbing, he feared, could now restore respectability to that overshabby crown, where the telltale wrinkles were deepening into actual holes.

But that hat, as he sauntered forth, was cocked at a slightly more audacious angle, and his whistle was blithe enough as he proceeded, at the expenditure of a dime, to breakfast on coffee and rolls, discounting any possible deficiency in calories by stirring five prodigal spoonfuls of sugar in the former and neutralizing any threat of gastric disturbance by the quiet patience with which he masticated the latter. He felt better, on the whole, with that food under his belt; and as he appraised what remained of his tap-filter stock, he remembered that he would have to work with a new energy.

For he knew that his margin of safety must be widened, that he must have more than a dollar or two in his pocket before he could face the tremendously altered order of things. An unexpected new obligation had been thrust upon him. He had become, overnight almost, a man of affairs, and as such he must have the means of paying his

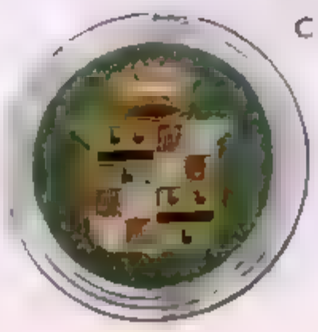
(Continued on Page 62)

THE rapid broadening of the Cadillac market is caused by the increasing impatience of the great group of successful Americans with cars which compromise with price. Every car owner, wearied of those roughnesses in riding and performance which are always inseparable from attempts to bargain with quality, is keenly aware that in the Cadillac there awaits him the unalloyed motoring satisfaction upon which he has learned to insist. His experience has taught him that any automobile which today affords less than complete satisfaction is too costly at any price—and that no price is too high for the car which approaches perfection. He is doubly pleased, therefore, that Cadillac enables him to enjoy, for only a few hundred dollars more, its utter and complete responsibility and reliability of performance and undeviating ease and rest to mind and body alike. Thanks to the fact that it produces fully half of all the really fine cars built in America, Cadillac provides its owners with these priceless characteristics at prices which would be doubled if the sales volume were less.

Priced from $2995 upward, f. o. b. Detroit

C A D I L L A C

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



(Continued from Page 60)

way as he went. There could be no more drifting. And one of his first moves, he told himself, must be to proceed to a certain Twenty-fourth Street optician named Otto Schoenfeld and be fitted, if necessary, with a pair of spectacles. It was not that he stood in any particular need of increased power of vision; what he wanted was a slightly extended area of observation. He was resolved to know the exact nature of the house to which the lone-wolf robber of Maiden Lane had so promptly repaired after his *coup*.

So Sporran worked that morning as he had never worked before. There was an entirely new earnestness about him as he demonstrated his filter and explained its operation and expatiated on the unseen perils of impure drinking water. He watched each prospect, and where he caught the faintest glimmer of weakness he clung to his deluded victims—clung to them until the surrender of a mere dollar bill seemed the easiest way out of a situation that threatened to be endlessly prolonged.

The result was that by ten o'clock that morning he had sold four filters for cash and exchanged two more for a neat but slightly shopworn felt hat that tended to bolster up his sagging confidence in his general appearance. He could even afford, on his way to Twenty-fourth Street, to pick up an early afternoon newspaper. In that, as he rested on a bench in Madison Square, he read that all clews had failed in the Cruzan diamond robbery, that the newer estimate placed the loss in precious stones at two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars, and that the insurance company most vitally interested had posted an additional reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest of the thief. But it was now believed, the report went on to say, that more than one criminal was involved in the robbery, as, earlier in the morning of the holdup, a suspicious-looking character, obviously acting as a scout, had been observed loitering about the halls and had been ordered out of the building.

Sporran could afford to smile at that. It seemed to imply that he himself was a suspect in the case. But it merely showed how much they were all at sea in the matter, how they were still shooting in the dark and not coming within a mile of their target.

He alone happened to know where that target stood, and he decided, as he folded up the paper and put it in his pocket, that he would find out what lay behind that target without further loss of time.

If there was any quickening of his pulse as he stopped at the shabby brownstone-fronted house with the optician's sign beside the soiled street door, there was no quickening of his movements as he stepped quietly in through that door, looked casually about him and just as casually ascended the gloomy stairway.

He had reached the top floor, in fact, before he encountered a second smaller sign denoting the quarters of Otto Schoenfeld. Yet he hesitated for a moment before entering that essential door, arrested by the renewed suspicion that a genuine expert in optics, if such Otto Schoenfeld proved to be, might promptly discover his deception if he falsely presented himself as a victim of abnormal vision. And since an obvious malingerer would immediately arouse suspicion, Sporran was almost tempted to resort to his earlier ruse as a peddler of tap filters, final as dismissal in that rôle might threaten to be.

He was still standing there with a frown on his solemn young face as he weighed his two possible courses of action, when he caught the sound of voices from the room within. He could not hear them clearly. But they were contentious voices, and they grew less guarded as the argument in which they were involved seemed to grow more heated. When, in fact, Sporran deliberately flattened his ear against the faded door panel he could hear them with a decipherable clearness. And what he heard prompted him to stand there, straining every nerve to catch each word that passed between the two unseen speakers.

"And it wasn't me that weakened, remember," the harder and more nasal voice was saying. "I told you a week ago a fifty-fifty split was the only way we could throw this game. And now I've gone out and gathered the ice, you think you can hog the show by hollerin' for a three-quarter rake-off. I go down there and take the chances, and you sit here in your damned fence corner, without stirrin' a finger. Then you've got the nerve to talk about a three-to-one split on my private enterprise! Not on your life!"

"D'you realize," contended the more placid and guttural voice, "that every one of those bigger stones has got to be recut and have its identification mark ground off? D'you realize I've got three circles of itchy palms to grease before I can get that stuff out and turned into cold cash? I didn't ask you to come to me with this haul, and I'm not asking you now. I don't like the looks of the thing. In fact, you oughtn't to be parading around this town the way you're doing right now. You ought to be under cover so deep you couldn't be dug out with a steam dredge. Why, at this very minute ——"

"Oh, cut out that squawkin'!" interrupted the higher-pitched voice. "I faced the music down below their dead line, and I got away with it, and I didn't show any yellow streak."

"No," retorted the other, "and you didn't show any extra horse sense, either, or you'd be three hundred miles west of the Hudson right now."

There was the sound of a laugh—a laugh with more sneer than mirth in it.

"Well, I'm goin' to kennel right here in this burg and they'll sure be walkin' slow behind any cop who tries nosin' into my little nest. And I may be playin' a lone hand, but I might observe that any outsider who tries hangin' the Indian sign on me is goin' to grow wings quicker'n he imagines."

This was followed by a period of silence, pregnant and prolonged.

"Your troubles, brother, will come from another quarter," the more guttural voice finally asserted, "and I'm out of them now for good."

"And I'll be ready for 'em when they come," retorted the less meditative voice.

Sporran, with his ear pressed against the door panel, could hear the unexpected sound of steps within. He had no time to deliberate over his retreat, to weigh the dangers and advantages of his next move. All he could do was to sidle quickly along the narrow hall until he came to a second closed door. He breathed again when he found that it swung back at a turn of the knob. And almost before the first door was flung open, before the quick and heavy footsteps sounded in the hallway, Sporran had slipped quietly in through the second door.

He found himself in a small room lined with steel shelving—steel shelving laden with a disorderly array of small boxes marked Plane Prisms and Segments Edged and Schoenfeld Toric. But these did not arrest his attention. What held him there was the discovery that through an undraped arch opening on the wider room, a saturnine and thick-shouldered man stood regarding him, regarding him with a disconcertingly hostile and searching stare.

Sporran knew better than to retreat. He quietly met and conquered that primary impulse toward flight. His smile, in fact, was both timorous and fraternal as he lifted one of his tap filters from his pocket and stepped abandonedly out through the broken arch. He kept that grin on his face, even though he could feel his viscera turning somersaults under his breastbone, as he blinked innocently up at the thick-shouldered stranger, holding his futile little straining apparatus before the glowering face. His voice, in fact, was quite steady as he began the song which he had sung so often, which he could even romp through in his sleep.

"I want to interest you in this patented and improved tap filter which promptly removes all impurities and deleterious matter from your drinking water. With this, sir, at the small cost of one dollar, you can guard yourself and your loved ones against the deadly typhoid germ, against the protozoan impurities which ——"

That was as far as he got.

The great gorilla-like figure, staring so intently into his still vacuously smiling face, thrust out an arm and seized him by the shoulder. But instinct prompted Sporran not to give ground.

"And at the small cost of one dollar," warbled the youth with the studiously ingenuous eyes, "you can insure yourself against all those insidious contaminations which ——"

But again he was interrupted, this time by a vicious swing about that left him facing the still-open door. The movement was not hurried, but it was obviously hostile.

"Get t' hell out of here!" was the unmistakably venomous command that the saturnine mouth gave birth to.

"But ——" blithely persisted the younger man.

"Get out!" thundered the other, with a scoff of contempt slightly touched with relief.

So the intruder, with a wounded look in his eyes, retreated toward the door. There, with a shrug, he restored the tap filter to his pocket and put his hat on his head. Then he walked slowly and solemnly down the stairs. It wasn't until he stepped out through the street door that he straightened his shoulders and took a deep breath of relief. Then a smile of triumph suffused his thin face.

"Hot dog!" he said under his breath.

III

SPORRAN'S movements, once he was in the open again, were neither irresolute nor languid. It was now too late, he knew, for shilly-shallying. The whole situation had gone too far for hesitations and quibbles. The sooner he faced the music, all things considered, the better.

Yet fully as he realized that time was a vital factor in the enterprise, he deferred bending his steps toward East Nineteenth Street. Instead, he dropped in at a corner drug store, consulted a telephone directory as to the Cruzan residence, and five minutes later was in a Subway train, rumbling toward Seventy-second Street. There he emerged to the light of day on upper Broadway, walked westward to West End Avenue, turned north, and slackened his pace before a gray sandstone house which bore the number he was in search of. Then, taking a deeper breath, he walked up the trim stone steps and placed a finger against the bell button beside the iron-grilled house door.

His ring was answered by a pachydermous butler with a skin as withered and an eye as sunken as an old elephant's.

"Might I see Miss Rhoda Cruzan?" Sporran said, as evenly as he was able. But he was not unconscious of the remotely estimative scrutiny of the deep-sunken old eyes.

"Miss Cruzan is not at home, sir," was the deliberately impersonal reply from the man in uniform.

"When will she be?" asked the young man with the significantly frayed cuff edges.

"I can't say, sir."

But Sporran remained impervious to the other's quiet antagonism.

"Could you take a message in to her for me?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not, sir," was the somewhat unexpected answer.

"Why not?" sedately inquired the tap-filter peddler, too long inured to all such rebuffs.

"I have been ordered not to," was the solemnly honest answer.

"But this," proclaimed Sporran, "is tremendously important."

The faintest shadow of a movement flickered about the flaccid old lips. It was no more like a smile than a Sound mist is like rain. "They all are, sir, this last day or two."

Sporran did his best to remain deliberate. "But this is something very much to Miss Cruzan's advantage," he averred, still retaining the wintry smile which anxiety was edging with wistfulness.

"You are a reporter, are you not?" inquired the old servitor.

"I am not," retorted Sporran.

"I'm sorry, sir, just the same," asserted the old butler. And to the finality of his tone was added the unmistakably dismissive movement of swinging shut the heavy iron-grilled door.

"Wait!" cried the young man on the step.

His cry would have been quite ineffectual, however, if a clear and bell-like voice had not called out behind the pachydermous shoulder, "What is it, Bridges?"

Sporran's heart lightened. He recognized that voice. It was Rhoda Cruzan herself. He could see her in the modified shadow of the reception hall even before she reached the butler's side. She was paler than when he had seen her last, and a deeper shadow seemed to lie under the meditative hazel eye confronting the light. It was not until she turned her head a little and the door light fell full on her face that he observed the plum-colored darkening under the other eye and the telltale contusion between her temple and the arched end of her eyebrow. That brought a grimmer look to Sporran's face, as promptly as the familiar vivid glint of the chestnut hair and the magnolialike smoothness of the cheek brought the familiar skip-and-carry-one to his pulse.

"It's a young man who insists on seeing you," the butler was saying.

"What young man?" asked the bell-like voice.

"I don't quite know," was the answer, as the heavier figure backed a trifle to one side and Sporran caught a clearer glimpse of Rhoda Cruzan standing at the inner doorway, the meditative hazel eyes narrowed a little against the stronger light of open day.

"I must see you," proclaimed Sporran with all the earnestness at his command.

She did not answer him in words. But her small movement was a signal for the servant to swing the door wider and admit the thin-faced young man with his hat in his hand. And her repeated movement, he assumed, was a sign for him to follow her into the shadowy big room on the right, an unexpectedly luxurious-looking room hung with mulberry-colored curtains.

"You don't remember me?" began Sporran, choosing to remain on his feet even after she had motioned him to a chair.

"Perfectly," was her altogether unexpected reply.

It took a moment to digest that, even with his eyes studying her face. "But you didn't yesterday," he reminded her. And her deepening of color, faint as it was, did not altogether escape him.

"Perhaps it's just as well that I didn't," she finally observed.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Didn't it occur to you that you might have been rather hard to explain as a peddler of drinking cups?"

"They were tap filters," said Sporran with dignity.

"It would not have been easy yesterday," pursued the girl in the golden-brown wing chair. "And today, I'm afraid, it would be much harder."

"Why do you say that?" asked Sporran.

"You know what happened in my father's office ten minutes after you stepped out of it?" she challenged, studying him with a renewed and slightly frustrate intensity.

"I do," he acknowledged.

"And you know, of course, that you are being looked for in connection with—with that crime?"

He could afford to laugh at her solemnity. "Oh, I'm not worrying about that," he averred. "In fact, it's exactly what I want to ——"

(Continued on Page 67)

Light up....for beauty

GOOD LIGHTING adds the final touch of perfection to beauty. For without light beauty fades. With proper lighting you add charm to every room in your home—at insignificant cost.

Light up for beauty with the *new* Edison MAZDA* Lamps. They are more efficient, yet cost less than any previous type. Frosted on the *inside*, they realize the dream of a lamp giving soft, diffused light without loss. They are the latest achievement of MAZDA Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

Keep a supply. Your nearest Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent will gladly help you select the right sizes for every fixture. He displays the emblem shown at the left.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Standard Sedan $895—Special Sedan $945
DeLuxe Sedan $1075
f. o. b. Detroit

DEPENDABLE AS A TRUSTED FRIEND

It is good to know that your friend is dependable. No human quality gives greater comfort, more lasting satisfaction. Dodge Brothers Motor Cars are like dependable friends. They can be counted on always.

This unfailing service continues day in and day out until mileage often runs beyond six figures, while maintenance costs remain almost negligible.

For 12 years there has been an unceasing evolution to make these cars ever and ever finer—each year more beautiful, more comfortable, more gratifying in service.

But dependability is always paramount. And, after all, that explains why each year Dodge Brothers Motor Cars have mounted to new high sales records, until in 1926, 331,000 of these dependable vehicles passed into the hands of enthusiastic owners.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT

DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Waste's Greatest Threat Removed

As if poising evil wrenches over Industry's high gear, Waste continually threatens machinery with Friction, Wear, Misalignment, Inaccuracy, Low Output, and High Cost.

Thousands of machinery users and great equipment manufacturers in every field now find Timken Tapered Roller Bearings a positive guard against many previously defiant forms of waste.

Timken anti-friction values alone assure high returns from investing in Timken-equipped machinery, for power is saved and lubrication becomes a relatively negligible item.

But Timkens are much more than anti-friction bearings! Timken Taper, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made electric steel guard every kind of mounting against the effects of thrust and shock and speed, as well as against mere radial load. Timkens do it with such simplicity and compactness that the most refined and economical design ensues.

"Timken-Equipped" therefore unerringly identifies modern machinery of utmost durability and lowest operating cost.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 62.

"But other people are worrying about it," she interrupted. She was no longer studying his face. Her eyes, he saw, were now intent on a scrutiny of his apparel, and the deepening frown on her face did not add to his happiness.

"Why were you a street peddler?" she suddenly asked.

"I wasn't," protested Sporran. "At least, it wasn't quite that bad. I was selling tap filters in office buildings. I was trying to make a few honest dollars until I'd tided over my run of hard luck, until I could get an opening at the work I really wanted. And I can't see that selling filters was any less respectable than carrying a tray at that Mountain Rest Inn. You were willing enough to speak to me then."

She seemed to resent the accusatory note in his voice. "But some very respectable college boys do that during their holidays," she reminded him; "carry trays, as you put it, in summer hotels. And I rather thought you were one of them."

"And why do you feel you're mistaken?" he demanded.

She stared at him, unable to fathom the source of his quiet assurance.

"I'm afraid it's you who will have to do the explaining in that matter," she said with a returning severity.

"That's why I came here," he announced.

"But don't you regard that as rather reckless, all things considered?" the girl in the wing chair was asking him. "Do you realize that ten minutes after you were in my father's office, after we saw you there, nearly a quarter of a million dollars' worth of diamonds were stolen? Do you know that even my own father has been indirectly accused of being involved in that robbery, that the insurance people are insisting on an investigation and saying it's absurd that a solitary holdup man could get away with a haul like that?"

Sporran, knowing what he knew, could afford to smile at her solemnity. "They'll be changing their tune by tomorrow," he proclaimed with his absurdly confident smile.

"Why do you say that?" she asked, a new note of sharpness in her voice.

"Because I know who the thief is," was Sporran's deliberately casual reply. And he was rewarded by a moment of silence that prolonged itself into something more than mere impressiveness.

"Are you," asked the girl, with perceptibly lessening color, "involved in his enterprise?"

"Not by a long shot," was Sporran's prompt reply. "But I happen to know who he is, and where he is, and how to get him."

Still again silence reigned in the shadowy room hung with mulberry-colored silk.

"And the diamonds?" Rhoda Cruzan finally inquired.

"I guess we ought to get them too," proclaimed the thin-faced young man with the betrayingly frayed cuff edges.

"We?" queried the girl, wide-eyed with wonder.

Sporran, for the first time, sat down in the chair beside her. "You see," he began as he abstractedly brushed his new felt hat with his abraded coat sleeve, "I'd rather like to clear this up by myself, without calling in the police. It's a sort of matter of personal pride with me by this time. I've played a lone hand so far, and I've a natural enough hankering to make good. I want to get my man and see that those diamonds are given back to their owner, and I'd rather not have outsiders messing up in a job that I'm in a position to put through by myself. All I want ——"

"Wait!" cried the girl with the wonder-widened eyes. "Is this thief a friend of yours?"

"Not by a long shot," again repeated the grimly smiling Sporran. "He'd put a bullet through me about as quick as he'd kill a fly. That's one reason, in a way, why I wanted to see you. There's always a chance of something going wrong. If my game gets blocked, naturally I want somebody else to take up the trail and have things put right. It's not ——"

"You mean you may be killed?" broke in the other.

Sporran's shrug was a deprecative one. But the faint light of horror on her face was not altogether disagreeable to contemplate.

"I wasn't thinking so much about that," he explained. "But when there's only one man who knows the right road to take, there's a chance of everybody running wild if that one man gets sidetracked on the way. So I want to tell you about this while I've got the chance."

"But how am I to know it's true?" asked the girl, with her eyes still closely bent on his face. She continued to study him, in fact, even as she rose from her chair and crossed slowly to a dark-wooded table, where her hand hovered for a moment over a push button, hesitated, and was finally withdrawn. "How am I to believe a thing like this?" she repeated, confronting him once more.

Sporran, fortified with his warming sense of power, could afford to smile at her doubts

"I'm afraid you'll have to take it on trust for a few hours," he acknowledged; "and then, I guess, events will speak for themselves."

"But even though I do that," she pointed out—"even though I take you on trust, as you put it, there are others who won't be quite so generous. At this very moment, I mean, there are people searching up and down this city for you, people who will arrest you the moment they catch sight of you."

Sporran sat in no way disturbed by that statement. "Well, my hands are as clean as your own father's in all this mess. And that's why I've got to get busy and prove it. That's why we mustn't lose any more time than we have to."

Her movement as she sank back into her chair seemed one of helplessness touched with frustration.

"But why did you come to me?" she demanded. "Why didn't you go to people who could give you real help?"

His eyes as he studied her face were quite serious. "You can give me real help," he asserted.

"How?" she asked

"By simply believing in me," was his answer.

Her gesture at that seemed an echo of her earlier movement of frustration. "But why did you come to me?" she repeated, still at sea.

"Because I like you so much," he said with a quiet candor that brought a wave of color up into her face. "I always have liked you."

She made an effort to smother the gasp that gathered in her throat. Her face even hardened defensively as she compelled her eyes to meet the honest ardor of the eyes with a touch of desperation in them. "But one's emotions," she asserted with self-protective cynicism, "aren't exactly the final factor in clearing up a robbery."

"They are in this case," averred Sporran.

That, for some reason, seemed to leave her more than ever afraid of his ingenuousness. "Then there's a great deal about it," she contended, "that I don't understand."

"I know," he agreed, vaguely conscious of the distress in her eyes. "And that's what I want to explain."

"Which?" she asked, and her attitude reminded him of Bridges hesitating between closing or opening the street door.

"About what happened yesterday down in Maiden Lane," he had the perspicacity to assert, "and what happened farther uptown today."

The tensity, for some reason, went out of her face. "Tell me," she prompted, leaning a little forward in her chair.

It seemed irrationally pleasant to Sporran to sit in that quiet and shadowy room and watch the play of her face as he told her of what he had seen and discovered during the past twenty-four hours.

She neither moved nor spoke until he had finished. Then, after a minute or two of self-immuring thought, she rose slowly to her feet. "I don't want you to go on with this," she said with a new line of determination about the rose-petal curve of her lips.

"You can't stop me," retorted Sporran, with his ineradicably boyish grin, as he reached for his hat.

"But you might ——" she began. Instead of completing that sentence, she stood with her tense gaze fastened on his face.

"Oh, I've got to make good in something," he said with a self-defending lightness, "and this is my chance."

"Wait," she commanded as he started toward the door.

"I can't," he said over his shoulder, and the distress in her eyes, oddly enough, awakened no answering distress in his own resolute young body.

IV

SPORRAN knew he had lost time, incalculably precious time, but he did not regret that loss. As he hurried downtown again, in fact, he traveled with a newer buoyancy of spirits oddly tangled up with a newer grimness of determination.

So, on emerging from the Subway at Twenty-third Street, he bought an afternoon paper, and while dining frugally on hot dogs and hard rolls washed down with tepid coffee he read how good progress was being made with the Cruzan diamond-robbery case.

The license number of the car in which the thief and his accomplice had escaped was being successfully traced, and the authorities, working on an entirely new clew, expected to make important arrests before midnight.

Sporran, as he hurried eastward toward Second Avenue, could afford to smile at that official gesture of optimism. Yet his face was sober enough when he turned southward under the shadowing L trestles and halfway down the block descended a narrow flight of steps leading to a basement dealer in keys.

The portly locksmith pointedly scrutinized the young man who sought to buy a couple of skeleton keys, frowned over his visitor's frayed clothing seams, and finally explained that he not only declined to handle such things but that the very phrase "skeleton key" was a misnomer for an article now existing only in the pages of popular fiction. So when Sporran, still studiously patient, explained that he had been locked out of his Nineteenth Street flat and must have a new key for immediate entry, he was permitted to pick out of a box of old door keys, at the cost of one dollar, the six specimens that looked most plausibly suited to his purpose.

These, however, did not leave him altogether satisfied with the situation. So he made an effort to narrow his margin of risk by entering a second basement store, where from a haggling and thin-beaked dealer in old ironware and general junk he purchased for forty cents an extra-long firmer chisel with a broken point.

With this in his possession, he felt surer of himself. It was not only strong and heavy, and possessed of great levering power, but, he reminded himself as he pushed it carefully up inside his coat sleeve, where he could carry it out of sight, it might also, in an emergency, serve as a very adequate weapon of defense. He would have liked to have a good firearm to fall back on, such as one of the revolvers which he saw displayed in the different secondhand shops. But that was altogether beyond his means; and his preparatory expenditures, he remembered, had already been disturbingly heavy.

Yet as he swung back to Third Avenue and struck southward toward Nineteenth Street, he stopped before a cut-rate cigarette stall, tempted by the consolations of tobacco to expend another precious thirteen cents for a package of gaspers. He was about to be confronted, he suspected, by a long and tiresome stretch of standing

(Continued on Page 69.)

—Mail coupon for free picture folder

The America of Coronado waits for you beside this motor trail

the Indian-detour

An Enchanted land, where for three days your luxurious Harveycar carries you on a personally-escorted tour of Indian Pueblos and prehistoric cliff-dwellings in the New Mexico Rockies, between Las Vegas and Albuquerque.

A new motor link in the transcontinental rail journey to and from California.

Only $50 extra with everything provided—meals, motor transportation and lodging with bath every night.

On the Indian-detour you are still the guest of the Santa Fe and Fred Harvey in every detail of accommodation and fine service.

Optional side trips and "motor land cruises," in charge of specially-trained couriers, for those who wish to extend their travels off-the-beaten-path.

Daily Santa Fe Summer Xcursions to California, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and the National Parks.

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
1161 A Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free picture folder about the "Indian-detour" and "Roads to Yesterday."

Santa Fe

When TEETH are Film Free

Smiles are Charming

The new way to combat the film on teeth—the source of many tooth and gum disorders—which numbers of leading authorities suggest

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

This way conforms to modern dental thought

BY running your tongue across your teeth, a film will be felt—a slippery sort of coating.

Recent dental research proves that film is a chief enemy of healthy teeth and gums—the source of most dull teeth, and a chief cause of many gum disturbances.

Because old ways of brushing often failed to remove film successfully, a new way in tooth and gum care is being widely suggested by dental authorities. This is embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

What Film Is—
Its Effect on Teeth and Gums

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and Removes Film—
Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then removes it in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those contained in Pepsodent.

The habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by Pepsodent is widely urged by dental authorities.

Please Accept Pepsodent Test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree that, next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better teeth and gums.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1096, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 2363

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

(Continued from Page 67)

watch beside a squalid red-fronted tenement house, and the thought of an occasional smoke there was by no means repugnant to him. He was still hesitating over that luxury when a slightly nasal voice beside him said, "Gi' me three o' those Pronto Perfectos."

Sporran did not look up as he heard that simple enough speech. In fact, he stooped lower over the layers of chocolate bars wrapped in dusty tin foil and slowly picked out a small nut bar which he knew would cost him four cents and would be unpalatably rancid. Then, with equal deliberation, although tingles of nerve ends were eddying up and down his stooping body, he possessed himself of the package of cheap cigarettes and counted out his change. For he knew, even before he inspected out of the corner of his eye the tall stranger paying for the three sallow perfectos, that the man so close beside him was the Maiden Lane diamond robber. On this occasion, it was true, that tall stranger was wearing eyeglasses with amber-colored lenses, and a brown felt hat with a wide and rolling rim that contributed to his general aspect a vague touch of the Westerner. But Sporran would have known him a hundred paces away, would have spotted him in a crowd of a thousand. And the younger man's heart lightened as he saw the other turn and walk resolutely northward, lighting his cigar as he went.

Sporran's first impulse was to follow him—to follow him blindly, doggedly, determinedly; to keep close at his heels until in some way or another the right moment presented itself. But as he saw the man in the amber-colored glasses step out into the street at the next corner and swing aboard a north-bound surface car, some saner afterthought held Sporran back. He watched that car roll away under its tunneling trestles and pillars, turned on his heel and walked quickly back to Nineteenth Street.

He was compelled to pass and repass the red-fronted tenement house twice before he found a clear avenue of entrance and a satisfactorily empty hallway. Yet he remained singularly cool and collected as he stopped before the desired door, quietly turned the knob, and, as he had hoped and expected, found it locked. And even when he had his keys in his hand, and was trying them, one after the other, he attempted no sudden flight when the sound of approaching steps smote on his ear. He breathed easier, it is true, when he found that the intruder, whoever it might be, was going down instead of up. But Sporran merely bent lower over his lock, like a tenant having trouble with an ill-fitting key, and grunted good-naturedly as the steps drew closer, as they seemed to pause for a horrifying second behind him, as they went stolidly on again down the narrow hallway. Once more alone in the half light, however, Sporran promptly tried the rest of his keys, found that none of them fitted, and without more ado pulled the long firmer chisel from his coat sleeve.

The enormity of his act no longer held a place in his thoughts. The risks confronting him, both immediate and mediate, no longer concerned him. There were certain things behind that locked door and he intended to get them. And if they weren't there as he expected, he could set his stage and quietly wait for the return of the one man who knew where they were. He could choose his position and watch his chance and bring things to an issue before his enemy quite knew what was ahead of him.

The door, of flimsy pine, yielded to the pressure of the chisel more readily than he had hoped, splitting at the lock and swinging inward as he pried. He stood there for a moment, listening. He could hear the steady drip of a leaking kitchen tap, vague concussions from the floor overhead, the sound, faint and far away, of a baby crying behind thinly barricading walls. He could smell stale cigar smoke and cold grease and the general fetor of human quarters both cramped and ill kept. But he persuaded himself, as he waited and watched and listened, that no one was there.

So he quietly pushed the lock back into place and pinched together, as well as he could, the split door edge. He had no way of locking that door behind him. All he could do was to swing it shut and place a chair against it. And having done this, he stared about him with the feeling of a swimmer who has taken his plunge from the diving board, of a miner who has at last worked down to the mother lode. He was, he knew, face to face with finalities.

Yet the meager flat, with its ill-lighted three rooms, he realized as he stepped guardedly from one to another, was much smaller and balder than he had expected. A disordered kitchen, full of unwashed dishes and sour smells, a fetid cramped bedroom with a window opening on a brick wall, a third semibarren living room with an oilcloth-covered table and three dilapidated chairs—these made up the lair, the momentary hide-out, of Sporran's enemy. Yet somewhere in those squalid rooms, the grim-faced young intruder felt, was hidden away a fortune in precious stones, and it was his duty to find them.

He told himself as he began his search that he must be both methodic and expeditious. It was anxiety more than fear that now possessed him—anxiety lest his reasoning should be wrong, lest his enemy should be already on the wing. But those fears wavered when, from under the disordered bed, he drew out two heavy suitcases. These he found to be packed with clothing and much street linen. And he stood still sure of himself when from under the undulatory mattress he unearthed a sawed-off shotgun and two dozen cartridges wrapped in a soiled towel.

Sporran, who knew a trifle about such things, examined the shells more carefully. "Slug loaded," he muttered as he put them aside and continued his search; and that search was not an altogether fruitless one. For in the pocket of an overcoat hanging behind the bedroom door he found a black-handled revolver. It was a heavy and blunt-nosed and ugly-looking weapon. Sporran, after examining it and finding it to be fully loaded, promptly slipped it into his side pocket. He had no definite idea of why he wanted it there, of what he might possibly do with it, but a vague sense of satisfaction crept through him at the knowledge that it rested there against his hip bone, within reach in case of emergency. But he forgot about it, a moment later, when from the same overcoat pocket he drew out an odd-looking blackjack. It was apparently some ten inches of tapered lead pipe about which a covering of blue serge had been carefully sewed. Yet the thing that arrested his attention, as he stared meditatively down at it, was the discovery of one bright chestnut hair still adhering to its heavier end. It was held there by what appeared to be a small blot of dried blood, a blot no bigger than his thumb nail. But there was no mistaking the characteristic glint of that solitary thread of chestnut. And an odd wave of indignation swept through his stooping body at the thought that the weapon which he held in his hand was the same weapon which had struck so cruelly against Rhoda Cruzan's temple. His young mouth hardened as he first turned it over and over in his fingers and then thrust it down in his coat pocket.

"I'll get him yet!" he muttered crooningly as he turned back to his work.

In the outer room, however, he found nothing of significance beyond a coil of picture wire, tough and tenuous, so strong, for all its lightness, that he could not break a single strand of it. And the kitchen, as he continued his explorations, seemed quite as empty of anything of promise. He even began to worry, as he examined corner after corner—to worry about the time that was being consumed in that search. He wondered, as he looked into every part of the rusty and grease-stained range, if an hour could have slipped away since he first entered those rooms. He warned himself, as he tilted the battered coal box up on edge before dumping its contents out on the floor, that the man in the amber glasses might at any moment return, might spring on him from behind, might even ——

Then all thought stopped. For at the bottom of the broken coal, in the half-overturned box, Sporran caught sight of a lisle-thread sock. It was tied at the top with a strand or two of wrapping string and a hole in the toe had been closed by a ligature of the same material—and the body of that faded specimen of footwear was by no means empty.

Sporran breathed more quickly as he carried the sock to the table in the outer room, where the light was better. He had trouble in untying the knot in the string, for his fingers were not so steady as he might have wished. But he succeeded in the end, and a small gasp escaped him as he saw what that lisle-thread container held. He caught the glitter of light refracted from many angles, a confusion of coldly prismatic colors from a tumbling heap of sharp edges, as he dug with interrogative fingers into the loose stones.

He knew little about jewels. He had, he remembered, seldom inspected such things, had never been much interested in them. Nor did the collection in the lisle-thread sock greatly impress him. He merely recalled that they represented the calm natural success of his search, the end at which he was aiming. And so cogent was his feeling of relief, so firm was his confidence in that final success, that as he tied the top of the sock together and crowded it down in his left-hand coat pocket, his wandering eye returned to the half loaf of bread and the few remaining ounces of a dairy print of butter.

The butter looked none too clean and the bread, he found, was none too fresh. But suddenly remembering that he was hungry, he scraped away the macerated surface of the butter and spread two thick slices of the bread. As he began to eat he looked casually about for a drinking glass. All he could find was a crockery cup, with coffee stains in the bottom. But this he rinsed and filled at the kitchen tap. He was about to raise it to his lips, when out of the vaguer noises about him he caught the sound of a heavy step in the outer hall, followed by a metallic click and rasp as a key was inserted in the broken door lock.

The slice of thick-buttered bread was still in Sporran's hand as a faint grunt of surprise followed the unsuccessful effort to turn this key in the lock. His right hand was groping for his coat pocket, when the door and the chair against it were suddenly pushed back, disclosing a high-shouldered figure standing dark in that new oblong of modified light. And Sporran knew it was the Maiden Lane robber.

His one fear, however, was that the newcomer would turn and flee, would get to the open street and escape from him for all time. He even seemed unable, in his haste, to get his fingers on the revolver resting there in his side pocket, close against his hip bone. All he could get hold of, in his excitement, was the serge-covered blackjack, and once this was firmly in his grasp, he leaped forward.

He thought at first that the big stranger was guarding himself with his outstretched right hand. It was not, in fact, until he heard the detonation of the firearm and felt the tug of the bullet as it tore along his coat shoulder that he realized he was being shot at. But even that knowledge came too late to the seat of reason, since all his faculties were now concentrated on the one blind effort of bringing the tapering stretch of cloth-covered lead down on the scowling head thrust so menacingly in through the open doorway.

His first stroke missed, and as he half wheeled with the force of that wasted blow he felt a vise-like arm fling and tighten itself about his waist. But he had sense enough to clutch with his left hand at the blunt black-metaled barrel of the automatic waiting to spit death into his helpless body. He twisted sharply on the metal as the trigger was compressed for the second time.

(Continued on Page 71)

© Pirie MacDonald

"THE anniversary of Easter Day will ever be the Festival of the Human Soul. For this reason it is an especially fit time for the greetings of human friendship."

* * *

So says Henry van Dyke, a writer beloved by millions of readers and a man who has served his country loyally. His story of "The Other Wise Man" has been translated into almost every language that has a printed alphabet, and has gone round the world.

His philosophy of life is a very simple form of old-fashioned Christianity, with a broad sympathy for all those in every nation who love God and work righteousness. He has written these sentences for us in connection with Easter Greetings: "The best kind of greeting is a warm hand grip. Next best is a hand-written letter. But if space and time forbid these two, a greeting card counts for something as an evidence that you have not lost your affection for the person to whom it is sent."

EASTER SUNDAY
IS APRIL 17

Easter is a particularly appropriate occasion for remembering others. Greeting Cards make it so easy for you.

In any good shop you will find a generous assortment of tasteful cards not only for Easter but for birthdays, anniversaries, congratulations, condolences—all ready for you to sign and mail

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Relief, texture, a true architectural feeling, characterize this new exclusive Armstrong floor creation—Embossed Handcraft Tile Linoleum. This new floor, design No. 6007, is permanently cemented in place over builders' deadening felt. The border is Armstrong's Plain Green Linoleum No. 21.

Old-world handicraft

inspired this new "textured" floor

The age-old effect of a floor hand-set by master craftsmen; the modern virtues of foot comfort, cleaning ease, and a price well within even "just-married" budgets—in a word, the new Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Linoleum

To THE EYE, to the touch, the floor you see pictured above has a natural, realistic texture. Each tile unit is framed with a mortar-like interliner slightly pressed below the surface. In sunlight or lamplight, this textured surface catches the play of light and shadow. The whole effect is one of rich, unusual beauty—an inspiration to those who like to plan rooms pleasingly different.

In color treatment, too, this new type of Armstrong Floor is outstanding. There is no regular repeat of the color tones. To add further interest, heraldic emblems—castles, shields, ships, and knights—are scattered at random throughout the design in true old-world fashion.

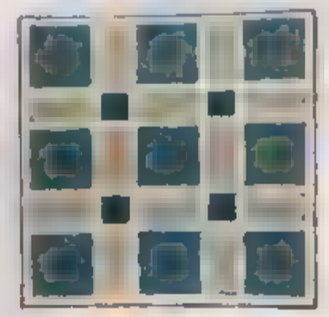
Yet, with all its effect of handcraft, sun-baked tile, this embossed floor possesses a comforting springiness, a quiet ease, so characteristic of all Armstrong's Linoleum. It is also an inherently clean floor, kept spotless with a regular waxing and polishing and a dry-mopping on cleaning days. And when firmly cemented in place over builders' deadening felt with no apparent seams, this Armstrong Floor, say architects, should last for generations.

As you glance again at the colorful dining-room floor on this page, it *may* look expensive. Were you to walk on it, you would *believe* it expensive. Yet the actual cost of this newest note in linoleum is no more than $65 to $75 for a fairly large room, 12 x 15 feet. This figure includes the best felt-layer method of installation, a smooth, water-tight, long-lasting floor.

You can see these new Armstrong Embossed Tile Inlaid designs—and other equally attractive Armstrong patterns—at good furniture, department, and linoleum stores near you. All are made of Armstrong's genuine cork linoleum, which can be quickly identified by the Circle A trade-mark on the *gray* burlap back.

Embossed Inlaid No. 6036

Printed Tile design No. 7183



Skilled decorator will help you

"The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration," written by Hazel Dell Brown, decorator, will give you a new impression of modern linoleum floors as well as many unusual hints on home decoration. This book also brings you a unique offer of Mrs. Brown's free, personal service. It will be sent anywhere in the United States on receipt of 10 cents to cover mailing costs (in Canada 20 cents). Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2634 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

PLAIN ~ INLAID ~ JASPÉ ~ ARABESQ ~ PRINTED

(Continued from Page 69

But he was scarcely conscious of the detonation or of the quick flow of blood where the side flesh of his finger was seared away. All his thoughts were concentrated on the blackjack in his right hand, on the necessity of bringing it directly down on the sallow moist forehead corrugated with its momentary lines of ferocity.

His aim, he felt, must have been a fairly accurate one, for he was conscious, a moment later, of the thick-shouldered figure lunging forward and falling on its face.

Yet Sporran failed to realize the full meaning of that collapse, apparently, since his next movement was to fling himself bodily on his unprotesting enemy. When he saw, to his surprise, that that enemy was making no further effort to use the black-barreled pistol still held in his inert fingers, the man astride him slowly lowered the upraised blackjack.

Then he just as slowly turned over the relaxed body, picking up the broken amber glasses as he did so.

He thought for a moment that the man was dead, startled as he was by the blood that kept dripping so generously from his own injured finger. He wondered, with an uneasy gulp, if a mere tap on the head could put out the light in so huge a frame. He even questioned if a bullet in some inexplicable way could have buried itself in his fallen opponent.

But a sound from the man on the floor, half grunt and half groan, promptly brought Sporran to his senses. He was conscious, as he promptly possessed himself of the automatic, of the closed eyes opening, of struggling movements in the body which he was once more holding down to the floor. And as he reached for the coil of picture wire on the table behind him he became aware for the first time of the frightened faces in the doorway and the shrill call of voices along the narrow hall.

But it was not until he had used the last of his picture wire in securely tying up the now blasphemous man on the floor that Sporran stopped to write a name and a telephone number on a slip of paper, to give the last of his change to a round-eyed youth who imagined he was witnessing the final act of a gang feud, and to instruct that youth to tell the lady to come to East Nineteenth Street as fast as wheels could carry her.

"And some of you dumb-bells had better get me a cop," continued Sporran, as he proceeded to bind up his bleeding finger with half of a handkerchief which he had quietly extracted from his prisoner's coat pocket.

But that message was an unnecessary one. Several moments before it was even given voice, in fact, a uniformed patrolman, unlocking a signal box at the near-by avenue corner, was startled to see a fat woman in a shawl running toward him, crying "Murder!" as she ran. And when he followed her back to the second floor of the red-brick tenement house, he beheld a big and sullen-faced bandit lying on the floor, trussed like a French capon, and a thin-faced youth sitting on an unpainted kitchen chair beside him, eating a thick slice of bread and butter as he kept guard there.

There were many features of the case, indeed, that were incomprehensible to the patrolman in question—features all the way from the celerity with which Inspector Whalen himself arrived on the scene to the quietly gratified smile of the official from the detective bureau who so promptly followed him, and after one stare down at the man on the floor openly proclaimed, "That's Chider Kennelle, alias Chicago Kane; and this is sure some pinch!"

But Sporran, at that particular moment, was more interested in brushing the floor dust off a somewhat threadbare suit and smoothing down his somewhat unruly hair. For the inspector was ushering into that small and fetid room a plump and prosperous-looking man, followed by a girl with magically bright hair and a mysteriously blackened eye.

Yet it was only after the prisoner had been taken away and the officials of the law were crowding out through the narrow door that the girl directly addressed herself to the thin-faced youth in the threadbare clothes.

"Why won't you take the reward?" she demanded.

"It's not what I want," was his prompt retort.

That seemed to puzzle her. "Will you join father's staff, when he asks you?" was her next question.

"Who suggested that?" he inquired.

"He did," she assured him, smiling in spite of herself.

"On one condition," was Sporran's slightly delayed reply.

"What condition?" she challenged, compelling herself to meet his gaze.

"I don't think we can go into that here," he said, a slight quaver in his voice.

Instead of saying more, she merely turned and gave him her hand. Yet he felt as he took it that she was also giving him a promise.

THE ZEPPELINS

(Continued from Page 9

much blistering language. We were not bothered after that.

From the start the airship forces, though at first numerically small, lived and were treated by the civilian populace and the other branches of the service as a distinctly individual group of men, who, if not cast in a more heroic mold than the others, were entitled to the utmost consideration, for the chances were against their returning from a flight over the enemy.

Within a week I had received orders to fly to Potsdam, where we docked the Sachsen for transformation into a military craft. Like everything else in Germany, our entire organization was now a part of the war establishment, and the shop force had already started work on a new section of corridor for the airship. It contained bomb racks, a bomb-release station for the officer directing the actual dropping of the explosives, a vastly improved wireless room and similar auxiliaries which had never been required on commercial flights. Machine guns were mounted in the cars slung underneath the big hull, and a platform on top of the tail also bristled with guns—the aerial gunner's nest designed to ward off attacks from above.

Impossible Missions

The first thing we learned at Potsdam was that we were not to become a unit of any other organization, but were to operate independently. The airships and their crews—I had three officers and fifteen men on the Sachsen—were held for special orders from the highest command. That meant that we had to take no orders except those which came down through chief headquarters and we would be quite free to use our own judgment both as to the operations and the methods of handling the Zeppelins.

We were not to have an air-force organization until after nine months of war experience, with its thrilling adventures and tragedies, its mistakes born of unpreparedness and official errors resulting often, I am afraid, from sheer inability and lack of knowledge.

We had no bombs, neither explosive nor incendiary types, though everybody had taken it for granted that bombing would be one of the principal duties of the Zeppelins. The general staff evidently thought so, too, judging by its orders.

I received word that we were to set out at night and patrol an extensive area behind the enemy lines during the following day, returning the next night. Each ship was to carry a load of bombs, which would be dropped on railway bridges or similar military objectives. The commander on each ship would be accompanied by a general-staff officer who should point out to him what objects to bomb. This officer also was to determine the route and change it as the situation might demand.

All this would have been very well with better ships, say the improved types which we were to have two years later. Then it was utterly impossible. Our prewar types could not carry enough bombs, could not fly high enough, fast enough or far enough to accomplish the missions which the general staff at first assigned to them. But they tried it. They could not carry sufficient fuel for long patrol flights into high-enough altitudes, and when it was carried, the heavy load held them close to earth, so that they were exposed to enemy fire. Three ships were lost on their first flights.

Early in August the Z-6 set out to assist in the attack on Liège. She carried a few six and eight inch artillery shells in lieu of bombs. They were to be dropped on the forts. Her crew got her over the forts at Liège all right, and they dropped the shells, but clouds and overweight combined to keep her at a low altitude. She was struck by shrapnel, and even made a fine target for the infantry behind the forts. On the way back to her hangar at Cologne the crew had to set her down in a forest near Bonn, and there she landed, a complete wreck.

The Z-7 was ordered to reconnoiter by daylight and if possible locate the French army, which was then retreating out of Alsace with such speed that all trace of it had been lost. The Zeppelin negotiated some rough country in the Vosges Mountains. Clouds and mountain peaks formed a bad handicap to a ship that could not fly much higher than a mile above sea level, and weather conditions made navigation uncertain.

Early in the day the Z-7 passed over several French encampments, which were bombed. Then she went into the clouds again.

When she emerged her crew discovered themselves less than a half mile high, with the main body of the French army directly underneath. The air immediately was filled with bursting shrapnel, and every soldier, it seemed, was bent on making a hit on the broad hull. She limped off out of range with her gas cells leaking like sieves, and finally dropped near St. Quirin, in Lorraine.

Down in No Man's Land

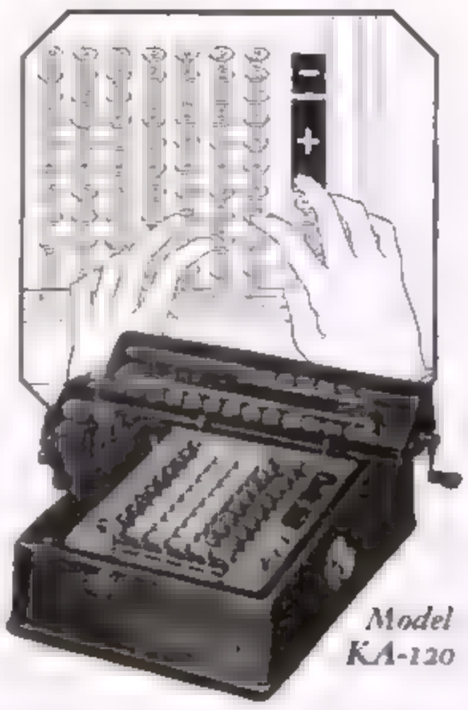
The Z-8 had also been out that same day. Passing over our own troops, she was subjected to an intense fire from their rifles. This prepared the crew for their encounter with the French a few hours later. They came upon the enemy without warning, and while only a few hundred feet up. They had rifles and artillery shells, and as they went over, let the French have everything. Of course the enemy had the best of it from the start. The Z-8 presented a most vulnerable target.

Her steering gear was shot away and the gas cells punctured by thousands of bullets and shell splinters. Luckily the French then had no incendiary shells, or the highly inflammable hydrogen with which she was inflated would have sent her crashing down in flames. Instead, the Z-8 drifted out over no man's land, which was then an indefinite strip many miles across. She settled down on the ground in a mountainous and wooded region near Badonviller, where the commander expected to find German troops.

All documents were destroyed and every effort made to burn the wreck, but so little gas remained in the cells that it would not ignite. At this juncture a squadron of

MONROE
The Machine that Won on Features

Short-Cut Addition



Model KA-120

ONLY on the Monroe is it possible to depress keys and Plus (+) or Minus (—) Bar simultaneously. That is why users call it: "Monroe Short-Cut Addition."

Instantly, the amount is registered in the dials—the figures standing out like headlines in a newspaper. An interruption does not mean repetition of work. The operator *knows* the amount locked on keyboard is the last amount added.

Speed and Accuracy in Monroe Short-Cut Addition are also secured by: (1) the ability to short-cut on Repeat Figures; (2) Zero Keys making keyboard clear-outs unnecessary; (3) immediate Mechanical Correction of total after a wrong set-up without the necessity of re-adding the entire column; (4) rapid One-Hand Clear-Out, etc.

These and scores of other Features earned for the Monroe at the Sesquicentennial *the highest award among calculating machines.*

Mail coupon or 'phone the Monroe office near you to see the marvelous Full Automatic in action on your own figure-work, and for copy of "Monroe Feature Book".

"A machine for every desk" and every figuring need. More than 175 Monroe models priced $150 and up.

MONROE
The Machine of *Practical* Features

Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc., Orange, N. J.
☐ Send free copy: "Monroe Feature Book"
☐ Would like to see Full Automatic
Name of firm _____
Name of individual _____
Street and number _____
City _____ State _____

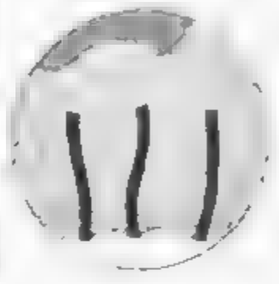
Watch for Monroe Ads—designed for the busy executive

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard, and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where razor works.



Small-bubble lather *attacks beard at base*

Softens every whisker close to skin, right where razor works

COLGATE "small-bubble" lather seeps between whiskers. Myriads of midget bubbles douse every hair at the base—soften it ready for shaving.

"Small bubbles" hold more water than large bubbles, and water is what softens whiskers, science says. Look at the lather pictures above.

How "small-bubble" lather works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

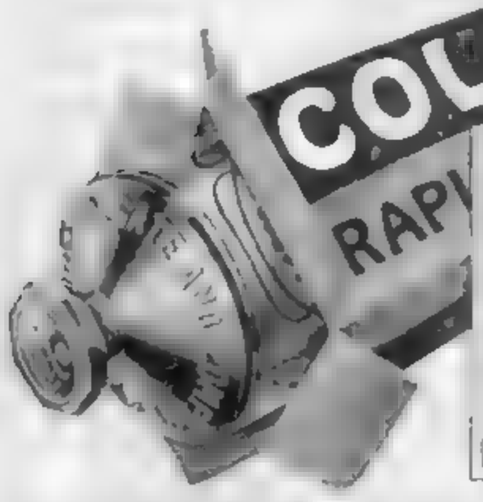
2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A WEEK'S SHAVES—FREE

Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND! We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.



Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 500 D, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name

Address

City State

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

French cavalry came dashing into the woods, and the Zeppelin men had a lively fight on their hands, using their rifles and pistols until they managed to turn and retreat through the forest.

They trudged along for eleven hours, due eastward, before they saw a detachment of German soldiers encamped on a farm. Entering by way of the back yard, they came upon the colonel, who was having his boots cleaned.

"Where do you come from?" he asked, surprised.

"From the French," they replied. "Twelve hours from here."

That was the first inkling of the speed with which the French were retreating. Fearing a trap, the Germans had hesitated to pursue them too closely. It was now seen that the French army had plenty of time to get back to predetermined positions unmolested. The colonel got busy at once. He telephoned the news into headquarters. Soon the entire army was on a forced march toward the west. Within twenty-four hours the gap had been closed and no man's land remained in German hands.

That one unlucky flight of the Z-8 justified the faith of her captain when he had made a futile request to go out and scout over the battle area during the first week of the war. He might have kept the Germans so close on the heels of the retreating French that they would have been compelled to accept battle in the open field before having a chance to fall back to their numerous rearward fortresses.

Potsdam had always impressed me as an orderly, quiet place, and I found no change in the atmosphere when we arrived there with the Sachsen. There were more uniforms, of course, but the old city remained as tranquil and sleepy as in the hot summer days of peace.

I had finished luncheon on the terrace in front of the Hotel Königsberg one day, when two officers came out and approached my table. The taller of the two was Baron Max von Gemmingen, a general-staff officer detailed to represent that body on our ship. I was delighted when he said that he had asked to be assigned to us because he knew we were the best-trained Zeppelin crew. I mention that because Gemmingen and I were to share many adventures together, and, as if I had been warned before of what we were going through, I ardently desired this officer to be of the right caliber personally. Of his technical knowledge I had no doubt, though we had never met until then. He was Count Zeppelin's nephew and had worked with him throughout the long years of struggle.

An Officer in the Civil War

It is not generally known that Zeppelin was a volunteer officer in the Union Army during the American Civil War. He had been a young lieutenant in the Wurttemberg Army, and tiring of garrison life, had come to the United States to fight. I had heard him explain that he had first conceived his idea of a rigid airship while acting as an observer aloft in a captive balloon with the Union Army here in the United States.

Later, in the Franco-Prussian War, he had seen the numerous free balloons leaving besieged Paris, and the idea persisted that if they could be powered and controlled a revolutionary medium of transportation would result. It was not until 1894, when Zeppelin was fifty-six years old, that he designed his first rigid ship. There were many failures and disappointments from then until 1906, when his third ship was pronounced a success.

Gemmingen knew as much about Zeppelins as anyone in the organization, and we were fortunate indeed that he had come with us, instead of our having another general-staff officer as observer, and in part, dictator of our military activities. For the others had no knowledge of Zeppelins, and I believe this accounts for some of the disastrous results of the early war flights. For example, the observer had authority to order the commander of the ship to take his craft over a certain position, no matter whether it might be physically possible or not, or when it could barely fly high enough to avoid hitting the mountain tops.

Baron Gemmingen was then past military age and did not have to serve, but he had volunteered and had asked to be assigned to the airships. There never lived a better man for the hazardous duty which was to be ours from the moment the Sachsen was outfitted for war. He was an aristocrat, sincere, able and frank, utterly without fear or hesitancy. Those qualities, combined with a radiant personality, were calculated to inspire confidence, and every member of my crew came to love him. He and I became close friends. This was more remarkable because we shared the responsibility and there was every chance for disagreement and bitterness because of the divided authority.

I refer to him in the past tense because he fell ill near the close of the war as a result of exposure on some of our most arduous flights. The strenuous life weakened his constitution and he was suffering acutely with stomach trouble in the spring of 1917 when he left me to succeed Count Zeppelin as head of the company. He died in the spring of 1924, while planning to come to America on the transatlantic delivery flight of the latest Zeppelin, now the Los Angeles.

Dropping a Mile to Bed

The officer who accompanied Gemmingen at our first meeting was Lieutenant Ackermann, who was to be our bombing officer the next few months. He was a wealthy sportsman who had become a Zeppelin pilot some months before through sheer love of flying. Poor high-spirited Ackermann! He was to lose his life the following June in the first engagement between an airship and an enemy airplane. He had been transferred to another ship shortly before that battle, and I was able to learn the details from the sole survivor, the coxswain, who owed his life to a freak incident, one of many that happened to war flyers.

"There were ten of us in the crew," he explained when I visited him at the hospital. "We had been out on a raid and were flying back near Ghent, Belgium, which we thought a safe distance from the lines.

"Some of the crew had a premonition of impending trouble, but this was attributed to the strain of flying so far on the short summer nights, when dawn might find us still over the enemy country and fully exposed to their fire.

"That was why the engineers were constantly tinkering with their motors. They knew that they might require the maximum power on a moment's notice. We had started late the night before because the weather looked doubtful and the captain had waited for the latest reports. We went up from the station at Brussels, over the North Sea and then swung back over the northern end of the front line in Flanders. Near Calais we dropped bombs on an important railway junction behind the British lines. They fired at us, but missed in the darkness, and as they could be guided only by the sound of our engines, we were not particularly worried, so long as it remained night.

"But the night was passing, and to avoid running into their fire again, we made a detour which delayed us somewhat. Then we ran into heavy head winds which held us back, so that it was daylight when we reached Ghent. Here, however, the strain on our nerves was relieved, because we thought we were out of the danger zone.

"Imagine our surprise, then, to find an airplane coming at us from the rear. I had the wheel which controls the lateral fins on the tail. We were more than a mile high. Suddenly the speaking tube whistled. The gunner from the platform on the top reported:

"'Airplane in sight 700 yards astern and above the ship.'"

(Continued on Page 74)

Make this Convincing Test

HERE'S a test every car owner is urged to make. It shows the importance of using a Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap on every tire valve.

First—buy a new box of Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps at any accessory store. Next—inflate a tire to its proper pressure. Unscrew valve inside until you hear the air escaping. Then—attach a new Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap firmly by hand. (Do not use pliers.)

Immerse end of valve in a glass of water. You will find the valve absolutely air-tight. The reinforced dome-shaped rubber washer inside the cap forms an absolutely air-tight seal at the mouth of the valve stem. *After above test, screw inside down tight and replace cap.*

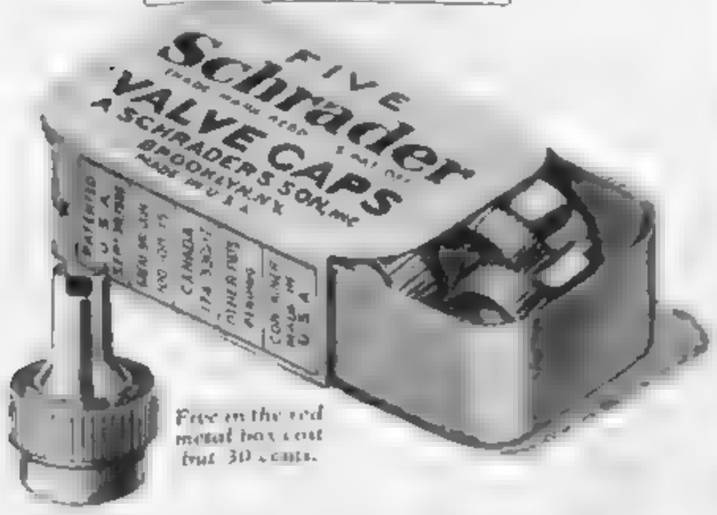
Should the valve inside become worn out or damaged, the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap will prevent escape of air at mouth of valve until you can reach an air line and insert a new Schrader Valve Inside.

Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., Brooklyn
Chicago Toronto London

GUARANTEE
TO MOTORISTS

We guarantee Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps (sold in the red metal box) to be air tight at any pressure up to 250 pounds when screwed down tight by hand. If found not to be air-tight when subjected to the test explained in this advertisement, the dealer from whom they were purchased is authorized to replace them free of charge



Five in the red metal box cost but 30 cents.

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES—TIRE GAUGES

MOLLE
MŌ-LAY
For Shaving
THE PRYDE-WYNN CO.
MADE IN U.S.
Apply with the Finger Tips
A Luxurious Shave—
A Glorious After-feel
Switch to MOLLÉ for one month and you will understand the enthusiasm of men who, at home and traveling, use this delightful beard softening cream, instead of brush and lather, for shaving.
MOLLÉ and your favorite razor will teach you the art of quick, easy shaving and show you the road to a glorious new feel of all-day face comfort without lotions, balms or talcum.
"Spread on—Shave off—
That's all with Mollé"
At all Druggists
Generous Trial Tube Free
Name
Address

(Continued from Page 72)

"That meant it was an enemy plane already in the best position to attack, for we could not fight him from the control car. Only our gunner on top had a chance at him. Before the captain could give orders to fire, the gunner was at it, sending a stream of machine-gun bullets to meet the on-coming plane.

"An instant later I felt a shock. The ship trembled. My wheel went dead. There was no feel to it, and I knew our controls had been shot away. As the car lurched sidewise I was knocked flat, and it must have been while I was trying to regain my feet that the rest of the crew either jumped or were thrown out, for I saw none of them again. And well might they have jumped, for the great hull of the ship was now a roaring, blistering hell. We were falling, a blazing mass.

"Without thinking, I flattened myself on the floor and gripped the boards, trying to escape the unbearable heat from above which was actually roasting me. I wondered how long it would take to fall a mile. That would be the end, I knew, but it would be a blessing, for then I would no longer feel that terrible heat. Then it let up. The car had torn loose from the ship. But everything went black and I came to my senses here in the hospital."

The car with the coxswain in it struck the roof of a convent, plunged straight through and down. He was hurled out of the car at precisely the instant it struck the floor, and landed squarely in a bed which had been vacated by one of the nuns only a few minutes before. That saved his life.

As soon as the Sachsen was ready for duty on the front we received orders to fly to Cologne and replace the Z-6. There the high command forgot all about us. Evidently headquarters no longer had faith in Zeppelins since the loss of the first three ships. We waited for weeks, but no orders came. One day Gemmingen climbed into a car and set out for Coblenz to stir things up at headquarters. And he did.

He told them that they had been ill-advised in ordering the relatively crude and small ships out on day duty over the front lines.

The officers, who had been nonplused at the destruction of the airships, then ordered Gemmingen and me to join them in conference to decide on a future policy. We were free to make any suggestion. That was what we wanted.

Confidence Misplaced

General von Beseler was then preparing for the siege of Antwerp. The Belgians had retreated to that city, and it now looked as if they might be trapped. Obviously they would seek to leave the fortress when threatened by superior numbers. Though their own troops were important numerically, the German machine was moving irresistibly forward and its overwhelming strength would soon be apparent to the Allied leaders. Only one exit remained open to them. The Germans had cut off all means of escape save a railroad which ran westward from Antwerp along the Dutch frontier.

We proposed to fly low over a vitally important junction on that railroad several miles out of the city and demolish it with all the explosives that the Sachsen could carry. We knew it could be done quite easily. Thus the enemy would be held up long enough for the Germans to close the ring.

When Beseler heard of our proposal he admitted that it was the thing to do, but like so many others, he had greater faith in his cavalry than in airships. He had already sent a detachment to block the railroad there, and said that he did not want to interfere with it.

The result was that his cavalry encountered Allied troops at the junction and proved that it was neither quick enough nor strong enough to stop them. The Belgian troops were taken out of the Antwerp area on that railway and later played an important and decisive part in the Battle of the Marne.

We were able to assist in the actual siege of Antwerp, however. Early in September it had reached a stage where the general staff thought that a Zeppelin might possibly be effective in night raids on the powerful forts. We were prepared for the order.

During the days of waiting at Cologne we had not been idle. Every day we had the Sachsen up at least once, and often twice, while the officers and men were given practice in their respective duties. The officers operating the bomb sight required considerable skill to make their elaborate instruments of any value. They had to learn how to check the variation of the wind, for any wind will deflect a bomb from its true course, and it must be reckoned with in taking aim. Likewise, the helmsman had to practice accurate steering and perfect coöperation with the bombing officer.

Our usual routine was to get up at three in the morning, set out on a flight at four and remain up about four hours, flying back and forth and circling over the field where we had laid out various targets on the ground. At first we did not have many bombs, so the supply would be exhausted quickly and we would land, at intervals, to pick them up. Sometimes this would go on until ten o'clock. In the afternoon the crew would have target practice with both pistol and rifle.

The Attack on Antwerp

The question of procuring efficient bombs bothered us exceedingly, for at that time we had nothing but artillery shells. To make a shell fall head-on we would tie a blanket to the other end. We had heard that somewhere near Berlin new, ball-shaped bombs were being developed, but that was no assurance that we would receive them before our attack on Antwerp, if ever; so Gemmingen and I, by authority of the high command, called upon a big munitions works near Cologne, and there ordered a quantity of bombs made to our own design.

These were tested from the ship over an artillery practice grounds. Later, when the official bombs had arrived, we got into difficulties with the officials responsible for them because we preferred our own eggs. Theirs contained much more metal than we considered necessary. This made them heavier than ours, though no more effective; so we continued to use our own. At the same time we made a number of tests with various kinds of incendiary bombs which several firms had made up at our suggestion. There was then no such thing as an incendiary bomb in any army, but we managed to procure a type that was light and fairly effective, notwithstanding that the percentage of duds was rather high.

We had also experimented with a bomb-protection device—a steel net. This was designed to be spread out on poles several feet over the roofs of important buildings. The theory was that the net would catch the bomb and it would explode at a safe distance above its objective. Many samples of nets had arrived at the Cologne hangar.

At a height of 2000 feet, or even at half a mile, we rarely failed to hit a net 50 feet square. But the nets failed. The bombs went through to the ground before exploding, no matter how short the fuses might be. It proved the fallacy of the theory, which I have often heard advanced since the war, that nets can be used for protection against aircraft. We found that a net would be prohibitive in cost and weight and bulk if strong enough to withstand a falling bomb.

Our first attack on Antwerp was an extraordinary experience. None of us had any idea of what it would be like. Now I recall the details chiefly because of the sharp contrasts and mixed emotions which they aroused. We drifted up from Cologne on a warm, moonlight night at eleven o'clock, and followed the railroad line to Aix-la-Chapelle, which was brilliantly lighted. Thence we put the Sachsen into higher altitudes, arriving over Liège at eight o'clock.

We had 1800 pounds of crude bombs, a tremendous load for the ship, which we were now trying to put up to about 6000 feet over the surface. We carried no machine guns, but the crew were armed with automatic rifles and pistols. Out of Liège we penetrated a cloud bank and rode above it, the throbbing engines and whirring propellers making the ship a vibrant thing moving over a veritable sea of silvery mist, for such the thick clouds appeared from above, bathed in the clear rays of the moon. It was difficult for me to realize the serious nature of our mission—that this was to be part of a bitter war.

But now we were close upon Antwerp. The clouds were thinning out. They gradually disappeared. We must wait for the moon to set, else stand out as a plain target for the guns of the fortress. So we cruised around for more than an hour in a corner of Belgium between Antwerp and Holland, lurking a mile high and waiting until the moon should drop, which would be shortly before dawn. It gave us only a few minutes to strike and get away before daylight.

At the moment that we moved to the attack the Sachsen commenced acting like a conscientious objector. The air was unusually warm and we had considerable difficulty in controlling the big craft. In order to keep her somewhere at 5500 feet we had to point her nose up so that she was pitched at a sharp angle, and we slipped and scrambled about in the control car. It wasn't exactly the proper way to begin an air raid, as we realized when the ship finally became unmanageable and we almost lost control of her altogether.

But there we were. The moment had arrived. Antwerp lay only a short distance ahead. We continued, knowing that as soon as we had dropped a few bombs the loss of weight would enable us to control the ship more easily.

We urged her forward. To do this we had to approach the fortress with all engines running at top speed, sufficient warning to the gallant defenders that we were coming.

Ready to Answer

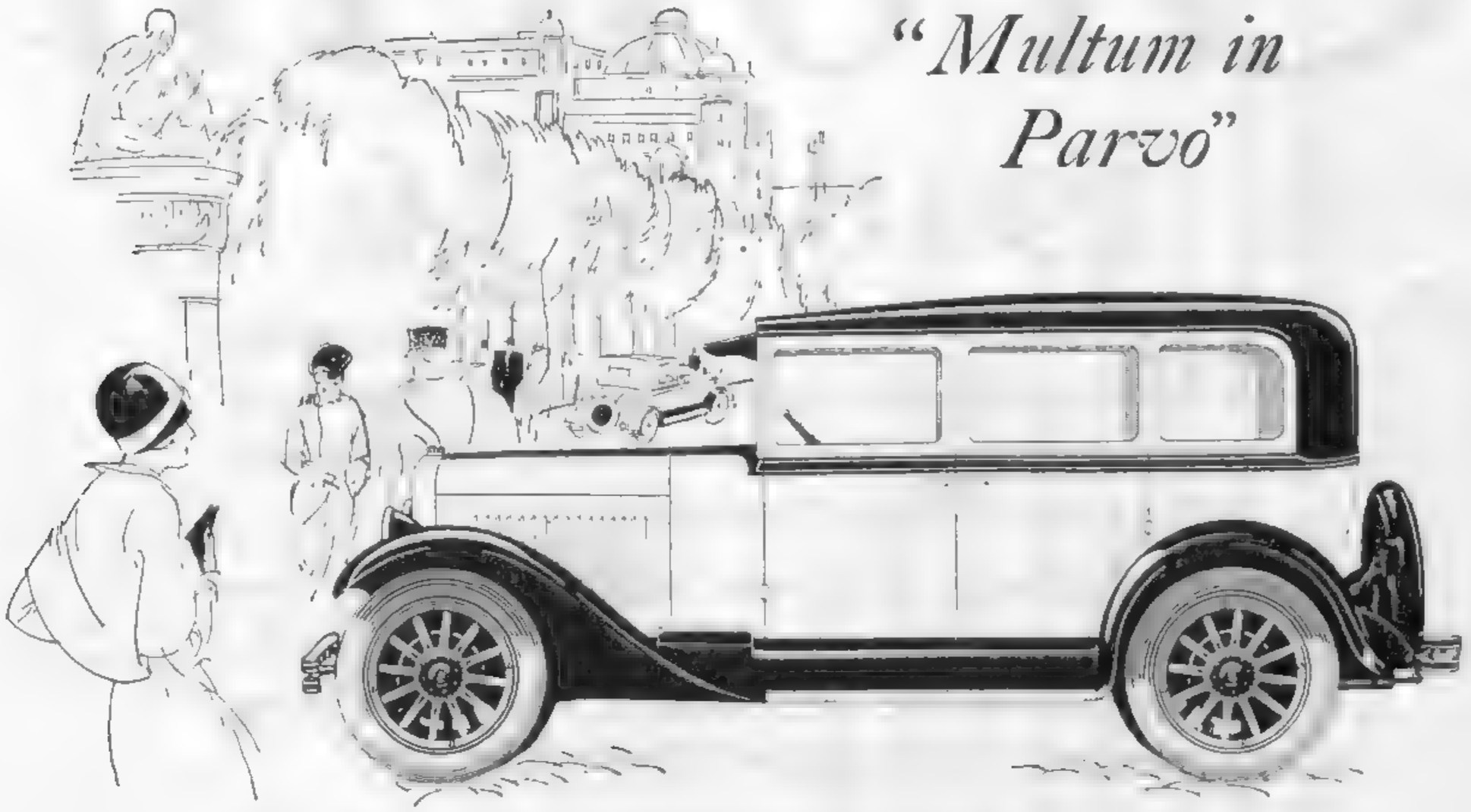
The pitch-black night was split asunder as the white shafts from several searchlights shot into the air. But they were rather inferior. They often struck us, but could not hold on because they were too weak to spot us at our height. We ignored them. When the artillery commenced firing blindly the shells burst miles away. Underneath we saw innumerable little fire dots, like stars blinking through a haze. These were from the rifles of the infantry camped between the first and second lines. They did not hit us, but their chance was good, as we were well within their vertical range of 6000 feet. So we stopped that by dropping a few ten-pound bombs on them. I don't know whether we hurt anybody, but we certainly stopped the rifle fire. No doubt the soldiers threw themselves flat on the ground to avoid being hit by shell fragments.

Meanwhile the artillery fire had attained such intensity that it was a real menace. A big searchlight, much stronger than the rest, now settled on the ship and held her exposed in its glare. Some of the shells came so close that we could feel the impact of the blast when they burst. But we were now ready to answer them.

The crew had been standing silently at their posts in the darkness, for all cars and the interior of the ship contained no lights during our advance. Gemmingen searched the surface with his glasses and picked out the targets—all forts at first. I directed the navigation and passed the word where to drop the explosives. Men in the fore and aft cars stood ready with small bombs which they were to hurl out by hand.

(Continued on Page 78)

THE LITTLE ARISTOCRAT



"Multum in Parvo"

"MUCH IN LITTLE," an old Latin phrase, aptly describes motordom's latest sensation—the Erskine Six. So much motor car excellence in such compact dimensions—so much value for so little money.

So much beauty—

So much beauty in a little car is attributable to Dietrich—master designer of fine custom cars. In the Erskine Six he has expressed the quintessence of style. Its lines are smartly European—their sophistication has made the Erskine a favorite wherever fashionables foregather, abroad or at home.

So much performance—

So much of advanced performance in this Little Aristocrat. Its six-cylinder engine hits 60 without effort. Accelerates from 5 to 25 mile speed in 8½ seconds. Takes an 11% grade in high and returns 20 to 30 miles to the gallon of gas, depending on driving conditions.

So much safety—

So much safety with so little effort. Rugged, self-energizing 4-wheel brakes give absolute control. All-steel, full-vision body gives perfect view of the road. Low-hung chassis brings a measure of car balance that takes the turns at top speed without danger.

ERSKINE SIX CUSTOM SEDAN

$995 *f. o. b. factory*

Custom Coupe, $995 *Business Coupe, $945*
Tourer, $945
Bumpers front and rear included, of course

Equipment—Erskine Six Custom Sedan: Self-energizing 4-wheel brakes; bumpers, front and rear; full size balloon tires; two-beam headlights; oil filter; rear traffic signal light; cowl ventilator; one-piece windshield; thief-proof coincidental lock to ignition and steering; automatic windshield cleaner; rear-vision mirror; hydrostatic gasoline gauge on dash; instrument board compartments; dome light; robe rail; broadcloth upholstering with broadlace trim.

So much comfort—

So much comfort in such compact dimensions. Dietrich has triumphed over inches, for within the Erskine bodies is ample room for 6-footers and 200-pounders. Riding ease totally new—made possible by cradling the car on a springbase equal to four-fifths of the wheelbase!

You must drive it to know

So much to be told and so little space to tell it in. You must see the Erskine Six—take its wheel—drive it where you like and as you like to realize how much charm this Little Aristocrat of Motordom holds for you.

ERSKINE SIX

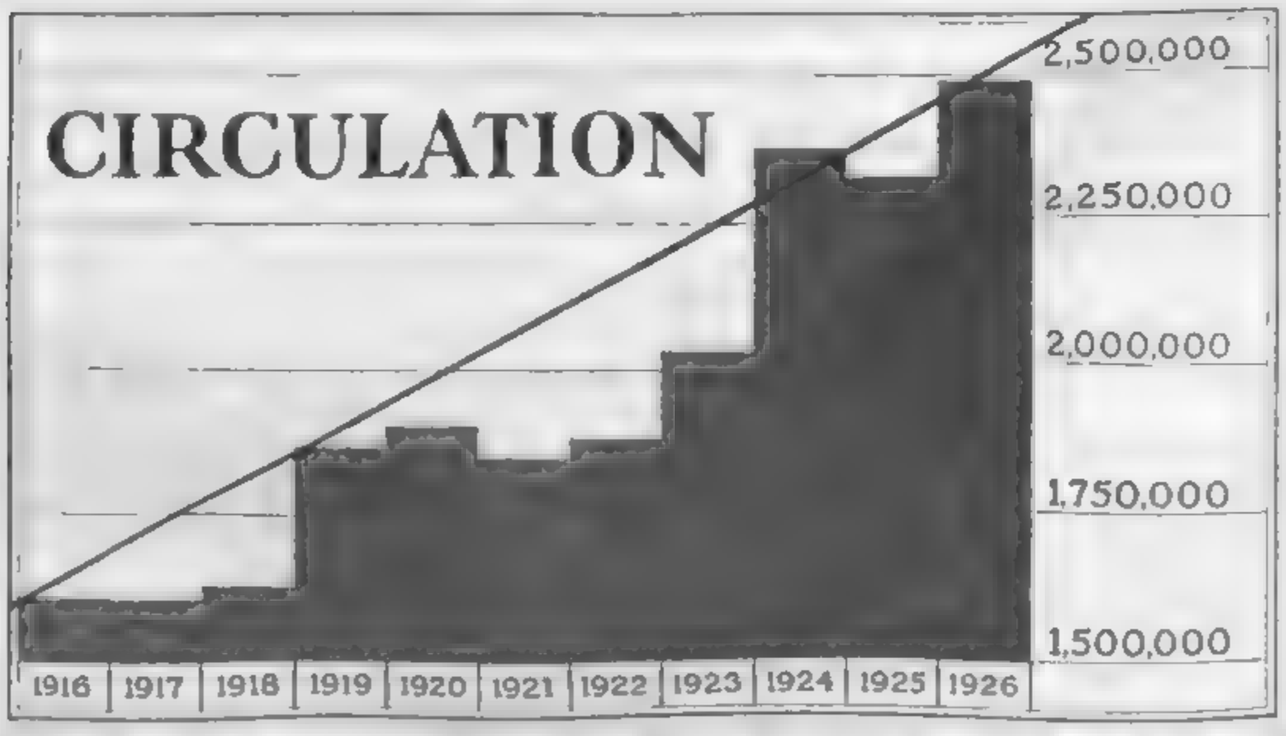
Studebaker's New 2⅓ Litre Car

Growth
1916-1926

BUSINESS MEN agree with economists that the war and immediate post-war years were severe trials of the basic soundness of industrial structures.

Few, if any, products in any industry can show, during the past eleven years, as steady a growth as the circulation and advertising revenue of The Ladies' Home Journal.

The remarkably consistent growth in circulation and advertising revenue of The Ladies' Home Journal throughout these trying years is evidence of the soundness and stability that 40 years of supremacy have built into this publication.

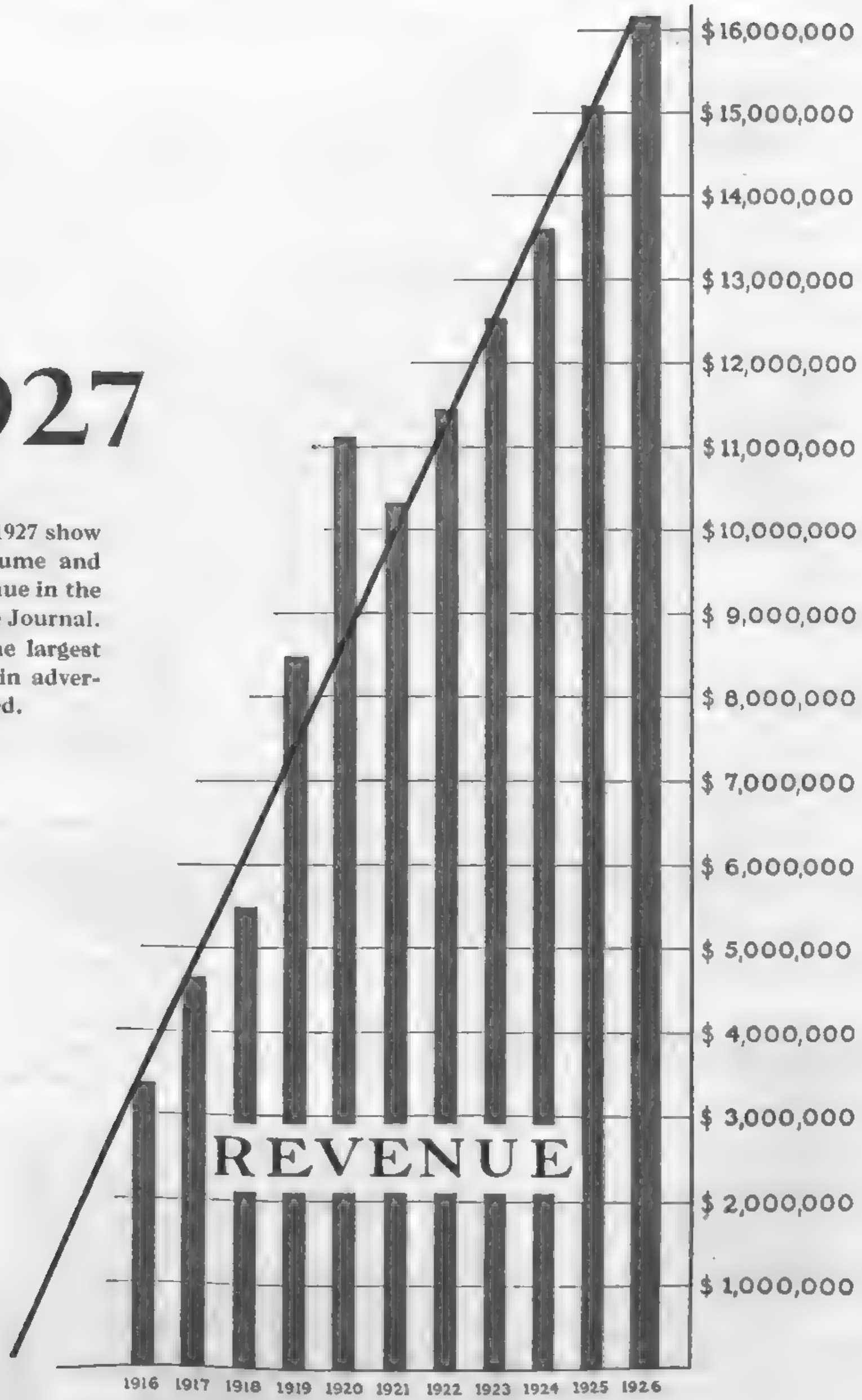


THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

and 1927

The first four months of 1927 show the largest advertising volume and the largest advertising revenue in the history of The Ladies' Home Journal.

And the April issue is the largest in advertising lineage and in advertising revenue ever published.



THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Contentment in Every Draw—Cards or Tobacco

Pipe-smoking card-player finds his tobacco keeps him happy, winning or losing

A new slant on pipe-smoking contentment is brought to light by Mr. W. H. Doughty, a furniture dealer of Greeneville, Tenn.

A discovery made during a card game has evidently made him a life member of the Edgeworth Club.

Read what he writes:

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

My dear Sirs:

For twenty years I have been engaged in selling furniture. On pay days my partner and I call up some of our friends to invite them down for a little poker game.

In this mélange of our selection there happened to be a fellow by the name of Austine—a tobacco dealer. This fellow Austine was a most consistent loser—but losing never seemed to affect his mirth.

His conduct became a study with me. My winning and losing moods were reflected in my actions. When winning I was the good fellow. When losing I was the grouch. All this time I noticed Mr. Austine, the tobacco dealer, sitting back unperturbed, puffing away on his pipe—contented—at peace with the world—winning or losing.

Finally I put the matter up to Mr. Austine for a solution. He said, "Major (my poker title by brevet), there is no mystery to that—my contentment is due to the tobacco I smoke. When I need a friend in poker or business—Edgeworth has never failed me. It carries contentment in every draw—whether the cards run good or bad."

The next time I visited the Mason City Tobacco Shop I purchased some of this Edgeworth. It has made a new man out of me. I can look them in the face and smile—smile—smile whether they run good or bad.

If you ever indulge in poker or any other losing business, my advice is—fill up the old pipe on Edgeworth and as the delightful fragrance fills the air you will be at peace with the world.

Sincerely,

W. H. Doughty

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

{On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters}

(Continued from Page 74)

First we made for the obnoxious searchlight. Some of the men threw their bombs at it, while others used rifles, and in another moment the searchlight went out. All our big incendiary bombs, which were calculated to spread fire, were dropped on the forts, and we then headed for the center of the city to demolish the main railway station. In passing we dropped a number of bombs on the inner fortifications and saw two fires on our trail. I looked at my watch. We were passing out over the edge of the city just twenty minutes after entering from the opposite side.

It was high time. The eastern sky was assuming a lighter tone. But a thick layer of fog and thick, low clouds now gathered in the valley of the Schelde, and in an incredibly brief period the earth was lost to view as if covered with a magic carpet. Far below us lay the milky clouds. In the west the stars still twinkled, while in the east the sun appeared, a fiery golden red from which radiated great ribbons of color, some violet and purple, and others graduating into brilliant orange, pink and green. We reached Cologne at eleven o'clock, having been in the air exactly twelve hours.

The British Retaliate

Shortly before the first raid on Antwerp the Zeppelin company turned out another army ship, which was flown from the factory at Friedrichshafen to the new military hangar at Düsseldorf. Captain Horn, one of the best pilots in the army, was put in command, and we worked together. Horn's ship, the Z-9, and our Sachsen made many reconnaissance flights over Antwerp and Ostend.

All told, we must have dropped about 10,000 pounds of bombs on the fortifications, a bit of military strategy which, if it did no material damage to the enemy, accomplished a greater purpose. For we succeeded in restoring the confidence of the high command in airships; and though we had the only two ships then available for duty, orders came in thick and fast.

It was still apparent that the general staff remained ignorant of the limitations of these early Zeppelins, as witness, for example, this order, which the Z-9 received late in August:

Bombing attacks will be made on Antwerp, Zeebrugge, Dunkirk and Calais. Return by way of Lille; also bombing attack there.

It couldn't be done under the most favorable weather conditions. In the warm weather the ship could not have taken more than ten bombs for all five cities, including fuel for such a long flight. Captain Horn, of course, immediately asked and received permission to revise the order.

That attitude on the part of the high command—to give the Zeppelin commanders all possible leeway—was most important. For within two months after the declaration of war the Allies had so organized their air forces that the scout planes and heavier bombing machines were beginning to cause us trouble. We had to reckon with them from then on, whether we were in the air or back in the hangar.

The British were the first to make the Zeppelins an object of attack. On September 27, 1914, an English plane flew over Düsseldorf and tried to blow up the hangar in which the Z-9 was berthed. It was a complete surprise, for at that time no plane was capable of flying the distance from the British lines to Düsseldorf, except by crossing neutral Holland.

The English pilot's first attack was a complete failure, and having thus been warned, we stationed machine-gun crews on the hangar roofs, and set up as much of an anti-aircraft battery as could be provided in those early days of the conflict. But it was of little avail.

The English plane returned on October eighth and dropped a bomb through the hangar roof. It exploded and burned the Z-9 and killed a mechanic who had been on the roof at the time of the attack. The machine gunners on the towers at each end, however, were not hurt. I drove over to Düsseldorf soon after the raid and was surprised to find that the hangar itself was practically undamaged. The Z-9, however, was a complete wreck. Only the engines could be used again. Singularly, the bombs which had been hanging inside the hull did not explode. Of course they had no fuses, and when their metal supports had melted away in the blowtorch heat of burning hydrogen they dropped harmlessly to the floor.

Slight Damage to Hangars

My conclusions that enemy raids on airship bases could cause little damage except by destroying the hydrogen-filled ships were verified on several occasions. Allied planes made two air raids on the Zeppelin works at Friedrichshafen, but neither raid was successful. Several months later the enemy made two air attacks the same day at different points. The LZ-37 was destroyed in the air near Ghent and the LZ-38 was wrecked by a bomb dropped through her hangar at Brussels.

To house the LZ-38, which was larger than the former ships, a temporary shed of wood and tarred paper had been erected. Yet this hangar was only slightly damaged. We found this to be the case generally.

Late in October, following the surrender of the French fortress at Maubeuge, Gemmingen and I inspected the French airship hangar which they had tried to blow up. There was so little damage done that within a few months the Germans had repaired and enlarged it so that a Zeppelin could be sheltered.

Prior to the war none of the Allied nations had a rigid-airship industry, so they were compelled to rely on the smaller, nonrigid types. But because of their short cruising range and small load capacity they could not be used to advantage. As a matter of fact, after the few ships which the Allies employed at first had proved a rather complete failure, they were abandoned until much later in the war, when they found an adequate field for successful operations in patrolling their coastal waters against submarines.

Good for Target Practice

On arriving at Maubeuge we found some photographs of the French airships which had been operated from that station. Looking at the crude affairs, one of our men commented:

"Just good enough for target practice."

And that is what some of the French troops had unintentionally used them for. The same had occurred on our side. The ground forces were not trained to distinguish between their own and the enemy aircraft, but thanks to the rugged qualities of the Zeppelins and their multiple gas-cell system, the fire from our troops had never done serious harm. The French may have had better light or more expert gunners. At any rate, they succeeded in shooting to pieces their own and most modern airship. This occurred while it was being flown out of Maubeuge.

We heard very little about the French airships after that. In 1915 the Adjutant Vincenot tried to bomb towns in the Rhine Valley, but without any great success. Later in that year the French craft Alsace was brought down by German guns while trying to cross the front near Rethel. It fell almost intact inside our lines, and offered a striking example of the vulnerability of that type, which depends on only one skin, with very few subdivisions, if any, for the retention of the lifting gas and the maintenance of its shape and strength.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Lehmann and Mr. Mingos. The next will appear in an early issue.

Indian Basket Grass, Paradise Valley, Rainier National Park, Washington

The De Luxe Light Six Sedan

Unique Beauty — a 7-Bearing Motor

and an Array of Costly Car Features

A pronounced advantage the De Luxe Light Six Sedan enjoys over other cars in its field is its 7-bearing motor.

As contrasted to a Four or to a Six still powered with the older type 3 or 4-bearing motor its performance superiority is so great as to be almost unbelievable until you actually experience it.

You'll find it trigger-quick in getaway, of great power and speed, and with the supreme smoothness and quietness inherent only to the 7-bearing type of motor design.

Its finely-modeled body, of genuine hardwood construction like the world's highest priced cars, is a symphony in blue, with the lighter shade of the body proper and the fenders handsomely set off by the darker tone of the upper body.

In the interior there is further evidence of costly quality, for Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet is used for the upholstery, the steering wheel is of solid walnut, and the instrument board and window ledges are of walnut finish.

Among many notable attractions included in its standard equipment are front bumpers, bumperettes, motometer, 4-wheel brakes, and 5 disc wheels.

And Nash has set the price so low as to be but little more than that of a Four or cheap Six. (5286)

To "Show Me" Fellows

Let us show you that the claims men make for this unique shaving cream are true

—Accept, Please, Full 10-Day Tube to Try

GENTLEMEN:

When salesmen call on us, we give them a courteous hearing—then ask for samples.

And since it is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, we sell Palmolive Shaving Cream on that basis. We think you are entitled to a testable sized sample before you try it.

Will you accept one—a full 10-day tube? We'll thank you for the opportunity.

60 years of soap study stand behind this creation. It embodies the expressed desire of 1000 men whose supreme wishes in a shaving cream were asked before we started it. Our whole experience as soap and skin experts, as the makers of Palmolive Soap, is embodied.

5 new advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

1499

10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1298, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

Please print your name and address

NOBODY'S CAPITAL

(Continued from Page 21)

At any rate, when the District of Columbia was selected as the spot where the national capital should be created, Washington conferred with his Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson, and then selected Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a young French engineer, to make the plans for the future city.

In 1791 a careful survey of the section along the Potomac River that is now included in the District of Columbia was made. This section, in those far-off days, was plentifully supplied with swamps, mud, forests, mosquitoes, burs and impenetrable undergrowth, and seemed to offer as few chances of becoming a beautiful city as an oyster offers of becoming a string of pearls.

L'Enfant looked beyond the turtle wallows and the great bur plantations, however, and planned to supplant them with broad avenues and spacious parks and beautiful fountains. He indicated the sites of all the public buildings that would be necessary for the governing of a great nation.

He fixed the location of the White House and the Capitol and designed the stately park that was to connect them.

The city that he designed was planned to hold about as many people as were then contained within the boundaries of the entire nation, or a population about one-third greater than the then population of Paris. When, therefore, the details of the plan were made public, the more intelligent residents of the United States, England and France burst into prolonged laughter. It was obvious to the young intelligentzia of 1791 that anybody who thought that the capital of the United States would ever exceed 10,000 people, or that the humid swamps along the Potomac would ever prove attractive as residential sites for anybody that wasn't forced or sentenced to live there, was cursed with an advanced case of May flies in the belfry.

George Washington, nevertheless, continued to insist that such a plan was needed for the capital of the nation; and as a result of his insistence, the necessary lands were set aside for streets, avenues, parks and public squares. It is fortunate that George Washington was left cold by the hoarse laughter of the young intelligentzia of 1791; for, like most young intelligentzia both before and since that day, they were wrong on every count, and the city grew far beyond the boundaries of the L'Enfant plan many years ago.

Speed But No Control

L'Enfant made his plans for a city of 200,000 people, whereas the population of Washington is now in the vicinity of half a million.

It should be remarked in passing that it is still growing with phenomenal speed, but with next to no control, and that speed without control may readily prove as awkward for a city as for a baseball player, an airplane pilot or a debutante.

For a time the ideas of Washington, Jefferson and L'Enfant were followed in the building and the laying out of the capital city; but by 1825 the persons in authority began to lose sight of the fact that Washington belonged to all the people of the United States. Nobody took any particular interest in its welfare. The L'Enfant plans for the development of Washington fell into disuse, and were wholeheartedly mutilated, twisted or ignored.

The L'Enfant plan called for a broad avenue—Pennsylvania Avenue—running straight from the front steps of the Capitol to the White House. But when, during the presidency of Andrew Jackson, the subject of a site for the Treasury Building was under discussion, Jackson himself walked out from the White House until he reached a spot that looked good to him and there poked a stick into the ground.

"We'll put it here," said President Jackson, in a voice that invited no arguments. He then returned to the White House, and the Treasury Building was placed where the stick was poked into the ground.

Unfortunately this location caused one corner of the Treasury Building to stick out into Pennsylvania Avenue and thus wreck the main artery of the L'Enfant plan—the unobstructed avenue extending from the Capitol to the White House. Nobody cared, however.

In 1846 the people of Virginia grew weary of the neglect of that section of Virginia, across the Potomac from Washington, that had originally been included in the District of Columbia. They therefore cried a piercing cry to the effect that the section ought to be returned to Virginia. Congress amiably agreed to this suggestion, even though the Virginia portion of the District was highly essential for the future protection and beautification of the city. Since the city, to Congress' way of thinking, belonged to nobody in particular, Congress had no hesitation in closing its eyes to irreplaceable losses.

Yesterdays in Washington

Until after the Civil War, Washington slipped downhill with all the brisk energy of an intoxicated carpenter sliding down a slate roof. Most of the streets of the city were unpaved; the lighting system compared unfavorably with that of a somewhat benighted Turkish town; the water-supply system was almost nonexistent, and sewage disposal was left to the individuals who were unfortunate enough to have to live in the nation's capital.

Railroad tracks and railroad stations embellished the weed patches that figured on L'Enfant's plan as the great parkway, or Mall, between the Capitol and the White House. Visitors to the Capitol were greeted by the spectacle of a slimy, meandering and odorous creek in its front yard. The city as a whole was being highly flattered when it was referred to as a mess. Its population at the end of the Civil War was 60,000, and most of the 60,000 were homesick for other sections of the United States.

After the Civil War its population began to increase rapidly. Grant was President and the government of the city of Washington was in the hands of Alexander R. Shepherd, an arbitrary and high-handed gentleman who was known locally as Boss Shepherd. And it might be remarked in passing that whenever the city of Washington has been saved from making itself an eyesore, as it frequently has been, it has been saved by an arbitrary and high-handed person who defied Congress and stuck out his tongue at the recognized authorities in a rude and undignified manner.

Shepherd, seeing that nobody was particularly interested in doing anything for the city, and realizing that its condition was sufficiently bad to bring a quiver of disgust to the nostrils of a wooden rocking-horse, decided to change Washington from a country town to a modern city.

Encouraged in this decision by President Grant, he began to spend money with feverish intensity. He graded and paved the streets; he moved the Baltimore and Ohio railroad station away from the base of the Capitol, so that the hot air in the halls of Congress was no longer diluted with locomotive smoke; he covered Tyber Creek, which ran through the middle of the Mall and disseminated an odor vaguely reminiscent of a glue factory; he had some 3000 gaslights installed on thoroughfares; he started a first-rate sewer system, and he planted some 60,000 trees along the city's sun-baked streets.

He also exceeded by an extremely commodious amount the appropriation that Congress had authorized for this work, in as much as the appropriation was not sufficient to do the work that needed to be

(Continued on Page 82)

"For three years I dragged along *–half sick"*

"DAILY HEADACHES—*tiredness that I could not seem to throw off. Then a breaking out all over my body. I dragged along—with cathartics—until I was many pounds underweight.*

"I had read often of the wonderful results others had obtained with Fleischmann's Yeast but for a long time I did not think of Yeast in connection with myself.

"Finally I decided to make the trial. It turned out to be very easy and simple. Today I am a strong robust man. My ailments have disappeared. I weigh 186 pounds of pure bone and muscle and feel a picture of health and happiness."

A. L. DIXON, Dallas, Texas

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST—a food, not a medicine—keeps the whole digestive and intestinal tract clean. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake remove the poisons of chronic constipation, and restore the muscles of elimination to their normal strength. Your skin clears, your digestion becomes normal, your old listlessness vanishes. Alertness returns. You are really well again.

Fleischmann's Yeast is the simple, natural way to counteract intestinal poisoning. Eat it regularly. You can get it at any grocer's. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Start today to eat Fleischmann's Yeast.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-34, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

MR. A. L. DIXON *taking "time off" near Dallas, Texas. Once he was not able to enjoy life like this. He tells above how easily and naturally he got rid of his ills.*

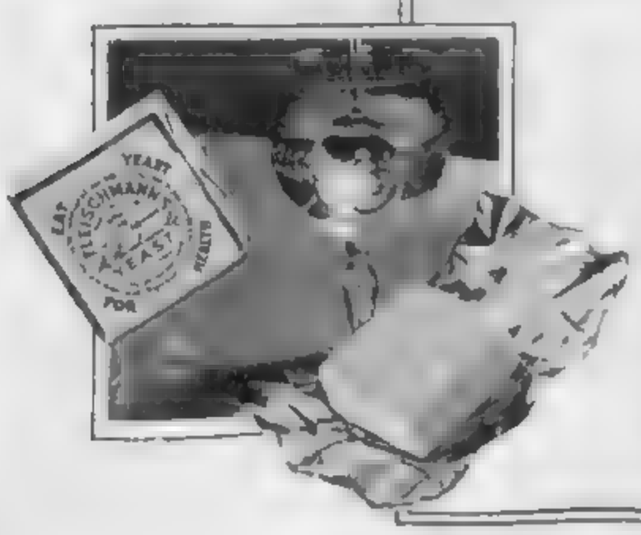
SARAH FIELD SPLINT, *Editor, Dept. of Foods and Household Management, McCall's Magazine; President, Sarah Field Splint, Inc., Food Consultants.*

"MY BUSINESS sometimes obliges me to undergo periods of intensive work without a proper amount of rest, exercise and fresh air . . . From my study of food chemistry I had, of course, become familiar with the fact that fresh Yeast has nutritive and therapeutic properties. But, curiously enough, it had never occurred to me to eat it myself until a physician suggested it at a time when I was much run down, and looking even more wretched than I felt. It proved so efficacious in correcting the extreme fatigue and nervousness brought on by loss of appetite that I have ever since taken it regularly when work began to make especially heavy draughts on my vitality. Through aiding the processes of digestion Yeast creates a healthy desire for food."

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, New York City

"GIRLS AVOIDED ME because of the unsightly eruptions on my face and I was subjected to many embarrassing remarks. It was with great difficulty that I could shave. All this unpleasantness contributed to making me feel very grouchy and unhappy. In good faith I tried many suggested remedies but with no results. I was urged finally to try Fleischmann's Yeast by an old friend who had used it long before it became a national remedy. Accordingly, I purchased a cake the following day. The next day I bought two cakes. After three months I was entirely free of skin trouble just by eating two cakes of Yeast each day. Now my face is no longer disagreeably oily. My skin is clear and smooth and easy to shave. And I have a much better disposition."

WESLEY J. PIERCE, Richmond, Va.



This Easy, Natural Way to have your rightful, vigorous health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk, or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today.

"What do you have to pay for tires, Alec?"
"Don't know; I've never had to buy any."
"Why, you've had your car almost two year—"
"Yes, but it had Kel'v-Springfields on it when it was delivered."

(Continued from Page 80)

done—a state of affairs that is encountered as frequently today as in 1871. The Government, in a rage, undertook to force the property owners of the District of Columbia to pay the bills, and the taxes that ensued made the residents of Washington emit screams of anguish that caused the wailings of a screech owl to sound, by comparison, like the muted murmur of a mourning dove.

There was a terrible outcry, as well as the conventional congressional investigation which proved next to nothing; but as a result of the uproar, Washington was placed under a commission form of government, so that no one man could ever again have the power to spend money on its improvement, no matter how necessary the improvement might be.

This unwonted outburst of construction completely satisfied the persons who had been complaining about the backwardness of Washington, and everybody sank back and carefully forgot that anyone had ever formulated a beautiful and orderly plan for its growth.

As the population increased, real-estate speculators bought land in what was then the outskirts of the city, but what is now regarded as close-in property, and laid out subdivisions in any manner that happened to strike their fancies.

L'Enfant, in his plan, had extended his avenues and boulevards to certain boundary lines, and had not shown the avenues and boulevards extending beyond those lines. Since nobody was particularly interested in the city, it occurred to nobody—when the city grew beyond L'Enfant's boundary lines—to place a ruler on L'Enfant's plan, extend the avenues and boulevards into infinity and insist that they be protected until an extension of L'Enfant's plan could be made by competent engineers and planners. The speculators accordingly built subdivisions across the ends of important boulevards and avenues, running their streets at cockeyed angles, with no regard whatever for the manner in which the main arteries of the city were laid out.

The Kinks in Connecticut Avenue

Thus, Sixteenth Street, supposed to run straight out into infinity from a point directly opposite the front door of the White House, was blocked before it had fairly got started by a maze of diagonal cross streets. At a much later date, and at very great expense, Sixteenth Street was pushed across this maze of stupidly conceived streets. It straightened itself out, but left itself flanked on each side by pie-shaped wedges of land and by involved street crossings of a sort to give any traffic policeman a bad case of the twitters, the Australian zing, or some other malignant nervous affliction.

Connecticut Avenue, the great traffic artery from the center of Washington to Chevy Chase, was dammed by one of these early developments. On the Washington side of the development it is a straight and impressive thoroughfare, as planned by L'Enfant. On the far side of the development it is also straight. But a drastic surgical operation was necessary to join the two sections, and the surgeons were not particularly skillful. As a result, Connecticut Avenue has a series of kinks in its most important and prominent section that wrecks its impressiveness as an avenue.

Two other important avenues—Vermont and New Hampshire—were intended to extend far out into the country. Thanks to the lack of control in the early days, and to the stupidity of those who were supposed to be guarding the welfare of the city, both these avenues come to an abrupt stop at the boundary of the city that L'Enfant designed.

For similar reasons, Arkansas, Colorado, Illinois and Kansas Avenues are mere fragments of the impressive avenues that they should be.

By 1893 so many howls of rage were being raised by reputable architects and persons of taste and discrimination against the disorderly array of streets that were springing into existence, that sensitive congressional ears began to twitch nervously. The beautiful plans for the Chicago World's Fair had been carried out by 1893, and there was general recognition of the fact that the United States possessed architects and landscape architects whose work could stand comparison with that of other members of similar professions anywhere in the world.

The Beauty Experts

Congress, however, called in none of these distinguished gentlemen, but passed an act authorizing the commissioners of the District of Columbia to lay out a system of highways in the suburbs of Washington. The commissioners hastened to do this; and except for two unfortunate mistakes, they did a fair job. They made no provisions whatever for parks or open squares, which are highly essential to the beauty of any city, and they paid no attention whatever to the topography of the land. If one of their streets encountered a picturesque ravine or a rolling hill, they filled up the ravine or cut down the hill. It might be added that the commissioners might have had more regard for beauty if the act of Congress which authorized them to go ahead had given them the chance to consider anything so silly as beauty.

As the landscape architects and city planners and architects of the country awoke, they began to raise outcries and to take their pens in hand for the purpose of communicating with Congress and demanding that something be done about it. Congress, realizing that they might lose votes if something weren't done, began to spawn bills providing for the beautifying of Washington. Almost every congressman was seized with a sudden desire to see Washington beautified, provided it could be beautified in his particular way; but all theories of beauty except his own left him cold.

Consequently the bills, after being written and introduced, were comprehensively and enthusiastically forgotten, and nothing whatever was done.

Eventually, in 1901, the architects and the city planners succeeded in obtaining the ear of Senator James McMillan, chairman of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, and in convincing him that the capital needed rapid action if it was to be saved from degenerating into a national disgrace.

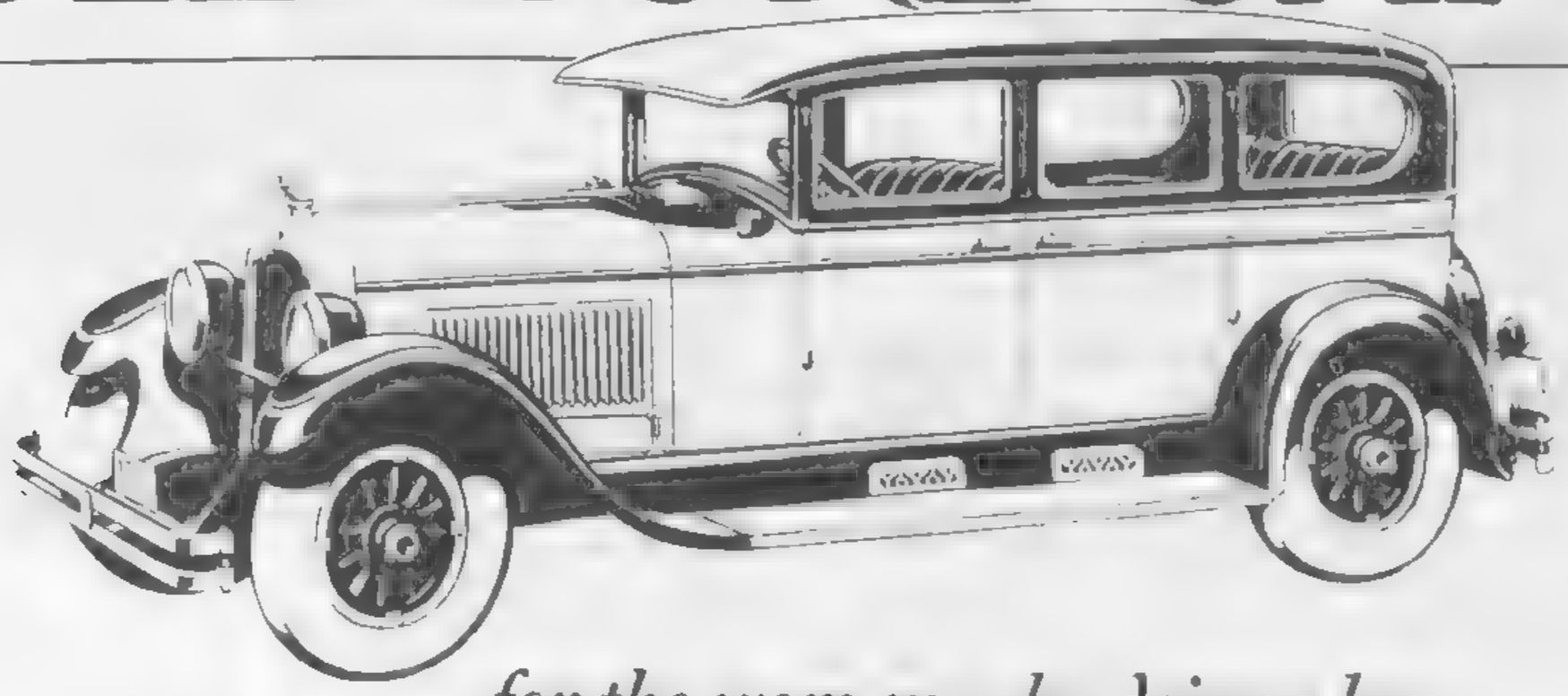
Senator McMillan was an arbitrary, high-handed sort of person who did what needed to be done and explained afterward. If he had waited for the Senate to vote him enough money to do what he wanted to do, he would have waited a long, long time.

Senator McMillan proposed to do a great many things, but one of the things that he did not propose to do was to wait a long, long time, when Washington was daily being pushed deeper and deeper into the quicksands of petty schemes, messy architecture and half-baked plans. McMillan agreed with the architects that the thing to do was to get action, regardless of how it was got. That was the sort of person McMillan was. If he couldn't get action by begging for it, he would borrow it. He consequently called in four of the best men obtainable in the United States and told them to work out a plan that would cover the entire District of Columbia, provide for the development of the District's park system and for the location of all future public buildings, and secure a harmonious and consistent building up of the entire city of Washington in place of the careless and haphazard methods that had theretofore prevailed.

The four men were Daniel H. Burnham and Charles F. McKim, architects; Augustus Saint-Gaudens, sculptor, and Frederick Law Olmsted, landscape architect. The first three men and the father of the fourth had designed the beautiful buildings and courts of the Chicago World's Fair.

(Continued on Page 84)

She is a PLEASURE CAR



~for the woman who drives *her*
~for the man who owns *her*
~for all who ride *in her*

She is a delight to the eye.

She floats along like a cloud in the silent summer sky.

Have you tested her feather touch steering?

Her finger tip shifting?

Her Velvet Stop brakes?

Have you thrilled to the hurricane swoop of her power?

She is a *pleasure* to drive.

To ride? Take some friends along and ask them.

To own? She is bound to be kind to your purse.

The Reo Flying Cloud, after a hundred thousand miles, has in every part shown less wear than any previous Reo —and no other American car lasts as long as Reo—not one.

She is the finest, fastest model of America's longest lasting car.

Have you ridden in her, driven her?

She is a *PLEASURE* car.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY · *Lansing, Michigan*

REO
FLYING CLOUD

SEDAN · VICTORIA
BROUGHAM
SPORT COUPE

© R. M. C. Co., 1927

NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO ~ NOT ONE

Sleep *like a baby* *at* Night

Now from Switzerland—a new food-drink that brings quick, Restful Sleep . . . and All-day Energy. Let us send you a 3-day test

Yes, you can sleep like a baby at *night*. You can sink into deep, luxurious sleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. You can sleep soundly and peacefully the whole night through.

Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to give you sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

First—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. In use in Switzerland for thirty years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for malnutrition, nerve-strain, convalescence, backward children and the aged.

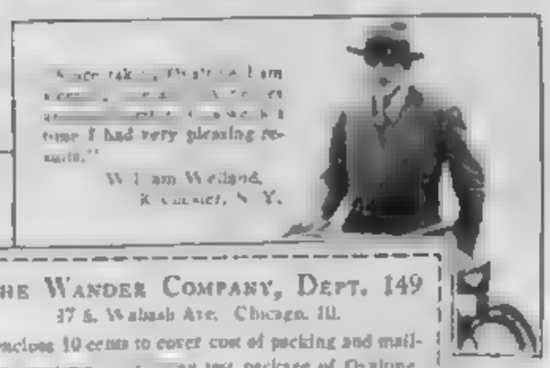
Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

OVALTINE

Builds Body Brain and Nerves

"My nerves were very bad and prevented me from getting proper sleep. After using Ovaltine I was able to sleep well after many months of restlessness during the night." William Johnson, Kentucky, N. Y.



"Since taking Ovaltine I am a great deal stronger and in better health than for some time. I had very pleasing results." William Weiland, Rochester, N. Y.

The Wander Company, Dept. 149
35 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me a 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name

Street

City

Send for 3-day test

(Continued from Page 82)

They willingly gave their services in response to Senator McMillan's request; and McMillan advanced out of his own pocket the amount of money needed to enable the proper surveys to be made and the requisite staff of assistants to be maintained.

Burnham, who later became chairman of the Fine Arts Commission, expressed the views of himself and his associates when he issued a few words of advice to younger members of the architectural profession.

"Make no little plans," said Burnham. "They have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever-growing insistency. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty."

Tardy Appreciation for L'Enfant

Burnham, McKim, Saint-Gaudens and Olmsted started their work by making a careful study of the 110-year-old L'Enfant plan for the city of Washington, and a report of the Fine Arts Commission states that the more they studied that plan, the more firmly they became convinced that it was at once the finest and the most comprehensive plan ever devised for a capital city.

Consequently they formulated a new plan that was little else than an enlargement and extension of L'Enfant's plan. In their plan, however, were recommendations for the purchase of fifty-three park areas that were urgently needed for the proper development of the city; for the beautification and readjustment of the Mall, that disordered and disfigured park running from the Capitol to the Washington Monument; for a Lincoln Memorial as a part of the Mall scheme; for a great new Arlington Bridge to permit access to Arlington Cemetery in a fitting manner, instead of by way of the undignified and piffling structure over which visiting dignitaries must now pass in order to wind through the swamps and the ash heaps and the gasoline stations and the quick-lunch stands that stand between the Potomac River and the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Even while Senator McMillan's commission was working on its plan to beautify and protect the city, Congress was engaged in giving permission to the Pennsylvania Railroad to build a railway station in the middle of the Mall—which was intended to be the most beautiful section of all the many beautiful sections designed for Washington by L'Enfant.

It seemed to occur to nobody to protest against the building of a new railway station on the Mall. Congress had agreed to let it be built and obviously nothing could be done. Even Senator McMillan, eager though he was to erase all possible blemishes and to prevent as many future blemishes as could be prevented, thought that nothing could be done about it.

This state of affairs was not satisfactory to the four gentlemen who were trying to save Washington for future generations. Realizing that it was useless to go to Congress with their complaints, they went at once to President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad. They pointed out to him the permanent damage that would be done to the Washington of the future if a railway station were placed on the Mall, and they further showed him how a railway station could be erected elsewhere and made into a magnificent gateway to the city.

Cassatt had brains and farsightedness, and joined enthusiastically with the McMillan commission in its patriotic attempts to break through the barriers of lethargy and bad taste that were keeping Washington from becoming a great capital. He agreed at once to withdraw the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks and station from the Mall, and to build a new union station that would accommodate all railroads entering Washington. He also agreed that the station should be so located, and of such architectural character, as to further the development of the city.

How Cassatt lived up to agreement may be found in a report of the Fine Arts Commission: "A union station has been constructed in accordance with the commission plans," says this report. "Today it forms the gateway to Washington. In its architecture, in its landscape setting and in its subordinate but vital relation to the buildings on Capitol Hill, the Union Station is unsurpassed among the railroad terminals of the world. If the plan of 1901 had produced only the one result of removing the railroads from the Mall and the creation of the Union Station with its plaza, the Senate Commission would have justified its creation."

When the Senate Park Commission got to work on its plans it found that among other things called for by the highway commission that preceded it was the filling in of the beautiful wooded canyon of lower Rock Creek Park, in order that streets might be run straight across it. When the park commission had stopped jumping up and down with rage at this proposal, it evolved a new plan which provided that Rock Creek Park should be bought by the city and saved forever as a park. It planned, for this park, upper and lower level roads that were both beautiful and infinitely more valuable in the solution of traffic problems than a one-level road, running across a filled-in canyon, could possibly have been.

Crying Over Spent Money

One of the most singular features of this episode is this: The cost of buying lower Rock Creek Park for the city was $1,900,000. The cost of developing it into a park that will give untold pleasure to untold millions of people during countless years to come will be in the vicinity of $500,000, so that the total cost of the park may be put at $2,400,000. If the canyon had been filled, as demanded by the old highway commission, a storm-water sewer would have had to be built at the bottom, and the cost of the fill and the sewer would have been between $6,000,000 and $6,500,000. Consequently the park commission's insistence on beauty not only beautified Washington for the present as well as for future generations but saved the taxpayers something like $4,000,000.

The work of the McMillan Park Commission in working out the so-called 1901 plan was not received with any noticeable hosannas by the great majority of legislators on Capitol Hill.

The reason for all this anguish was not due to the fact that the legislators considered the McMillan plan a bad plan. They were against it for the good and sufficient reason that Senator McMillan had permitted the commission to spend money on the plan before the House of Representatives had said that it could have the money.

As an example of some of the more refined thought of the House of Representatives concerning the McMillan commission, one needs only to cast an eye back toward the reception with which some members of the House received the suggestions advanced by the commission for the design and location of the Lincoln Memorial.

Burnham, McKim, Saint-Gaudens and Olmsted agreed as to what the Lincoln Memorial should be and where it should be located. Men of such intelligence and foresight as John Hay, Elihu Root, Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft were heartily in favor of their plans.

Some of the most powerful speakers in the House of Representatives, however, were passionately opposed to its design and location. The idea of putting a statue of Abraham Lincoln in a Greek temple, they argued, was the height of the inappropriate, or something. It never became quite plain just how they thought that

(Continued on Page 86

TO GET THE TRAINS THROUGH . . . SAFELY, SWIFTLY, AND ON TIME

The Pennsylvania Railroad carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

When the "Comet" roars by "Uncle Sam"

The hum grows loud along the rails . . . a flash of headlights . . . a wave of greeting exchanged between the crews . . . red rear lights dwindling into the morning mist.

THUS every night, just west of Terre Haute, two freight trains pass.

The "Comet" whirls its caravan of merchandise to the West. "Uncle Sam" spins East with a solid train load of green vegetables from the sunny farms of the South and West. Both are leaders of the Pennsylvania's fleet of swift freights. Both are symbols of a new golden age of American commerce.

For now freight distances are measured in hours instead of days. The Pennsylvania's flying freights move with the speed and precision of fast passenger trains. Freight movements are definitely scheduled.

This expeditious handling of freight has benefited all America. Factories can now count on scheduled deliveries of raw materials and keep inventories down. Retailers, sure of quick replenishment of supplies, can carry smaller stocks. Housewives can serve fresh wholesome vegetables and fruits all through the year. Business is better. Standards of living are higher.

Because of their speed, importance and reliability, because of their part in this new era in transportation, fifty-eight of the Pennsylvania's three thousand daily freights have won special names. They, like their cousins, the limited passenger trains, are of the aristocracy of the rails. And like them, these swift freights are made possible by the fact that the loyal efforts of over two hundred thousand men—competent and trained—are united in a common aim.

5 famous freight trains whose fast, sure performance has earned for them distinctive names:

THE COMET
Merchandise
New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, to St. Louis

UNCLE SAM
Perishable Freight
St. Louis, to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore

THE BULLET
Perishable Freight
Indianapolis, to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore

GAS WAGON
Automobiles and Merchandise
Detroit, to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore

THE PACKER
Perishable Freight
Chicago, to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

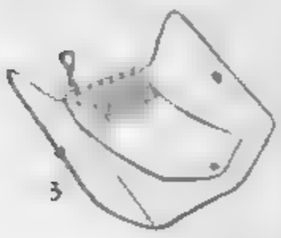
This sturdy cowhide Key-Tainer costs only $1.00. Others up to $10.00.

Here's how to make sure it's *a genuine Buxton*

TO keep keys orderly, easy to get at, their sharp edges encased in protective leather—a Buxton Key-Tainer, of course! Millions of people already carry their keys this convenient way. But only in a Buxton Key-Tainer do you find these features. Look for them:—

The Buxton Free Key Return Service (1), constantly on guard to bring back your keys if lost. Thousands of people have already been rewarded by this service. Ask the salesman to explain how it operates.

One-piece revolving hooks of tempered steel (2). Keys can't cross or tangle—hooks won't come apart, break or bend.



A leather reinforcing pocket flap (3) that keeps the Key-Tainer in shape—prevents keys from spilling out of the case and doubles the life of the Key-Tainer.

Buxton Key-Tainers come in all the popular leathers. Exquisite hand workmanship throughout. Prices from 50 cents up. A wide assortment around one dollar. Sizes accommodate from 4 to 16 keys.

Leading jewelers, department stores, leather goods and stationery stores carry Buxton Key-Tainers. If you don't find just what you want write to us and we will tell you where you can get it. BUXTON, INC., 332 Main Street, Springfield, Mass. Or if in Canada, The *Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*

BUXTON
Key-Tainer

(Continued from Page 84)

Lincoln's statue ought to be housed. They may have wanted it in a log cabin. They may have felt that it should be placed in a brick summer house. They may have preferred it seated before a clever imitation fire in the kitchen of an adaptation of an early American farmhouse. They never said.

They took great pains to say, though, that the location the commission had selected for it was so low and so malarial and so far removed from the center of things that "the building would shake itself down with loneliness and ague." The farsightedness and acumen of these persons can be partially gauged from the fact that more than 2,000,000 people visited the Lincoln Memorial during the past year.

The McMillan plan has never been officially adopted by act of Congress as the plan that must be followed in the future development of Washington, but every government agency that has to do with the building up of Washington is thoroughly convinced of the wisdom and necessity of following it.

Washington still remains nobody's capital, nevertheless; and every now and then, while everybody looks around helplessly and says, "Well, it's none of my business," something happens to Washington that makes architects and city planners bellow with rage—after it's all over. And just so long as Washington remains nobody's capital, things will keep on happening that will distress every good architect and city planner.

Enhancing the Lincoln Memorial

With the McMillan plan thoroughly understood, the Government, during the war, took one of the most prominent corners in Washington—a corner fronting on Lafayette Square, directly opposite the White House—and erected on it a large, graceless and wholly unnecessary building to house the Veterans' Bureau. A beautiful building could have been erected there in the same amount of time for the same amount of money, but nobody thought of doing it and nobody fought to get it done.

Again, when the Government wished to erect temporary buildings during the war for the Army and Navy, the spot finally selected for them was one side—the north side—of the carefully landscaped grounds of the Lincoln Memorial.

The land on which they were built was low and soggy, and the cost of sinking the foundations alone was greater than the extra cost of the adjacent high land across the street. A forest of trees that had been planted at great expense as a frame for the Lincoln Memorial was chopped down. Years must elapse before these buildings can be removed and the trees replanted; and since the forest of trees on the south side of the memorial was planted at the same time that the destroyed forest was planted, any replanted trees will find it impossible to catch up with their better established neighbors, and the landscaping of the memorial for generations to come will be improperly balanced.

To lend a finishing touch to the proceeding, the temporary buildings were built of reënforced concrete, thus making them about as temporary as Mt. Desert Island. These two factory-like buildings, the Navy Building and the Munitions Building, are as much of an asset to the setting and the general effect of the Lincoln Memorial as a stone crusher would be to a lady's boudoir.

Embarrassing Questions

Still again, when the Government had occasion to erect a building for the Department of the Interior during the Wilson Administration, they declined to build it in the location recommended by the McMillan commission because land in that location was too expensive. They built it in a location that had no relation to the harmonious general scheme for which the commission was working; and instead of building a beautiful and impressive building of the monumental type, they ran up an ordinary office building.

It might be added, in a spirit of genial levity, that if the United States Government were to balk in the future on purchasing building sites because they seem too expensive by comparison with prices of twenty years ago, or last year, or this year, the business of government will eventually be transacted in box cars or on the sidewalk.

The chairman of the committee on the plan of Washington for the American Institute of Architects, Horace W. Peaslee, asked some pregnant questions at the 1926 convention of the American Institute of Architects. "From the very beginning," said Mr. Peaslee, "shortsightedness or small-mindedness has wrought havoc with the development of Washington. You will recall that in the early days the harassed L'Enfant fearlessly met and overcame the most powerful opposition; that he sent one of his assistants to stop the construction of a house which a man of influence was proceeding to erect in the middle of one of his planned avenues, within a stone's throw of the Capitol, and that with his own hands he proceeded to demolish the masonry when his assistant was being marched off to jail.

"Where, however, were similar fearless spirits to stop the location of the Treasury, of the State, War and Navy Building, of the Library of Congress, all of which block the vistas of the great avenues, forever making impossible the realization of that part of the great plan and imposing new conditions which would force its modification? Was there no one in those early days to fight the placing of the railroads on the Mall, which it took so many years of struggle for us to eliminate? Was there no one to prevent the chopping up of the Mall into sections, and its irregular development under varied jurisdictions? Was there no one to realize that the great plan must be completely restudied to meet the shifting of the Washington Monument site without regard to the axis of the Mall or of the Executive Mansion? What were we doing not to fight such vacillation of planning as that which put a bridge across Rock Creek on one avenue and a viaduct on the other? And was there no one to protest the placing of the great Key Bridge without regard to any considered connection to main arteries of traffic?"

The answer to these embarrassing questions and many others like them lies in the fact that Washington, for more than a century, has been Nobody's Capital instead of Everybody's Capital. Unless Nobody is replaced by Everybody, the things that have happened to Washington in the past will compare with the things that will happen in the future as cream cheese compares with dark green Roquefort.

A Symbol of Regret

In an obscure part of a seldom-visited cemetery in Washington stands Augustus Saint-Gaudens' beautiful Adams Memorial—the statue of a hooded woman, somber, brooding and haunting. Some people think that the statue symbolizes grief, some that it symbolizes regret. Others only know that it brings to the minds of those who see it the things that they should have, but have not; the things that they have lost, and the scars that the losses have left behind them. This statue could, to good advantage, be reproduced and placed where it can be seen by everybody who mounts Capitol Hill; and on its base, in letters that can be read by the most hurried of passers-by, should be carved some such words as these:

THIS STATUE IS ERECTED
TO SYMBOLIZE THE SORROW OF A NATION
FOR THE BEAUTY
THAT HAS BEEN LOST
TO THE NATION'S CAPITAL
AND THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on Washington by Mr. Roberts. The second will appear in an early issue.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1927.

State of Pennsylvania, } ss.
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared P. S. Collins, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Business Manager of the Curtis Publishing Company and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George Horace Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None
Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Bok, 1320 Packard Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mary Louise Bok, Merion Station, Pennsylvania
W. Curtis Bok, Trustee under Deed of Trust from Edward W. Bok, dated 4-25-25, 103 Commercial Trust Building, 16 So. Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
William Boyd and Curtis Jay Boyd, Trustees under Deed of Trust dated [illegible] of William Boyd, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under will of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
W. D. [illegible], Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania
John Grigg, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Hazen, Hartford, Connecticut
George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
C. H. [illegible], Ardmore, Pennsylvania
John C. Martin, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Public Ledger Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
John B. Williams, Narberth, Pennsylvania

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
P. S. Collins,
General Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of February, 1927.

(SEAL) W. C. TURNER,
Notary Public.
(My commission expires April 1, 1927)

Try an' burn it!

The everlasting shingle that defies fire

Now, a fire-proof shingle that stands between your roof and the menace of roof-communicated fire.

Now, an everlasting shingle that stands between your pocketbook and the costly repairs and eventual replacement that most shingles require.

Now, a beautiful shingle of indestructible asbestos at a price almost as low as you would have to pay for ordinary flimsy shingles.

For Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles are absolutely FIRE-PROOF, not merely *fire-resistant* or *fire-safe*. Even the white-hot flame of the plumber's blow-torch can't harm their everlasting beauty.

Made of indestructible asbestos and Portland cement, these shingles are actually everlasting. You will never have to replace them as long as your home stands, and what's more, you should never have to spend a cent for repairs. The low first cost is literally the last.

The distinctive hexagonal shape of these shingles lends an interesting and unusual beauty to your roof. Each shingle offers you a choice of two color effects, for either side may be laid to the weather. One side is a cool restful gray and the other a tapestry of soft warm color.

Re-roof for the last time

with these everlasting shingles right over your old roof

Leave the old roof on. Lay these beautiful everlasting shingles right over it. No fuss, no dust, no litter of torn-off shingles on the lawn. No danger from rain while the work is in progress.

Then forget your roof. It will be everlasting—no costly repairs. It will be fire-proof—you need never fear flying sparks. You re-roof for the last time when you re-roof with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

Asbestos

JOHNS-MANVILLE

RIGID ASBESTOS SHINGLES

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION, MADISON AVENUE AT 41st STREET, NEW YORK

Branches in all large cities For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., TORONTO

GENERAL

This is a two-car country

COUNTRIES prosper when their people are able to make most effective use of time. The American man learned years ago to put a high value on his time. He bought the first millions of automobiles.

Today at least half of the automobiles are being bought for the American woman. She too wants miles reduced to minutes, and her horizon pushed back beyond the borders of her town. So America is fast becoming a two-car country.

The General Motors line provides every combination of automobiles that any family can want. Cars for touring and cars for running about; every type and model; a car for him and a car for her; *all* of General Motors quality but adapted to every purpose and to every purse. And all may be bought on the low-cost GMAC Plan.

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND
BUICK • LaSALLE • CADILLAC
GMC TRUCKS • YELLOW CABS, BUSES, TRUCKS

FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator

MOTORS

Useful and Beautiful

FARBERWARE

Appreciated Gifts

Gifts that are beautiful and distinctive; practical and inexpensive. You will enjoy having Farberware in your own home, because of the unique designs and real quality.

Casserole

An attractive perforated design. Beautifully nickel plated. Equipped with a nationally known guaranteed cooking glass, with engraved lid.

Roll or Fruit Basket

A pierced design of exquisite beauty in the newest shape. A decorative and highly useful piece for buffet or table. Handsomely nickel plated.

Relish Dish

Handsomely nickel plated, with removable colored glass compartments. Serve relishes or sweetmeats in this beautiful six-compartment dish. Very decorative on the table.

Ask for Farberware Gifts at the leading stores. Prices range from $3 to $10. Look for the name *FARBERWARE* stamped on every piece.

S. W. FARBER, Inc.
141-151 S. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Adjusto-Lite

A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"It Clamps Everywhere"

Just what you need for reading in bed or chair, writing, shaving, sewing, etc. Protects the eyes. Make sure you get the genuine Adjusto-Lite. Guaranteed for five years. Solid brass: $3.95

Bronze, Nickel and White Enamel finish: $4.45. West of the Mississippi, 25c additional.

S. W. FARBER, Inc.
141-151 S. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THREE EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF TIMOTHY OSBORN

(Continued from Page 7)

led to the yard was covered with ice and the chair skidded and almost turned turtle when it reached the bottom. Tim steadied it expertly and worked his way around the house past the woodshed. A little beyond the woodshed a short steep hill confronted him, and though he tried determinedly to make this grade, working patiently, gaining a little, slipping back, he found he was merely wasting time; so he did the only thing he could do—he wheeled himself to the rock fence directly back of the house, lifted himself out of the chair and lowered himself to the ground.

He could make progress now. A clear, cold, starlit night—it was not so bad out here as one might imagine. He reached the top of the short hill and came upon an open field. This field belonged to him; hardly worth a dollar an acre, yet he was proud of it. Slowly he dragged himself two hundred yards or more over the frozen ground to where the telephone wires crossed his land.

Tim knew about such things. He had brought with him a coil of wire and a small secondhand telephone apparatus purchased from a junkman. Years ago he had worked as a linesman for the telephone company. But now he was handicapped, for he had to work from an ungainly position on the ground. After a time, he succeeded in getting the coil over the ice-incrusted telephone wires high up there against the clear night sky. He labored feverishly, perhaps too feverishly, for time was of the essence. He was trying to get a doctor for Pop Fry. But something wouldn't work. He couldn't get contact. His telephone apparatus was all right, he was sure of that, for he had taken it to pieces more than once and put it together again and tested it. But he couldn't get contact. The delay was the hideous part of it. He had got his coil over a dead wire up there. The trouble, he told himself, was up there. And when he became sure of this he wasted no more time.

He dragged himself back across the field and down the hill to the woodshed. A short ladder lay on its side in the woodshed. It was too short. The telephone wires were five or six times the height of this ladder. So he got a coil of rope and dragged it along with him.

Propped up against the telephone post, Tim threw the rope up into the night, coiled it again and again. At last one end caught over a cross arm, and now he worked patiently, sending waves of rope up into the darkness. Each wave brought the end a little closer to the ground. Finally he could reach it.

Tim tied the rope securely around his chest under his arms and hauled himself up and up. When he reached the cross arms of the telephone post he made himself fast among the ice-incrusted wires. He could see all his land from this height—his small house with the yellow lamplight streaming from the back windows, and his glazed field and his trees drooping under their burden like crystal chandeliers, and his silent frozen trout stream. But he wasted no time looking at these things. He worked quickly. He hoped there was nothing the matter with his small telephone apparatus. He was sure there was nothing the matter with it, and presently he got contact and said "Hello! Hello!" in a moderate tone, and listened. He kept saying, "Hello! Hello!" high up there in the clear cold night. Why didn't she answer? "Hello! Hello!"

Then a voice came over the frozen wires—a sleepy voice. It said, "What number, please?"

"I don't know the number," said Tim. "This is Tim Osborn. I want a doctor quick as I can get him."

"Tim Osborn!" came the voice, no longer sleepy. Like everyone else in this section, the Trumbul Central knew Tim. "Where you phoning from?"

He told her he had tapped the wire back of his house. "Pop Fry is sick," he told her. "He's dying. Get a doctor on the wire quick. I want to talk to him myself."

A week later, Tim, with a stub of a pencil in his hand, sat in his wheel chair, poring over some very simple lines. The lines read:

WILLIAM A. FRY
CHEF AND SOLDIER
BORN 1864, DIED DECEMBER 14, 1924
KNOWN TO THE MEN OF B COMPANY
—— INFANTRY, U. S. A.
A. E. F.
AS POP FRY
WOUNDED, ARBRE GUERNON, FRANCE
OCTOBER 17, 1918
WHILE GETTING FOOD TO THE MEN
IN THE TRENCHES

To this Tim added a line. He wished there might have been a citation. As there was none, he quoted a bit of Pop Fry's simple philosophy:

WAR AIN'T REASONABLE

THIRD EPISODE: The romance in Tim's life had a casual beginning more than a year before the advent of Pop Fry. There were two girls who came to the faded red house. The first, Harriet Arnold, lived during the seasonable months just a mile up the valley. Within the memory of Easton Center citizens, Harriet's father had owned a riding school in the city. Her mother had been one of the riding master's wealthy pupils.

Harriet called on Tim by accident in the early summer. She reined up in front of Tim's ramshackle cottage and looked with frank curiosity at the man sitting at the window. She had ridden the Poverty Hollow road for several years, and the rose-colored ruin, as she called it, had always seemed to stare blankly, as though looking at something beyond the horizon—waiting for someone. Now, evidently, the someone for whom it had waited had come home. The small house at last had a pleasant inward gaze, as a house should have, instead of an empty outward stare.

Harriet was interested. She wondered who the man could be. Intuitively, she felt he was really nobody—a very nice nobody, judging from his chiseled profile and fine physique. She determined to make him look out the window.

Tim did not look out the window. He was busy. And finally the girl was put to it to hello. Tim looked at the girl in the road, glanced at her horse and looked back at the girl. His knowledge of women was limited, and his knowledge of horses was derived solely from the remounts he had driven in France. He judged, however, that both were particularly fine specimens.

"Hello!" he said.

Harriet wheeled her horse, rode up under the window and asked if he would tell her what in the world he was working on. "It must be something fascinating," she said. "I've been watching you for an hour."

"It's a lamp shade," said Tim.

This amused her. She wanted to see it. She wanted to see his house too. "I'm your next-door neighbor," said Harriet. "May I come in?"

Tim was not an indecisive person, and yet there was a moment of hesitation. Sitting here, just above her, to all appearances he himself was a good specimen—perhaps as good a specimen as this girl. He wished it might stand at that.

His hesitation was not wasted. Harriet looked up at him with her head cocked a little on one side. "You're not very enthusiastic about your neighbor's calling, are you?"

"I'm here alone," said Tim.

She dismounted. "I'm not afraid of men—not when they wear army shirts. I was over there." She was laughing.

"Neat," she called, when she entered the house. "I'd know you'd been an army man from this room." His firewood had the appearance of a platoon ready to charge the stove. However, in the doorway between the two rooms, she stopped laughing, yet managed to smile and to look only at his face. "Let's see the lamp shade, old trooper," she said.

Standing beside the wheel chair, Harriet gazed down intently at the lamp shade. Presently she laid it on the workbench without comment. "Who lives here with you?"

"No one," said Tim.

"It's a darling place. I've always liked it, way off by itself. Romantic. When'd you move in?"

"A month ago yesterday."

She looked at him and smiled, and her face was quite lovely. Physically, she was splendid. "How do you manage about your meals?"

Tim told her he had cut the wood in there himself and also that he knew something about cooking. "Learned from a professional," he grinned. "He used to be a chef in a big hotel."

"Your company cook?"

Tim nodded his head and looked at her squarely. "That's all the service I saw overseas—K. P. I drove the water cart. We both got a blighty the same night."

Harriet liked him. She turned away rather quickly and moved around, looking at things. This room was his workshop. A hand forge had been installed in the corner. She picked up the hammer and touched the anvil, and it gave forth a surprisingly clear note. "Does Watt's Joe bring your supplies?" Tim nodded his head. Presently she turned to him abruptly. "Old trooper, you can't do it."

"Can't do what?"

"Run this outfit alone, single-handed."

Tim asked what she thought of his lamp shades. There was a box of them over there, also a box of fixtures. He was better at the fixtures than the shades.

Harriet examined them. "I could help you with the shades," she suggested. He laughed a little, not unpleasantly, but it said plainly he needed no help.

Just before she left—her first visit was short—she told Tim the country around here bored her to extinction and that she was going to take some of it out on him. "Old trooper," she said, "I'm going to come to see you every day."

"Hope so," said Tim a little skeptically.

After she had left, he sat by his workbench, frowning. He had escaped from a government hospital with some of the same satisfaction that years ago he had escaped from school. To get off here and take care of himself had given him a feeling of self-reliance; it had restored his self-esteem and in the details of the past month he had taken keen delight. Now he felt restless. He sat there frowning, a little puzzled, feeling dissatisfied. He'd make a million dollars. And he glared down at his legs. That night he tried determinedly to walk with his crutches—a thing that sickened him. He couldn't use them. Finally he got to work massaging his legs. He'd not let them wither. . . . This was the effect of Harriet.

The other girl, Mary Tucker, came into Tim's life several months later. It would hardly distinguish Mary from her sisters and younger brothers to call her the black sheep of the Tucker flock. However, Tim did not know the others and he gave her the nickname of Baa-baa.

Her sisters, as fast as they reached the lawful age for quitting school, went out to service. Mary, though in appearance a mere child, had passed that age. Once a week she drove a dilapidated spring wagon to the city nine miles from Easton Center

Continued on Page 92

Only 8½ cents of the average dollar spent in building a residence goes into the heating system
(Charts based on U. S. Department of Labor investigation in 32 cities)
Over 2[illegible] cents of every dollar spent annually for the upkeep and operation of residences without Spencer Heaters goes for fuel
COAL

The Spencer's *every year* saving (by burning low priced fuel) is the true heating economy

AT MOST, the first cost of a heating system is a small part of your total investment in a building. The little slice cut from the left-hand circle above, shows just how small it is. No matter what heater you buy, the opportunity to make a saving in the first cost is relatively small.

But those relentless fuel bills, year upon year, are a mighty big part of the cost of maintaining a home or operating a building. The big slice in the right-hand circle shows just how big. Here the opportunity to save is correspondingly big, and is repeated year after year.

A very simple calculation shows why the Spencer is the cheapest heater you can own. The ton-price of the No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite the Spencer burns averages $7 less than the egg, stove or nut sizes you have used. Multiply the number of tons you burn by $7. That is the Spencer saving. It won't take many years to wipe out the whole first cost of your Spencer. For years thereafter, the annual saving will be "velvet".

You can begin *this year* to make this annual saving; decide upon your Spencer Heater before you order next winter's coal.

Heating is such a big item that it deserves your serious study. Let us send you "The Business of Buying a Heating System". It is full of interesting and useful information about the various systems, fuels, costs, etc.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY
Factory and General Offices: Williamsport, Pa.
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES
Division of LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

SPENCER FEATURES!

THE following features of Spencer Heaters are fully described in a valuable book, "The Business of Buying a Heating System", a copy of which awaits your request

Saves an average of $7 in the price of every ton of coal used because it burns low priced No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite and burns no more coal

Requires attention only once in twelve to twenty-four hours, because coal feeds by gravity as needed

No blowers or other mechanical contrivances

Even heat day and night, due to automatic feed

Smaller radiators can be used

Equally successful for steam, hot water or vapor.

Type for every need from small home to large building

No night fireman required in large buildings

Easily installed

Pays for itself by burning low-priced, small size coal

Proven by thirty years' success

Built and guaranteed by a responsible organization

Spencer steam, vapor or hot water Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal — Averages $7 less per ton — Less attention required

Won't you follow the doctor's advice?

8 out of 10 advised Nujol type of treatment

IF you suffer from constipation—even if it's only occasionally—you will find that Nujol is the *safe* corrective. That is why such a large proportion of physicians advise its use. Among several thousand doctors recently interviewed on this important question, seven out of ten condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics as injurious, habit-forming, irritating and inflaming to the intestinal tract, weakening its natural function.

But Nujol may be taken at any time by any person. "It is the most natural aid to normal activity of the intestines," said one doctor. "In chronic constipation Nujol type of treatment is especially successful," said another.

Nujol acts entirely differently from cathartics. It contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens and lubricates the waste matter in the intestines so that elimination is regular, natural and thorough.

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it.

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation whether chronic or temporary.

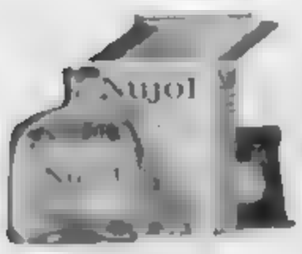
Because

1. A lubricant is better than a laxative
2. Nujol is not habit-forming
3. It's a more natural method
4. Does not cause distress
5. It is non-irritating
6. Nujol gives lasting relief

Nujol

FOR CONSTIPATION

Accept This TRIAL Offer



NUJOL LABORATORIES, Room No. 827H, 26 Broadway, New York City
(In Canada, Address Nujol, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.)

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page, illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

Name

Address

City State

© 1927 Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

(Continued from Page 90)

and sold the scrawny poultry, garden stuff and potted pansies her hard-pressed mother had raised with the sweat of her brow. There hadn't been any father within the memory of the oldest citizen. Also, Mary helped make her salt in other ways; as, for instance, by picking berries during the season. But she wouldn't go out to service. Just why—well, she didn't know. In her mind there was no definite reason. She just wouldn't. . . . That September she appeared for the first time at Tim's door.

Like Harriet Arnold, Mary stood for a while in the road, looking at the shabby little house. To Harriet it was rose-colored; to Mary it was merely faded red, like most of the barns in this section. The color did not interest her, but she gazed wide-eyed up at the chimney. Yellow smoke drifted from the chimney, and yet no one had lived here to her certain knowledge for years. As she stood there in the middle of the road, with a bucket in each hand, the smoke increased in density and Mary concluded, reasonably enough, that somebody was inside. She went up to the door and knocked.

Tim, cooking his dinner, shouted, "Come in!"

The girl protruded her head and said in a monotone, "You want some berries?"

"What kind?" asked Tim.

"Huckleberries."

"How much?"

The girl did not answer. Her thoughts were completely occupied by the amazing sight of a man in a wheel chair cooking his dinner.

"What's the matter with your feet?" she asked.

"Nothing," said Tim.

"What you in that chair for?"

"To save my legs."

"What you saving your legs for?" asked Mary.

"I'm saving them," declared Tim solemnly, "for a special occasion."

"Oh!" breathed Mary.

Tim grinned at her. "How much a quart for your huckleberries?"

Mary continued to gaze at him. To people who could pick their own berries they were worth twenty cents a quart; but this man couldn't pick his own berries, so she added a dime. "Thirty cents," she said in her flat monotone. "Two quarts for half a dollar."

Tim knew the regular price; yet for some reason he liked this child for trying to cheat him. She was the first person in years who had shown him no sympathy. He told her to come in and shut the door. Mary came into the kitchen, but failed to shut the door. Two things at once, with her mind already occupied, were apparently too much for Mary.

"Close the door," repeated Tim. She was the most unkempt little creature he had seen for a long while. "I don't want two quarts," he told her. "I'll give you twenty cents for one quart."

Without arguing the matter, she nodded her head—a single quick nod.

Tim dug into the breast pocket of his army shirt. Finding it empty, he swung the chair around and rapidly crossed the room. From the cupboard he took a tin box and counted out four nickels, then sent the chair flying backward and stopped directly at the girl's side.

"Don't you knock me down!" she said fiercely.

He gave her the four nickels and told her to put the berries in the colander. Her hands made him feel he should scrub each berry separately—small filthy hands.

"Say," he said, "what's your name?"

"Mary"

"Mary what?"

"Mary Tucker."

"Live far from here?"

"No."

"How far?"

"Easton Center."

"That's more than three miles. Had any dinner?" He knew she hadn't. "Take that tin basin and wash your hands and I'll give you some dinner." He told her she might wash her face too. "Give it a good scrubbing. I want to see what you look like." With marvelous skill, he swung the chair around, caught up the teakettle from the stove and propelled himself across to the sink. After pouring boiling water into the pan, he tempered it and handed the girl a large cake of soap and a small scrubbing brush.

She washed her hands ineffectually. "That won't do!" Tim emptied out the water and refilled the pan. "Roll up your sleeves." He superintended this process, changed the water and made her get to work on her face and neck and ears. Then he looked at her as though he had created something worth while. "I thought so," he grinned. "You'd be a good-looking kid if you kept scrubbed up. I've got a notion to scrub you. How old are you?"

"Fifteen," said Mary.

Tim laughed. "Anyway, I'd like to shampoo that head of yours. Mary, I've got an idea if you gave your head a good shampoo—not a halfway dip, but four or five soapings, with clean water each time and at least three rinsings, you'd have pretty hair, curly, like chestnuts."

Her eyes reflected shadows—the shadows of untamed things. At first the idea of pretty hair made no impression, then it grew on her. Her eyes lighted up a little, not quite so shadowy; a kind of wonder came into them. And then she looked at Tim without seeing him at all.

Tim interpreted this: "We'll eat first. Get yourself a plate out of the cupboard."

Mary did not move. "You do it," she said

Tim frowned, "What's that?" Then the frown left his face. Yep, he understood this kid. She wanted to see him wheel himself across the room again. He started the chair toward the cupboard, stopped it halfway and turned it around several times like a top. "How's that?"

"Gran'!" breathed Mary.

"Watch this!" He reversed the motion, turned as if on a pivot no less than a dozen times, so fast that his body seemed a mere blur; then he stopped short, facing her. "How's that?"

Her face lit up like a jack-o'-lantern. "Gran'!" she breathed.

Tim got the dishes, set a place for her and told her to pull up a chair. But Mary looked at him eagerly; and without saying a word, he wheeled himself leisurely to the opposite side of the room, caught up a chair and brought it to the table without apparent effort.

He enjoyed watching her eat; he kept grinning to himself, and once or twice made a noise in his throat. He hadn't laughed for a long time—had almost forgotten how. She ate a surprising lot for such a little thing; and when he had stuffed her full he showed her his latest crop of lamp shades.

Tim had a small dynamo he had made himself, and he put each shade on a fixture and gave the dynamo a turn and the shade became illumined, revealing the painted fruits and flowers and the dancing silhouettes.

Mary seemed to like each a little better than the last. "I like that one," she would breathe; then when the next shade shed its soft rays: "I like that one. It's gran'!"

Having drawn from her during their meal some idea of her family and her status therein, Tim by now called her "Baa-baa" nor did she make any objection to the nickname. Perhaps because Tim called her Baa-baa, she thought the name grand.

"Can you wash dishes?" he asked, after they had looked at all the shades three or four times.

Mary nodded her head—that quick nod—but did not offer to help him, and Tim liked this too. She stood beside his wheel chair, gazing at him with her wide eyes. After a time she asked abruptly, "What's a special occasion?"

"What I'm saving my legs for," said Tim. She revolved this in her mind. It puzzled her. Tim could see that, and he

(Continued on Page 94)

THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY FRANKLIN

The roomiest and finest five-passenger body built

NEW POWER

DISTINGUISHED BY ITS INCOMPARABLE SMOOTHNESS

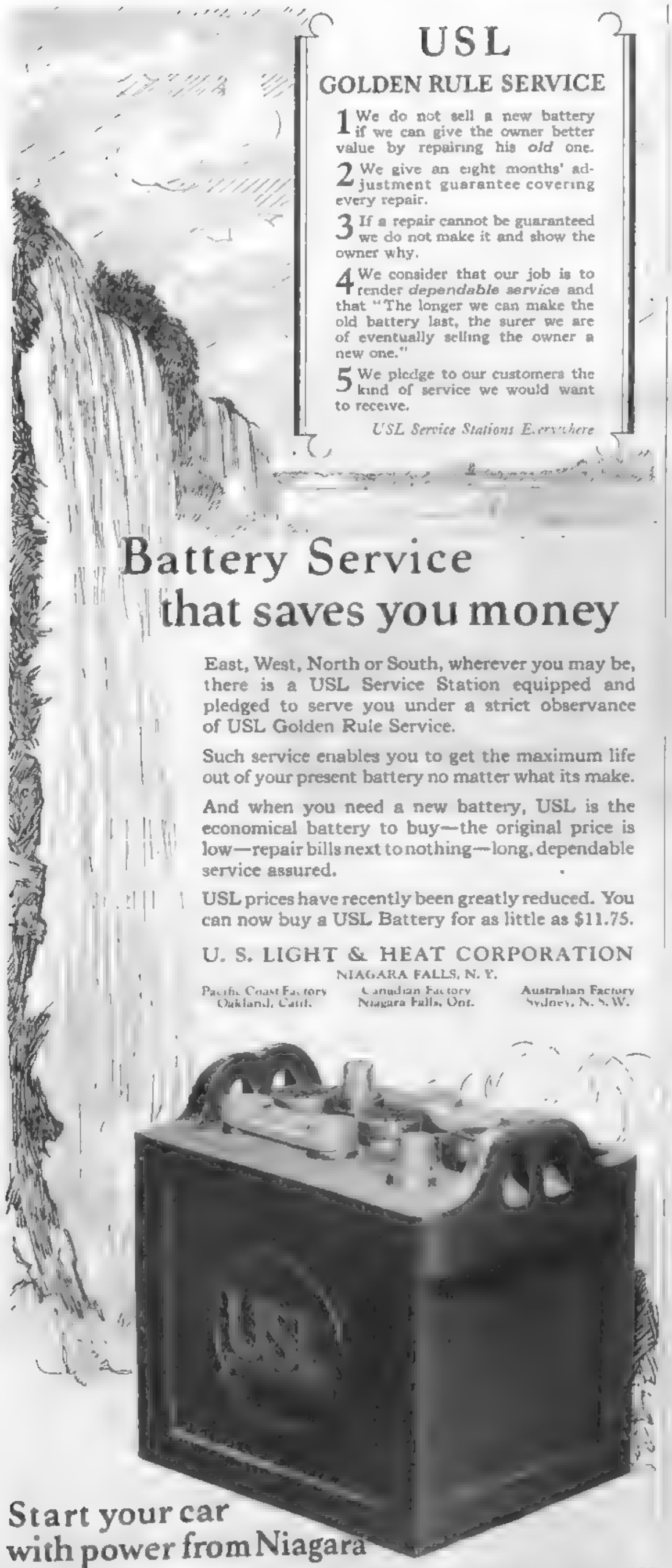
That is what has made the 25th Anniversary Franklin outstandingly great and increasingly popular. Merely matching present standards of power and speed has never been difficult, but accomplishing this along with perfect smoothness has attracted instant and widespread attention; has set a new engineering mark for the year.

Franklin smoothness is the more remarkable because it is as lasting as the car itself. Furthermore, it remains unchanged at all speeds—as free from vibration or sound at 50 and up as at 20.

This triple advance—new power, speed and smoothness—throws new light on a car of wide reputation as the best-built car in America. And puts new pleasure in its ownership.

The new power for traffic or open road gives zest to driving . . . the new speed cuts down traveling time . . . the new smoothness insures greater comfort and restfulness. The sum of fine motor car qualities reaches its highest perfection in this great Franklin. Seven body types, all fully equipped, F.O.B. Syracuse, N.Y. Coupé $2490. Sedan $2790.

FRANKLIN


USL
GOLDEN RULE SERVICE
1 We do not sell a new battery if we can give the owner better value by repairing his old one.
2 We give an eight months' adjustment guarantee covering every repair.
3 If a repair cannot be guaranteed we do not make it and show the owner why.
4 We consider that our job is to render dependable service and that "The longer we can make the old battery last, the surer we are of eventually selling the owner a new one."
5 We pledge to our customers the kind of service we would want to receive.
USL Service Stations Everywhere
Battery Service that saves you money
East, West, North or South, wherever you may be, there is a USL Service Station equipped and pledged to serve you under a strict observance of USL Golden Rule Service.
Such service enables you to get the maximum life out of your present battery no matter what its make.
And when you need a new battery, USL is the economical battery to buy—the original price is low—repair bills next to nothing—long, dependable service assured.
USL prices have recently been greatly reduced. You can now buy a USL Battery for as little as $11.75.
U. S. LIGHT & HEAT CORPORATION
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
Pacific Coast Factory Oakland, Calif.
Canadian Factory Niagara Falls, Ont.
Australian Factory Sydney, N. S. W.
Start your car with power from Niagara
12,800 USL SERVICE STATIONS AND DEALERS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE
USL AUTO and RADIO Batteries
USL "NIAGARA" DRY BATTERIES—USL ELECTRIC ARC WELDERS

(Continued from Page 92)

relented. "A special occasion is——" He didn't exactly know what. "When anybody dies or gets married," he hazarded.

She pondered this. "How long since you used your legs?"

"Haven't used them once since the seventeenth of October, 1918—almost three years ago." He told her a little about the war, a thing he had never discussed with anyone outside of a uniform. He could talk to Baa-baa. She said nothing; at most, "That's gran'." Yet somehow he knew what she was thinking. And at times she thought queer things. It amused him to see her eyes dilate. When anything amazed her, she breathed through parted lips. And her lips were pretty; a little sullen at the corners from loneliness, but red as wild strawberries. She had a small, brown piquant face, with a few freckles and shadowy eyes.

"I knew a man in the war," she said abruptly.

"You do?"

"I don't like men."

"You don't?"

"I don't like women either." She didn't know what she liked. She liked to pick berries when the others—her sisters—weren't with her. She sometimes liked people—when they weren't with her.

"The man I knew in the war came from Easton Center. You know him?"

"Yep." Tim nodded his head positively. "I bet I can tell you his name. Was it Martin Wrenn?"

"He's a major," said Baa-baa.

"What? A major?"

"He's more than a major," insisted Baa-baa in her soft monotone. "He's a sergeant major. He's in the Regular Army. He comes to Easton Center."

Tim had to tell her when it was time to go home. "You come to see me whenever you can," he said. "I'll buy some more huckleberries. But don't ever try to cheat me again. Twenty cents a quart—full measure. Baa-baa, don't ever try to cheat me again." He was at his workbench and Baa-baa, standing beside him, was leaning against the wheel of his chair. She kept on getting in the way of his elbow. But Tim did not mind this. "It'll soon be getting dark," he suggested. She changed her position, but made no further move, as though she had not heard him. Tim worked on. The light began to fade—September twilight. "More than three miles to the Center," said Tim. "Better go now, Baa-baa." She stood there a moment longer, watching him sew a strip of parchment to its frame. Then, abruptly, without a word, she went into the kitchen, got her buckets and left.

Tim finished the lamp shade, put it on the fixture and gave his dynamo a turn. "It's gran'!" he said aloud to the empty room. He sat there grinding the crude dynamo and looking at the shade. He had a warm feeling inside of him, as if he, too, were grand. He felt grand. Possibly he was grand.

There were these four distinct Tim Osborns: The one Harriet Arnold came to know, rather grim, supersensitive; the one Pop Fry came to know during the two years they lived together, hard-working, tolerant; the one Baa-baa had known right from the first moment, always grand and doing remarkable things; and the one behind those steady penetrating eyes—a Tim Osborn that no one knew.

Harriet came to the small red house more regularly than Baa-baa; Baa-baa came more frequently than Harriet. During the summer and early autumn months, Harriet called on certain afternoons; Baa-baa came the year around, sometimes twice a week, sometimes twice a day, sometimes not at all. Harriet was kind to Pop Fry—even brought him bottles of homemade sherry. But whenever Pop heard the hurried beat of her horse's hoofs he would scuttle out the back door and busy himself in the woodshed, or else begin diligently to scour the pots and pans. Frankly, he was afraid of Harriet.

When Baa-baa appeared he put aside all pretense of work. He talked. He told her fabulous tales to which she listened wide-eyed. Then he would tease her to bring out the untamed things inside of her, until Tim, hearing the racket, would shout to them to cut it out. They were great friends, the old man and Baa-baa, and always ended in a fight.

Tim never once let Harriet help him in any way. If she brought anything to the house, he would give it to Pop; but he used to let Mary Tucker turn the bellows of his hand forge and sew on gold braid. When she left, he usually ripped the sewing out and did it himself. Baa-baa was no seamstress. He knew almost to the day and hour when she ceased to consider him a mere curiosity. One day she appeared in a clean dress, her hands were clean, her hair was curly, like chestnuts. And Tim knew what that meant. Baa-baa loved him.

Tim prospered. His workshop became cluttered with secondhand electric devices. He couldn't resist any offer that came from a junkman. He was improvident about junk. He bought himself a lathe with nearly all the accessories intact; he bought the wreck of an electric plant and made it all over as good as new—perhaps better. He liked to salvage things; as, for instance, little Baa-baa.

Tim prospered to such an extent in fact that on one occasion Sergeant Major Wrenn came to Poverty Hollow and regaled him with stories of the Regular Army far into the night.

"Tim," said the sergeant late that evening, "you sure deserve credit. This whole neighborhood's proud of you, son; and I'm proud you was one of my men in the big show. We never had any trouble," said the sergeant—a large, splendid-looking soldier "When I finish serving this enlistment," he continued thoughtfully, "I've got a hunch I'll settle down right here in Easton Center, and maybe I'll make you a proposition. We could build up a big business with this electric-fixture stuff of yours."

Tim said he could see the advantage of having a man like the sergeant as a partner. "I'd like to make a million," said Tim a little grimly.

"We'll start a factory," said Wrenn, "and do things on a big scale. We'll make a wow of it."

"Sarge," said Tim casually, "what about Oudezeele? Ever think of going back, or bringing her over?"

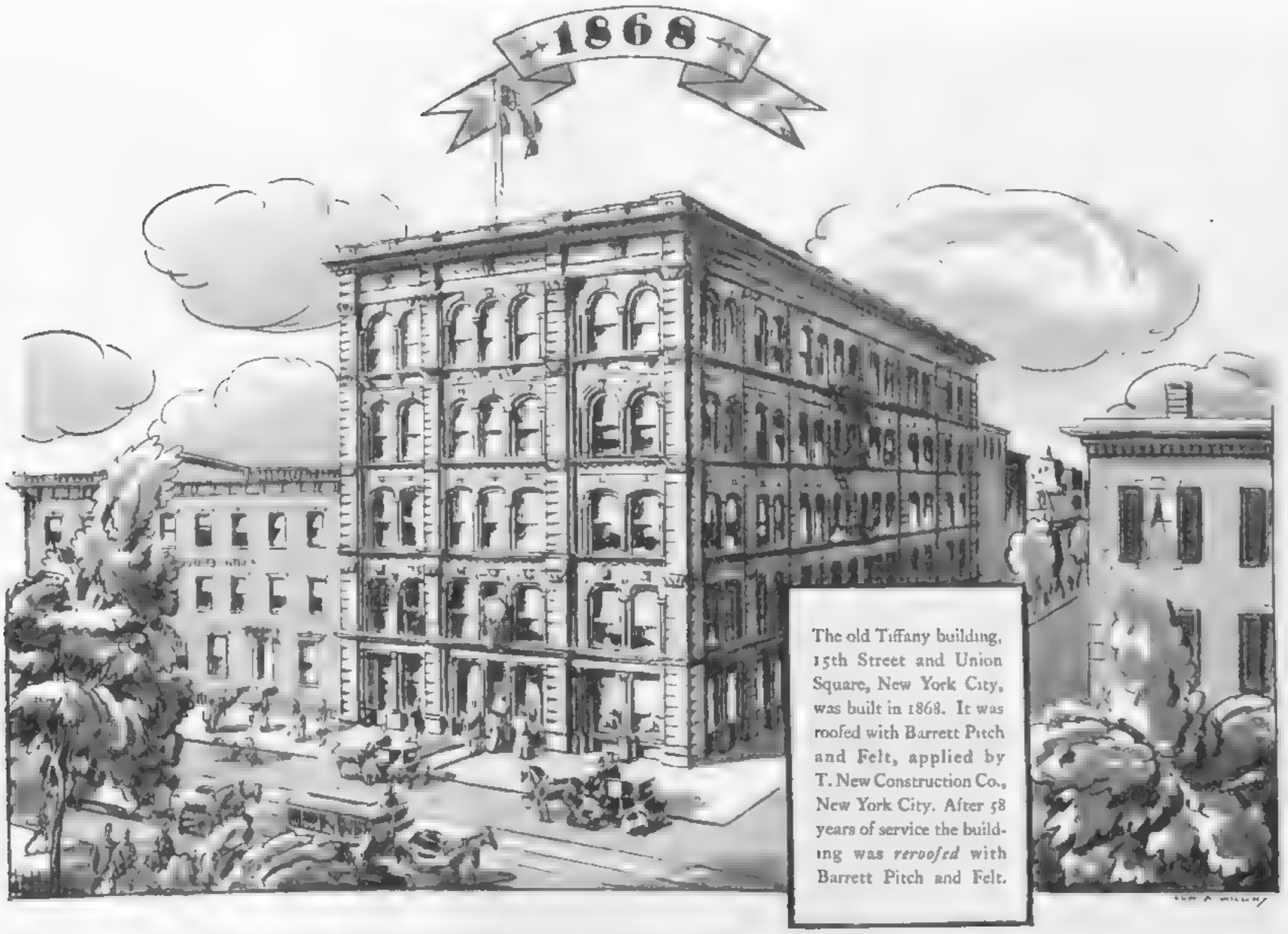
The sergeant, sitting with his legs stretched out, stared straight in front of him. He got up and walked to the window and stared into the night. "Tim," he said in a throaty voice, "she's dead." He stood at the window a long moment. Presently he said, "I've traveled about a lot, but I never saw a girl could hold a candle to her." When he turned again to Tim, if ever there were tears in a strong man's eyes, there were tears in Sergeant Wrenn's "That's why I reënlisted," he said. "The Army's the place to make a man forget. But I haven't forgot. I'd give these chevrons for a glimpse of her like she was in those days over there—those quick moves of her, here and there, in and out among them men in that *estaminet*. And, Tim, no man never laid a hand on her."

"Nope," said Tim. "Straight as a string."

After Sergeant Wrenn had left, in the early hours of the morning, Tim wheeled himself into the kitchen and opened the cupboard—his treasure house—and took out a package of letters and mail-order catalogues and post cards. Each Christmas he had received a decorative post card from Oudezeele and each New Year he had responded with a small money order—nothing beyond his means. He opened a letter which acknowledged and thanked him in excellent English for one of these money orders.

"Tim," read the letter in part, "you come to Oudezeele and I take care of you. I give you all the omelet you eat and you do not pay one stitch. I very rich some

(Continued on Page 96)



The old Tiffany building, 15th Street and Union Square, New York City, was built in 1868. It was roofed with Barrett Pitch and Felt, applied by T. New Construction Co., New York City. After 58 years of service the building was *reroofed* with Barrett Pitch and Felt.

SOUND ROOFING PRACTICE IN THE 60's– AND JUST AS SOUND TODAY

"Even back in the 60's, building contractors and engineers were pretty well convinced that their roofing troubles were over—so far, at any rate, as flat-roof construction was concerned. For built-up roofs of coal-tar pitch and felt, with a wearing surface of slag or gravel, were no longer an experiment, but sound roofing practice.

"And many survivors of this period are still giving staunch, weather-tight service today!"

* * *

The superiority of pitch and felt built-up roofs has been established—proved by the years. So today we find a majority of all our finest structures roofed with The Barrett Specification Roof—a pitch and felt roof which is accepted as the last word in permanent roof protection.

When a building is covered with a Barrett Specification Roof the owner receives a Surety Bond. This bond absolutely guarantees him against any expense for repairs or maintenance for a full 20 years. It is, of course, obvious that no bonding company would grant thousands of such bonds if it were not certain that the roofs would last well beyond the period of the guarantee.

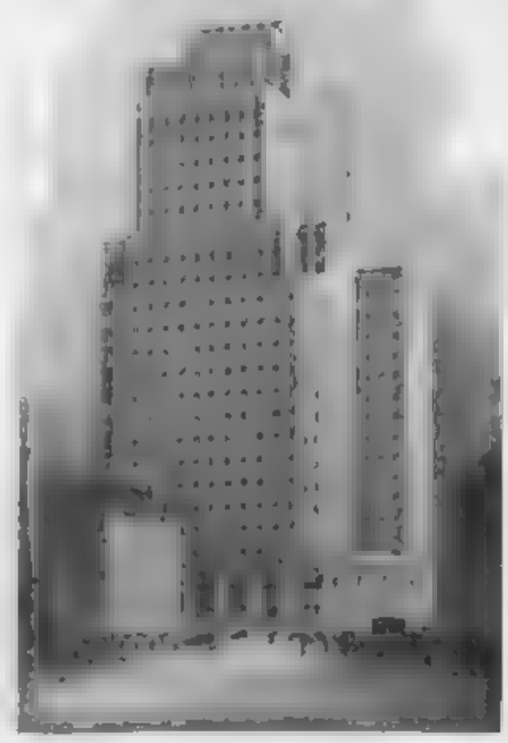
Finally, Barrett Specification Roofs take the base rate of fire insurance.

If the idea of trouble-free roofs interests you, dictate a brief note to The Built-Up Roof Department of The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City.

Depend on
The Barrett Approved Roofer

Throughout the United States and Canada a limited number of roofing contractors have been approved by Barrett to lay The Barrett Specification Bonded Roof. These men have earned a reputation for doing efficient work—a name for absolute dependability.

Good workmanship is a big part of *any* good roof. Be sure of good workmanship. Take your roof problems to the Barrett Approved Roofer.



1927

A Barrett Specification Bonded Roof covers the General Motors Company Building, New York City. Architects: Shreve & Lamb, New York City. Contractor: G. Richard Davis, New York City. Roofer: New York Roofing Co., New York City.

Barrett SPECIFICATION ROOFS

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector Street New York City

In Canada
The Barrett Company, Limited
5531 St. Hubert St., Montreal, Quebec, Canada

(Continued from Page 94)

day. But you not tell that Sergeant Wrenn. Maybe he come here an I cut him to little pieces. You shoot that Sergeant Wrenn when you see him for me, Tim, and I marry my Cousin Otto."

Tim sat there grinning. He wondered whether she had divorced Wrenn and married her cousin. He did not know, nor did it matter. He knew she was not dead.

This was the spring, and he did not see Wrenn for almost a year. He had time to think things over, particularly during the long winter months. Few people came to Poverty Hollow during those long winter months. Harriet Arnold was always some place in the South. She wrote him nice letters, but they made him restless.

And during these long winter months Baa-baa used to come irregularly, sometimes twice a week, sometimes twice a month. She got to his isolated house right after one of the heaviest snowstorms in January, then did not come again. Six weeks went by. Only the delivery man came with supplies. Tim could count on Watt's Joe—he counted on him for his existence. If Joe did not get through on Wednesday, he would get through on Thursday or Friday. Joe had never failed him.

Then in the blizzardy month of February, without the least hint or warning, Harriet Arnold appeared early one afternoon.

He heard her calling from the woodshed, where she was blanketing her horse. Tanned by Southern suns and radiant from a ten-mile ride across fields of snow, she blew into the shabby little house, bringing with her the breath of the outdoors and lugging a sizable saddlebag.

"Tim"—she dropped the saddlebag on the floor; she kissed him; she had never kissed him before—"I've got a steak in there." She nodded her head toward the saddlebag and laughed. She was lovely to look at, radiant, splendid physically.

"Food is *verboten*," Tim reminded her.

"I've got other things, old trooper, including a bottle of prewar sherry. Is that *verboten?* I'm starved." She had ridden all the way from town and it had taken her three hours to make it. "I'm giving you a dinner," she laughed. "If you don't want to come, you can watch me eat it. I'm going to cook it myself—though I don't know how. I'm going to cook it on your stove and use your dishes. Cook your own, old trooper, if you want to. I'm starved."

She knocked the snow from her gauntlets and shook the snow from her coat, and got down to her shirt sleeves and set to work.

"Tim," she said an hour or so later, "I'm going to tell you something I've never breathed to anyone. Like that dinner, you can take it or leave it."

"I took the dinner," said Tim.

"I'm still starved," said Harriet.

"Starved?"

"Not for food. Don't be ridiculous, old trooper! I've got a lot of friends, both sexes, all sorts—couldn't count them. Yet—I've been thinking lately. Guess what I've been thinking, Tim."

He couldn't guess. He was puzzled. Harriet had a way of going straight to the point; now she was approaching something circuitously.

"I've been thinking"—she took a deep breath and went resolutely ahead—"I've never in my life talked to anyone, not a human soul, the things I really feel; never turned myself inside out except to you. You don't know how funny that is. You're a hermit—yes, you are. I've told myself that the reason I can talk to you is because you're a hermit way off here, no connection with the world. Instead of wearing an army shirt, you should wear a cowl. There isn't anything I haven't told you. That's what I think of you. That's how I respect—rotten word—love you, old trooper. I might as well out with it. Tim, I've got bad news for you. That's what I'm driving at. You'll forget this drivel when I tell you."

She became silent, looking at him with pity in her eyes.

"You're going to get married?" Tim asked.

"No." Harriet shook her head slowly. "Somebody you love, Tim, is going to get married." She continued to look at him with her frank lovely eyes.

Presently Tim asked, "Is it Baa-baa?"

Harriet nodded her head.

"How do you know?" asked Tim.

"She wrote me—asked me to tell you. Said she couldn't tell you herself."

Harriet lit a cigarette and threw it away, and walked to the window and looked out upon the bare trees and fields of drifting snow. After she was gone, these were things Tim would look at. "If it will help you any, old trooper, remember I love you."

"Who's she going to marry?" asked Tim quietly. Harriet told him. "No, she isn't," he said, in the same quiet voice.

Then something caused Harriet to turn to him quickly. Tim had laughed. He was very pale. He sat there grinning. "No, she isn't!"

He was not conscious of Harriet at all. He knew when she left; but what she had said and what he had said made no impression on his mind. He sat in his wheel chair by the front window—sat there for hours—the first time in years he had been idle so long. Toward midnight a simple plan formed itself out of the chaos of his thoughts. Watt's Joe would bring his supplies tomorrow. He would get Joe to take him to the Center. He would settle the matter face to face with Wrenn.

The snow drifted during the night and Joe did not come. This was strange. Joe had got through worse drifts than these. Nevertheless, he did not come. And the snow throughout the day continued to blur the bare outline of trees visible from Tim's front window.

Toward nightfall Tim wheeled himself to the closet in the kitchen and got the last edition of The Bee. He searched the local columns. There was no mention of Mary Tucker, of Easton Center. However, he found a line about Wrenn. Sergeant Major Wrenn, U. S. A., on furlough, was visiting friends at Easton Center. When Wrenn came to the Center he slept in a room over the general store and foraged for his food. Tim knew this. The item said Wrenn would be in Easton for a fortnight. A fortnight from when? Tim bent his mind to the problem, but it was not a thing anyone could figure out. The paper was several days old, that was certain; and the item must have been sent in several days before the paper—a weekly—went to press. Tim could figure no closer than that. There was no time to lose.

Distorted visions filled his mind that night. He awakened again and again with a sickening sense of his helplessness. A fortnight from when? He told himself Baa-baa would surely come to him before she married anyone. And he drowsed, lulled by this comforting notion. Then he awakened suddenly and leaned on his elbow and gazed into the darkness. Baa-baa had written Harriet Arnold asking her to tell him. She couldn't tell him herself. Baa-baa wouldn't come.

With the blanket wrapped around him, he got into his chair and sat at the window, staring out at the whirling night. Dawn came. But Tim did not move from the window. After a time he dressed himself, then took up his vigil again, straining his eyes in one direction for the delivery truck and in the other for a small shadowy figure struggling through the drifts. With whatever lay behind those eyes of his, he strove to pull them through the blizzard to his ramshackle house. Impossible things flashed through his brain, impossible ways of getting to the Center. And so vivid were these visions that at one moment they seemed reasonable, even though at the next he knew they were sheer madness.

This agonizing turmoil inside of him continued until early afternoon. Then there came the third episode in the life of Timothy Osborn.

Once he had dragged himself several hundred yards over a frozen field to the telephone wires back of his house. If he could do that for Pop Fry, he could drag himself three miles through the snowdrifts for Mary Tucker. He turned from the window and wheeled himself into the kitchen. In the kitchen, he stopped his chair in the center of the room. He sat there motionless, staring down at his feet. He tried to move his right foot. He continued to stare down. Suddenly he felt dizzy. It seemed that something inside his brain had clicked inaudibly and his brain and blood were whirling around. The sweat came in beads to his forehead. Again he tried to move his foot. He was going to get there! Suddenly he gripped the arms of the chair, lifted himself and planted both feet squarely on the floor. With a decisive push he sent the chair flying away from him. He stood there alone. He tried to make his feet move, but they wouldn't move. Then, as if of its own will, his left foot lifted itself. He took a step. He took another step. Then his knees gave way and he lay on the floor gasping. He had walked for the first time in eight years.

Tim got slowly to his feet, succeeded in balancing himself, then toppled step by step toward an object in the corner. He took the broom from the corner, and leaning against the wall snapped the stick in two. Using this as a staff, he moved slowly back into the front room and got his crutches, and with these under his arms he made his way to the door.

Hatless, coatless, his shirt open at the throat and the sweat pouring from his face, he threw the door wide and met the blast. "Baa-baa!" he shouted, as though his powerful lungs could carry the message through the storm. "Baa-baa! I got my legs! Wait!" And he swung himself out into the drifting snow.

The snow said, "Sh-h-h-h!" And the little village of Easton Center, with its Colonial church and scattering of houses, seemed to withhold its breath, so silently it waited under its thick coat; and the wind said "Sh-h-h-h!" as it swept the highroad, leaving it naked in places and ankle-deep and knee-deep and hip-deep in other places; and now the lights from the general store made a yellow blur in the blue misty whiteness of falling flakes as a specter on crutches swung itself into the hushed village.

Tim had got there somehow.

He saw the yellow blur and bent his efforts in that direction. He was nearly spent, yet he felt no weariness.

He swung himself up the two steps to the narrow porch, turned the knob of the heavy door and the wind jerked the door out of his hand, and the snow and the wind rushed into the cluttered, superheated room. The wind and the snow shrieked, "Sh-h-h-h!" And the lamps flared up and a man near the fat-bellied stove shouted, "Close that door!"

But the door remained open. A white specter on crutches had entered and the specter was looking for somebody.

The storekeeper leaned over the counter and gasped, "It's Tim Osborn!" Incrusted from head to foot, it seemed the ghost of Tim Osborn.

He had no breath to waste. His breath came in gasps. He stood for a moment, leaning on his crutches, peering at the four or five men. None wore a uniform. His crutches, with their rubber ferrules, made hardly a sound as he swung himself past the tobacco counter, past the stove, past barrels and boxes, and opened a door at the rear and vanished from sight.

The men in the store gaped at one another. They heard the bolt click and they heard the soft sound on the steps as he ascended, and then there was silence.

Suddenly a swinging lamp jerked crazily and a can of pineapple at the top of a pyramid crashed to the floor. Before the men in the store could break the lock, the long stovepipe held by cross wires had fallen. Upstairs they found Tim Osborn stretched out on the floor, with red streaking his snow-covered form, while under him lay the inert body of Martin Wrenn. Wrenn's face was turning purple.

"Tell 'em!" said Tim, and he released his hold sufficiently for the sergeant to gasp "I'm—going to leave town."

"Tell them the reason!" said Tim.

But Wrenn suddenly broke Tim's hold. They were at it again. It took five men to pry them apart.

That night Sergeant Wrenn vanished from Easton Center and the news spread through the village as magically as if the wind had carried it down each chimney—Tim Osborn had found his legs. Tim Osborn had walked through the blizzard all the way from Poverty Hollow to the Center. Tim Osborn had attacked Martin Wrenn in the general store and run him out of town. A bodyguard of citizens carried Tim through the storm down the road a quarter of a mile to Mary Tucker's house. No man in the township of Easton was more important than Tim this night. Everyone was talking about him. But having come of a silent ancestry, Tim said very little.

Fully spent, he sat in an armchair in the dimly lit front room of the Tuckers' house, his head drooping on his chest, his eyes closed. When he opened his eyes, little Mary Tucker was sitting on the edge of a straight chair directly across the room, with her hands folded in her lap. Tim looked at her for a long moment, and Mary looked at Tim.

Presently he said, "Baa-baa, come here." Mary did not move. "Baa-baa," commanded Tim, "come here!"

"You do it," said Baa-baa.

Tim thought he understood her. She didn't believe he had come unaided all the way to the Center. She didn't believe he could walk, he told himself—and maybe he couldn't walk ever again. He felt lifeless. He sat there, looking at her through the dimness. The snow and the sleet made a faint noise against the window panes—"Sh-h-h!" Tim took a deep breath, gripped the arms of the chair and lifted himself to his feet. Mary's eyes opened wide with wonder, her lips parted. Unconscious of herself, she too arose. Tim got his balance and took an unsteady step toward Mary; Mary took a step toward Tim. Tim took another step; Mary took another step.

"Baa-baa," said Tim, "come here."

She ran to him. He held her in his arms, gazing down at the reflection of untamed things in her wide, shadowy eyes. "Baa-baa," he said slowly, "do you love Martin Wrenn?"

She shook her head—a quick gesture. Her hair was curly, like chestnuts.

"Baa-baa," said Tim, "once I told you never to cheat me. Don't lie to me, Baa-baa."

She gazed up at him wide-eyed. But she couldn't say anything. Then, for the first time so far as Tim knew, Baa-baa burst out crying. She buried her face in Tim's army shirt.

"Now, now!" said Tim soothingly. "If you love him ——"

Baa-baa sobbed something inside his shirt. She didn't love Martin Wrenn.

"You were going to marry him, Baa-baa."

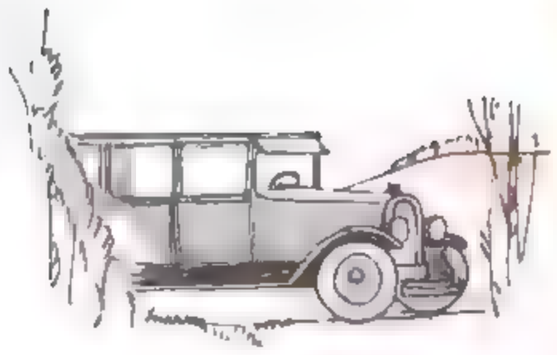
"Tim ——" she wailed softly.

"Now, now! What is it?"

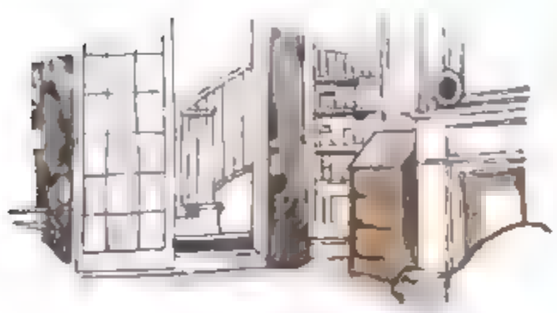
"I thought I thought maybe if the occasion was special," sobbed Baa-baa. "I thought maybe you'd find your legs."

Almost any afternoon, rain or shine, you can see Timothy Osborn walking slowly along the Poverty Hollow road. He isn't overdoing it. Each day he walks a little farther; and when he can walk all the way to the Center, without a cane, then he's going to get married. He has a notion about that. He wants to carry little Mary Tucker to the church in his arms.

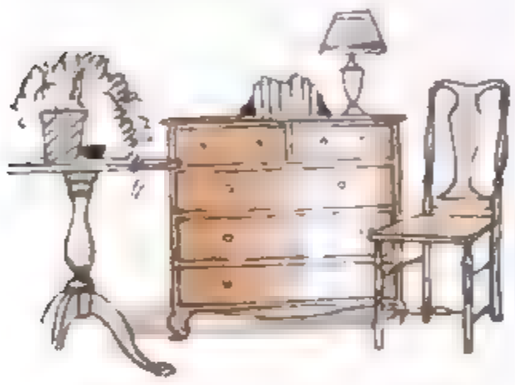
And possibly, in time, he may accomplish this; for it is said in this section there's a considerable something back of Tim's hawk-like beak and keen gray eyes. At least Mary Tucker has faith in him—she has announced the date for the second week in June. Baa-baa thinks Tim can do anything he sets his mind to. She thinks Tim is grand.



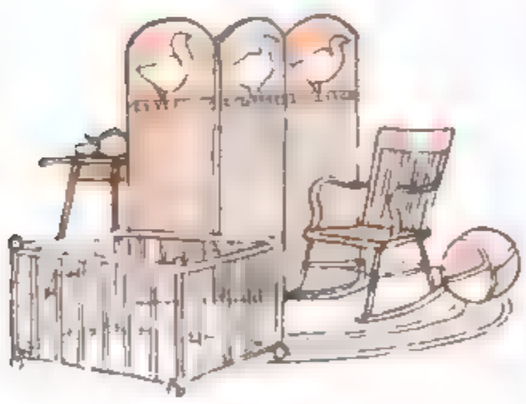
PAINT the family car with Duco. Duco dries so quickly that you can paint the car in the morning and take the family out riding in it in the afternoon!



DUCO is wonderful for redecorating interior woodwork. For instance, paint the bookshelves in the afternoon, and put the books back after dinner!



DUCO brings new color; new beauty to furniture. And Duco is so easily applied, and dries so quickly! Duco comes in a variety of shades and stains.



DUCO is invaluable in the nursery, because it dries so quickly. You can paint Baby's crib in the morning, and Baby can take his nap in it after lunch!

Duco — dries quickly — easily applied!

HOW often have you wished that you could have that old chest of drawers — or perhaps it's a desk, or a table, or a chair — "done over" in some soft, lovely color, so that it would blend in with the other things in your home? Ah, but you don't have to wish any more! For with Duco *you can do it yourself*, in any one of many beautiful shades . . . it's so easy to apply Duco . . . you simply *apply it with broad, free brush strokes, with a full-flowing brush!* It only takes a few minutes and the thing you painted is dry in less than an hour!

Oh, and by the way! An amazing Clear Duco, colorless and transparent, has just been perfected! Think of it! You can do your floors over this evening, and then walk on them right after you get up tomorrow morning—the floors are hard and dry!

• • •

Send four cents in stamps (to cover cost of mailing) to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., 3500 Gray's Ferry Road, Philadelphia, Pa., for attractive and useful 16-page book entitled "The Homes You Remember Are Colorful Homes," illustrating hundreds of ways of bringing more beauty into your home.

From Good Dealers . . . Everywhere

DUCO

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

There is only ONE Duco . . . DU PONT Duco

TREMENDOUS Success of SILVERTOWN

Balloon Tread —

shown by 2 years on owners' cars!

NEW—
but proven!

When the balloon tire idea still was young, Goodrich recognized the vital need of original thinking.

Here was a new problem—calling for a new design.

Not a made-over, re-vamped high pressure design—but a new low pressure tire, through and through.

Low pressure is just the opposite of high pressure. On the high pressure tire, the tread is rounded. On the modern Goodrich Silvertown Balloon the tread is flattened.

The load, on a high pressure tire, is borne principally by the center of the tread.

But the load, on the successful balloon tread, must be borne by the broad, powerful shoulders —because CENTER-FLEXIBILITY is the secret of balloon design.

These were the new principles of balloon design, built in Goodrich Silvertowns two years ago.

These are the principles which have demonstrated over and over again—in millions of miles on millions of cars—the tremendous mileage which Goodrich Silvertown balloons can deliver in actual use.

Goodrich

"BEST IN

594

PROVEN
—but new!

You get in the modern Silvertown Balloon the combined result of thorough experiment *proved by experience.*

Newness alone is a small virtue.

But tested newness—originality checked by actual use—is the surest guide to satisfaction.

Millions of motorists can tell you from their experience what brilliant performance has distinguished this tire under actual road conditions.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Established 1870 Akron, Ohio
In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ontario

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL BALLOON TREAD DESIGN?

MASSIVENESS alone cannot give a balloon tread long mileage. The secret is *center-flexibility* and correct distribution of load.

Area B (marked below) is free from tread pattern—triple-grooved for flexibility.

The powerful shoulders—Areas A and C—are where the load is carried. And these are almost triple the Area of B. Freedom from irregular tread-wear — noiseless traction — tremendous mileage are the results.

Silvertowns

THE LONG RUN"

A SETTLED PROVISION

(Continued from Page 14

"What for?" Cressey asked. He had the air of a man who will permit no liberties, who will make sure of each step before he trusts his weight upon the foot advanced. "What for?"

J. L. had no secrets from Cressey. "I want him to arrange a suite on the top floor, yonder," said J. L. He made an indicative gesture. "Windows toward the harbor Make the most of our location. An attractive suite. He will want to have sketches ready by tonight, plans by tomorrow night, workmen in by the day after. The rooms must be ready in ten days "

"Why?" said Cressey.

"Vick's coming," said J. L. "He's ready to go to work, to start in, to learn what he has to know." He added, with something faintly like an apology in his tone: "We must have a pleasant place ready for him."

Cressey moved to the telephone to obey instructions. He asked no further questions. He did not need to. Did not need, for example, to ask who Vick was. Vick was Vickery Strood, J. L.'s beloved son

But there was, perhaps, as he telephoned, a keener edge to that expectancy in Cressey's eyes.

J. L. Strood was a man with the Midas touch. His history was the history of a snowball rolling downhill. He was like a man sitting on a rock in the middle of a stream, reaching out now and then to pick up an attractive piece of drift. You would have had difficulty in fitting a name to the business he did, it was so various. He was not a broker, although one of the partners held a seat in the exchange; a seat for which J. L. had paid and upon which he held an embracing lien. He was not a promoter, although he could if he chose find money for a new enterprise. If the enterprise were sound, he furnished the money on his own account; if it were doubtful, he advised others to put their money in, and charged both lender and borrower a fee for this advice. He was not, in any sense of the word, a gambler; but he had an intuitive faculty for discovering profit in the simplest transaction—and preempting it. His interests were tremendous, yet also curiously simplified, so that the guiding threads from each one came back into his own hand. His standards were his own, not always conventional; for example, mere weight of collateral had little influence with him. He had caught from a greater man the trick of saying that the only sound security is character; and he had that ability, sometimes possessed by lesser souls, of making a profit out of those worthy traits in others which he himself held in small esteem. That he himself had few scruples did not prevent his making use of the scruples of others for his own advantage. He was an old man with a great deal of intelligence, a keen sagacity, a shrewd insensibility, a capacity for finding quizzical amusement in the misfortunes of others; and he had also a heart, a conscience, and one single scruple.

His heart was bound up in Vick, his son. Of him, more later. His conscience, heard patiently enough, but little heeded, was Cressey. His scruple was positive and final.

Cressey—and this was a thing few now remembered—had been a minister; that is, he had been a young man just out of divinity school and in his first charge when he and J. L. came into contact. Strood was born in a remote New England town; he practiced there the arts which he later brought to perfection; and when his father died, leaving him an estate of some proportions, he increased his scope. It was a part of his life to patronize the church; he befriended Cressey, provided funds for the young man's occasional vacations, cultivated an intimacy with him, found pleasure in long, abstruse discussions of matters theoretic and profound. By and by the minister knew enough about J. L. to disapprove of him; and being an honest man, he voiced this disapproval. J. L. heard him whimsically.

The particular transaction involved a matter of land to be condemned by a water company; land which J. L. owned. Strood was busy with maneuvers designed to inflate the value of this land.

Cressey said this and he said that; he pointed out that J. L. was building a falsehood; he dilated upon the fact that J. L. was hindering the local development and welfare; he remonstrated with J. L. for some of the means he used. And to all his objections J. L. had, for reply, only a mild and jocular inquiry.

"Anything illegal in that?" he would ask. "Anything the law can lay a hand on?"

Cressey's answers were always in the negative; they had to be. Strood took care that they must be. For this, even in those years, was his scruple. He would not break the letter of the law, would not lay himself open to the hard hand of social justice.

"The law can't touch me," he used to tell Cressey. "The law can't lay a finger on me. The law is a set of rules, and I play by the rules. The law has nothing to say to me, and I don't intend it ever shall."

Cressey could feel; he had a fine sense in such matters; but he had difficulty in putting his convictions in convincing words. J. L. could talk him down. Cressey came at last to a sort of despair of himself; a despair of life and of the world. If the things he held to be true were true, then J. L. was wrong; but J. L. seemed to be right, had all the better of their arguments. And Cressey, in this half-dazed bewilderment and despair, doubted his own call to the ministry of souls. When J. L., transferring his activities to the city, suggested that Cressey come with him, be at his side, be his right-hand man, Cressey came.

(Continued on Page 105)

"Better Off Without Such Friends," Said Strood Implacably. Vick Hesitated; He Rose Uncertainly. "If He Doesn't Get It, He's Done," He Said

G.T.M. SPECIFIED
GOODYEAR CONVEYOR BELT
FOR THE WET SAND AND GRAVEL CONVEYING SYSTEM
IN THE PLANT OF
THE ARROW SAND & GRAVEL CO. COLUMBUS, OHIO
OUTLINING THE 421'-30"-7 PLY BELT
BELT SPEED 200 F.P.M.
AVERAGE LOAD 200 T.P.H.
LENGTH OF SERVICE 4 YR. 2 MO.
TONNAGE CARRIED 1,049,775 T.
BELT TON COST .00156
WASHER SCREENS AND STORAGE BIN
TUNNEL CONVEYOR

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-equipped conveyor system in the plant of The Arrow Sand & Gravel Co., Columbus, Ohio; with inset photograph of the main conveyor

Copyright 1927, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

1,049,775 Tons at .00156—and the G. T. M.

A brand new plant was being built five years ago this Spring for The Arrow Sand & Gravel Company, of Columbus, Ohio. The policy of "nothing but the best" was being followed in its building, and when the time came to consider belting equipment, that principle gave a real opportunity to the G. T. M. —Goodyear Technical Man.

For the all-important conveying to be done in the new plant the Vice President and General Manager, Mr. S. Stepanian, was deeply interested in getting the most modern and serviceable equipment. He knew something of the Goodyear Analysis Plan, by which belts are scientifically specified and correctly built for the duty required, and not bought haphazard as just so much belting. The more he studied it, the more logical that idea seemed, and it was he who sent for the G. T. M.

The G. T. M. analysis was based on Mr. Stepanian's plans for the plant, the production prospects, and the projected conveying systems. His expert computations of the belting requirements also took into consideration his previous practical experience in analyzing sand and gravel plants. How sound were the recommendations he made, you may read in the record of one of the five conveyor belts he specified.

This belt was required to carry wet, raw material from the dump cars to the crusher house, 203 feet at an angle of 14 degrees 30 minutes, for a total rise of 51 feet. It had to stand the abrasive action of sand and gravel, ranging from 14-inch boulders to fine, cutting particles. The underside of the belt on return from the head pulley was subject to a continuous spray of water, and the surface exposed the year around to rain, snow, ice, sleet, sun, whatever the season's temper.

The belt he specified was the Goodyear Conveyor Belt—421 feet long, 30-inch, 7-ply, 28-oz. duck—which went into service in April of 1922. It handled that job day in and day out—200 feet a minute, carrying 200 tons per hour—until June of 1926. *More than four years of service—1,049,775 tons carried—at $.00156 per ton belt cost!*

Even today it is working, for when it was retired from that conveyor duty, the belt was cut down to 24-inch width and put on a lighter haul, where it's still going! Mr. Stepanian, writing about it, says: "We found that Goodyear had more than a conveyor belt to offer us. The thorough study of our requirements made by the Goodyear Technical Man enabled us to secure *the right kind of belt*. . . Our plant is equipped almost entirely with Goodyear Conveyor Belts and Transmission Belts, and we do not hesitate to recommend them to other users."

The G. T. M. is an expert on belting, and he may be able to help you with your problems of new equipment or present belting performance. The scientific method which he employs has been an important factor, along with quality manufacture, in establishing Goodyear's present leadership in the field of industrial belting. You may depend on whatever he recommends—Goodyear Conveying and Transmission Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—to give you the best of service. For detailed information about the Goodyear Analysis Plan or the records of G. T. M.-specified products in your line of industry, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

VALVES · PACKING BELTS · HOSE

GOODYEAR

. . . only the birds of the have travelled so

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

New PAIGE

air *swiftly* so *Silently*

CALL upon memory for the most *thrilling* . . . the most *restful* . . . *luxurious* . . . *swiftest* motoring experience you've ever known . . . Combine all these experiences into one . . . and you won't even approximate the utterly *new* sensation that awaits you on your first trip in this new Paige "8".

No kind of transportation hitherto conceived by man has ever achieved such tremendous speed so *silently* . . . so *smoothly* . . . and so *luxuriously* . . . Aeroplanes will carry you as swiftly, but only to the accompaniment of a deafening staccato roar . . . A yacht will transport you as silently, but far too leisurely.

This great new Paige "8" brings to the modern highway speeds comparable to the tremendous speeds of the air with the restful silences of the water.

Because of its new and exclusive Hi-Flex transmission, the engine actually turns over no faster when you are traveling 70 miles per hour than it does in other cars going 50.

There are four forward speeds in this new transmission, and both third and fourth are *high* speeds . . . both are quiet and silent . . . fourth uncommonly silent and extraordinarily efficient.

You use fourth speed nine-tenths of the time . . . in traffic and on the open road . . . and the amazing quiet it gives you at all speeds is a sensation you must experience to appreciate . . . The gasoline economy that comes of this new power range approximates a saving of 30% in fourth speed . . . Acceleration, in third speed, is the spriteliest ever achieved in a wheeled vehicle, sweeping you out and ahead of traffic like the leap of a scared rabbit . . . and up over the steepest hills with an effortless ease positively uncanny.

Mechanically, this new Paige "8" is destined to carry the 18-year-old reputation of Paige for dependableness and endurance to even loftier heights . . . with the Lanchester balancer, the crankshaft of this new engine is a masterpiece of perfect balance . . . balanced, too, is the propeller shaft . . . a new feature not yet thought of in most other cars . . . oil pressure automatically increases as you open the throttle . . . brake drums are heat treated and turned . . . universals are oil sealed . . . there is a silent chain drive, bronze-backed bearings, air cleaner, thermostat, adjustable steering gear, and straddle mounted pinion.

This "8" is a big "8" . . . not a compromise nor a *little* "8" . . . and yet it sells at or below the price of most ordinary "8s" . . . Come see this car and ride in it . . . there's no criterion by which you can judge its performance . . . no past experience that will give you even a hint of its superlative ability.

This New Eight completes the Paige line of Twenty Charming Body Types and Color Combinations, on Four Chassis, in Sixes and Eights, at prices ranging from $1095 to $2795, f. o. b. factory.

(881)

"8" — *with Two High Speeds*

GRUEN WATCHES

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

He *crushed the fraud* with a hammer blow

AS the fame of the early guild watchmakers spread, there rose up certain dishonest imitators who forged the marks of celebrated craftsmen upon inferior watches of their own, that they might secure a higher price.

Such a watch a seventeenth-century nobleman brought for repairs to the master whose name it wrongfully bore.

The master, enraged when he saw the fraud, snatched up a hammer and smashed the watch to bits.

Then, taking up another timepiece, he gave it to the nobleman, saying, "Sir, here is a watch of my making!"

He had perhaps labored six months long to perfect this watch with which he now replaced the forgery, getting no money in return for all his toil.

Yet he gladly made the sacrifice in order that his mark might continue to be looked upon as a pledge of finest workmanship.

The master craftsmen of the modern Gruen Watch Makers Guild also have a pledge mark which they guard with the same jealous care.

It is the mark Gruen *Precisson*. To them this mark represents the highest standards of the watchmaker's art, the best that can be put into the construction of a modern timepiece.

Gold Case Factory and Service Work Shop on Time Hill Cincinnati, Ohio, where the jeweler's watchmaker can secure standard duplicate parts promptly

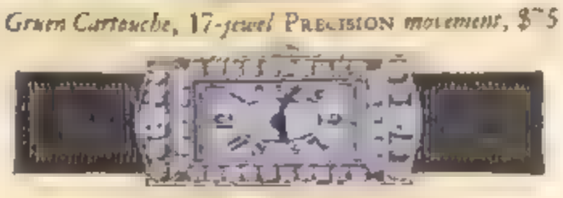
PRECISION

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and worth. Made only in the Precision workshop

Pay a little more and get the best

Look for the name PRECISION *on the dial*

Gruen Cartouche, 17-jewel PRECISION *movement, $75*



Gruen Cartouche, $785, set with 42 diamonds, 17-jewel PRECISION *movement. Other Diamond Watches, $10,000 to $75*

Gruen *Precisson* Watches are made in a separate workshop of the Guild, specially constructed to produce movements of this grade only

Here are assembled the Guild's most advanced equipment and its most skillful craftsmen, wholly devoted to the task of producing watches for which they admit no real competition.

The mark Gruen *Precisson* on a watch has come to have as definite a meaning of quality in the movement as the mark 18K Gold has in the case

Yet a Gruen Watch with the mark *Precision*, in any given quality of case, costs but little more than one that is not so marked.

The better jewelers can show you the Gruen *Precisson* Watches pictured here, and many other exquisite examples of modern guild artistry, priced from $2500 to $25.

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD

TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

CANADIAN BRANCH, TORONTO

Engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Copr. 1927, G. W. M. G.

(Continued from Page 100)

"You understand," he said defensively, "I'm not agreeing with what you do; I think you fundamentally wrong."

"Continue to think so," J. L. told him, smiling dryly. "Think so, and tell me so. That's what I want you for, my friend—to propose objections, so that I may discover how best to overcome them. You shall play con to my pro for as long as you like, and have my thanks for it."

So Cressey came, and J. L. made a rich man of him. It amused Strood to do this; he was interested to discover how rich Cressey would have to be before his ideas changed. He made Cressey richer year by year. And whenever a project was afoot Cressey knew about it and was privileged to ask questions, and did propose objections and many arguments.

But J. L. always presented that final question: "Can the law lay hold on me? The law has never been able to touch me, Cressey, and I don't mean it ever shall."

It was a game J. L. played. He became absorbed in it; found a keen relish in these discussions, continuing year by year.

Vick sometimes heard his father and Cressey arguing these matters together—Vickery Strood, whom J. L. loved. Vick was an attentive child.

A fine boy, Vick, in so many ways. J. L. had married after coming to the city; married the daughter of one of his business associates. Her family was good, her name was beautiful; and J. L. was satisfied. He gave her kindness, an austere devotion, a comfortable home and every tangible thing she could desire. If he did not particularly love her, that was no one's fault, surprised no one; he was a dutiful husband, and he built a lavish tomb for her when she died.

At that time Vick was a baby, not yet fully come to his father's notice; but after a year or two J. L. discovered him; and by the time Vick was six years old, J. L. was his slave. He stayed late at home in the morning to be with the boy, and came early home at night; he found for Vick a fine tutor, and a new one year by year, lest any one of them supplant himself in Vick's affections. In so far as it was possible he kept Vick at his side; saw him grow into a tall, fair youth with a fine eye and a gentle friendliness about him. This was come, perhaps, from his mother. J. L. loved this trait in Vick. He was fond of saying that Vick would do anything for a friend. When the boy was ready for college, J. L. accepted the half separation as a cross to bear for Vick's sake. He could be disinterested where Vick was concerned, and he perceived the necessity that the boy should have contact with the world.

Vick was educated for business. He had displayed as a boy a certain acumen in this direction, an acquisitiveness, a knack for discovering profit and preëmpting it. J. L. observed this with a keen delight; he was fond of saying to Cressey that Vick would be a bigger man than he himself was. Cressey did not usually comment upon this. Save where matters of business were concerned, he did not often argue with J. L. But at such remarks there was a curiously attentive expression in Cressey's eyes.

Vick got the better of his boyish friends in trades; he outwitted his tutors in small, good-humored ways; he was saving and thrifty and shrewd. And he was educated for a business career. College, an extra year there; a year in London banking houses where J. L. had connections, another divided between Paris and Berlin. He saw the world as a ball girdled and held in a network of trust and confidence, and he made many friends—held them by service too. Vick was always a man who would do anything for his friends.

J. L. used to tell Cressey proud tales about him. He had told Cressey in April that Vick would be coming home in September; but now, it appeared, Vick would come before—would be here in a fortnight or less. So a place must be made for him; Crate must design it, and the workmen prepare it, and all be ready upon Vick's appointed time.

"As though you were planning an office for me," J. L. told Crate when the latter arrived. "The best, the finest you can devise. It will house the head of the firm some day. It is for my son."

Crate nodded. "I'll do the best I can," he agreed, "in so short a time."

"Occasion is opportunity," J. L. reminded him. "Any man could do well with time enough to work in; it takes a good man to do his best quickly."

Cressey ventured a suggestion. "Vick may not want to come immediately here," he reminded J. L.

But the old man shook his head. "If he sees a place ready for him he will want to stay," he said. And he added, more softly: "I'm growing older; I shall want him near."

So matters took their hasty way, and one afternoon J. L. said to Cressey, "I'm going to New York tonight. Vick's boat docks in the morning."

His eyes were shining and his tone was that of a young man who hurries to a tryst. Cressey nodded and arranged the reservations. He did not suggest that he might go along. J. L. and his son would wish to be alone; they would return here in a day or two—here, where he could have them beneath his watchful and expectant eye.

Strood, it proved, was wrong. The beauty of the suite prepared for him did not long suffice to keep Vick at his father's side. The young man applauded all the preparations for his convenience, and for a fortnight or so he spent his days either with his father in the dusty quarters on Vernon Street or in the remote luxuriance above. But his attention seemed to wander, he was pleasant and interested, he seemed to enjoy renewed contact with Cressey, and he liked to drift among the clerks and the older bookkeepers and talk with them; but he threw no great zeal into his round of days. After about three weeks he went away for a vacation, up into the small towns in the hinterland.

"Three or four fellows I want to look up," he told his father; "fellows I haven't seen since I was in college. I'll be back in a couple of weeks or so."

Strood agreed heartily. "Go, by all means, Vick," he told the boy. "Don't feel you're tied down here. Got to get adjusted slowly. There's time enough. I'm good for a few years yet. Go have a look around." And when Vick was gone the old man said proudly to Cressey, "I know what Vick's about."

Cressey looked at him. "What?"

"He wants to be doing on his own account," J. L. replied. "Not satisfied to let me show him the way. He's an independent boy. You'll see. He'll come back with a plan."

Cressey made no comment. None seemed to him to be demanded. But at J. L.'s instructions he arranged for reports on Vick's progress. J. L. wished to know where his son went, and whom he saw, and what he did with them. Cressey was able to tell him, after a few days, that Vick had gone to Handleton to visit Ward Frame. They had been classmates and had roomed together, had corresponded during the years that Vick was abroad. J. L. approved this contact

"I remember Frame," he said. "Not much force, but a good family and a pleasant boy. His father was head of the Handleton Mills."

Vick stayed a fortnight with Frame and came directly back to town; and J. L. greeted him warmly, asked where he had been and what he had done and what his pleasures were. And as he expected, after a day or two, Vick came to seek him out. They had a talk together.

Vick's point was in general that he would learn little so long as he remained under his father's hand, doing only the old man's bidding.

J. L. replied good-humoredly, "You're a lamb still, Vick. If you go straying very far they'll shear you."

"I can afford to be shorn once or twice," Vick pointed out. "I'd rather like to lose a little money now and then—learn how it feels."

J. L. smiled, his eyes meshing in wrinkles. "I can help you there," he suggested. "Buy some B. L. T."

Vick shook his head. "I want to find my own ways of losing money," he retorted

Strood studied the young man with a curious glance. "Something more definite in your mind, Vickery?" he suggested. "What is it—what do you want to do?"

"I've a turn for banking," Vick replied straightforwardly. "It appeals to me. Money is a useful tool; and other people lend this tool to bankers, give it to them to use. I'd like to have the use of it."

Strood shook his head. "Your hands are tied in a bank," he suggested. "You can't do what you choose. Better to use your own money than that which you borrow."

Vick nodded. "I know. But it doesn't matter what the rules are; there are rules in every game. It's a question of playing within them."

"I can find you a place somewhere," Strood said reluctantly. "I want you to work out your own plan, Vick. But I'd hoped it would be here with me."

"Later," Vick told him. "Let me try my free hand first."

"I'll think it over—talk to some of my associates," Strood agreed

But Vick shook his head. "I'll tell you," he suggested. "I know a bank I'd like to take hold of. There's a block of stock on the market—an estate. And I've talked to some of the directors. The cashier is retiring."

Strood smiled again. "Your mind is clear on the point," he commented. "Tell me what I'm to do."

It was, Vick explained, the First National, in Handleton. But he added honestly: "I'd like that particularly, because Ward's there, of course. I mean, in Handleton," he continued. "He has nothing to do with the bank."

The matter was not settled in one conversation, nor in two; but J. L. at length was constrained to yield. "I don't like it," he told Cressey. "I want him here. But it's not wise to oppose a young man. His shoulders haven't learned to bow to responsibility. As well learn there as here, perhaps. And he'd go anyway."

He instructed Cressey to make the necessary arrangements; but later, when Vick was gone from him, he fretted at the separation, and his thoughts gnawed at it as though it were a mystery in which he must discover the meat.

"There's something there," he told Cressey; "something I can't get hold of. Has Frame a sister? A woman anywhere?"

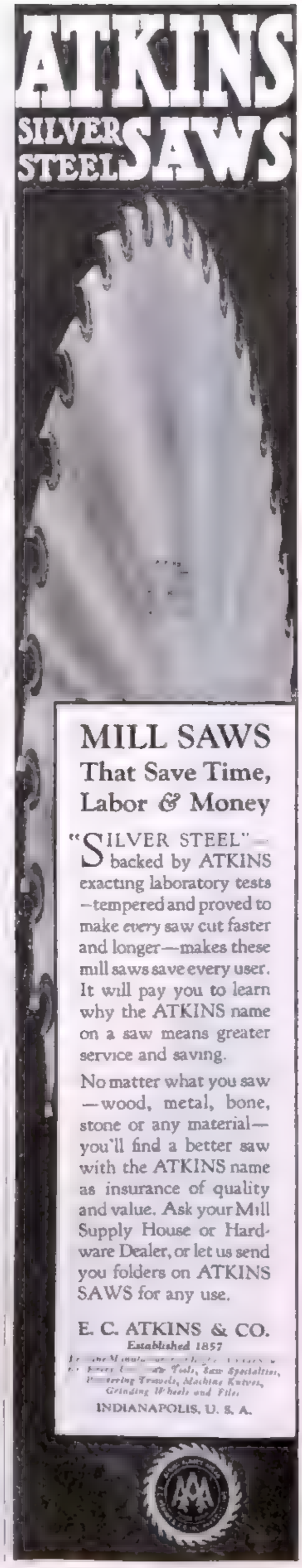
Cressey asked impersonally, "Do you wish me to discover?"

Strood hesitated; then he made a gesture. "Yes," he said. "Send someone up there," he decided. "Find out about Ward Frame, since my son is inclined to tie to him. The bank's sound, you say?"

"An old institution, conservative, well managed," Cressey reported. "Your money is well invested there."

"All right," J. L. approved. "Then how about Frame?"

A week later Cressey was able to report. Strood studied the typewritten sheets attentively. Frame's father was dead; himself, his sister and his mother had survived. They had inherited in equal shares a considerable property of which he was the administrator. The mills were no longer in the family. Strood nodded approval of this. There had been a depreciation in the value of such establishments; the Frame family had done well to shift into sounder securities. But he read on with less approval. Young Frame, it appeared, was not so conservative as his father had been; some of his investments had the taint of speculation. Old J. L. almost shuddered at this; he was never a speculator. He profited by the chances others chose to take, on his advice or on their own account; but he did not take chances himself. Ward Frame, then, was hardly a fit


ATKINS
SILVER STEEL SAWS
MILL SAWS
That Save Time, Labor & Money
"SILVER STEEL" backed by ATKINS exacting laboratory tests—tempered and proved to make every saw cut faster and longer—makes these mill saws save every user. It will pay you to learn why the ATKINS name on a saw means greater service and saving.
No matter what you saw—wood, metal, bone, stone or any material—you'll find a better saw with the ATKINS name as insurance of quality and value. Ask your Mill Supply House or Hardware Dealer, or let us send you folders on ATKINS SAWS for any use.
E. C. ATKINS & CO.
Established 1857
Tools, Saw Specialties, Grinding Wheels and Files
INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

companion for his son, for Vick. He meant Vick to learn the sounder, more conservative ways.

He was a little worried about Vick for a while, but put this concern aside. The board of directors would school him, he decided; they were a sound lot, older men. And the tradition of the bank was sound.

But Ward Frame stayed on his mind, distressed him more and more. He made a further study of the young man's affairs, and one day he spoke to Cressey. "Cressey," he said, "Frame has lost a good deal of money in the last three years—must have."

"I thought so," Cressey agreed.

"He's administrator for Mrs. Frame and his sister. Do you suppose he's involved them?"

Cressey looked at the old man with attention. "Why?" he asked.

Strood made an impatient movement of his hand.

"I can't have Vick tied up with such a man," he pointed out. "It must be he doesn't know the facts."

"Frame banks with them," Cressey reminded the other. "Vick should know."

"His eyes need opening," Strood exclaimed. "He's a child."

Cressey had learned to read, to some extent, the other's mind. "It would be a mistake to interfere," he suggested. "Vick would resent it."

Strood's glance was heavy, his face was grim. "Find out," he directed. "See how he stands. Try him. If he's weak, Vick will have to know."

Cressey hesitated, then spoke heavily. "Please be precise," he directed. "This would be a mistake. I wish definite instructions."

Strood chuckled. "What a man you are, my friend," he said ironically. "Very well then; discover whether Frame has touched the funds he administers. Try him. See if he can be tempted to do so. If he is strong, there is no harm done; if he is not, Vick should be warned."

Cressey made a careful note upon a bit of paper; he turned away without a further word.

That was in early August. One day in October Cressey received a telegram and glanced at it—it was addressed to Strood, but all such matters came to Cressey's desk—before he passed it to the other man. It was from Vick. He asked that thirty-two thousand dollars be sent him by telegraph immediately.

Strood looked at it for a moment; and Cressey, watching him, saw the old man's face stiffen curiously. Then Strood asked, "You saw this?"

"Yes."

"He doesn't give any reason," said Strood irritably. "He doesn't say why, or by your leave."

"No," Cressey agreed.

J. L. hesitated a moment longer; then he moved in a fretful way. "Get him on the phone," he directed.

But Vick, it appeared, could not be reached by telephone. He had left his office in the bank for the day; he was not in his rooms; he could not be located.

When this became certain, J. L. accepted the fact with his usual philosophy. "At least," he told Cressey, "you see I was right in one respect."

"In what respect?" Cressey asked.

"Vick has nothing of his own, and a man without money can't get into much trouble. He has to come to me for the means. Of course he wants this for Frame."

"Doubtless," Cressey agreed.

"Well, he can't have it," said J. L. "Not without coming to me. Then I'll make him see the sense of the situation—open his eyes. He's bewitched by that man, Cressey."

"They are friends," Cressey commented.

"My son can't be friends with a man who breaks the law," J. L. told him.

Cressey considered. "Shall I send the money?" he asked at last, and J. L. chuckled his negation.

"This precious Frame can wait," he said. "Let Vick come to me. Wire him," he added. "Just one word—'Why?'"

So the word was sent. And if Vick could not be reached by phone, at least he was available by telegraph. For within two hours they had his answer: "Cannot explain by wire. Imperative."

They were about to leave the office for the day, and it amused J. L. to discipline his son. He directed Cressey's answer; and under instructions Cressey telegraphed: "Come and get it."

Strood was pleased with this. "That will fetch him," he exulted. But Cressey remained impassive, like a spectator, doing simply that which he was told to do.

Strood went home, and he went to bed and to sleep; and at a little past one o'clock in the morning Vick strode into his room, snapping on the lights. The old man opened blinking eyes, then sat up in bed, held out his hands.

"Vick!" he cried. "Delighted to see you. You must have driven down."

"Yes," Vick agreed curtly. He sat down by the bed, studied the older man. "Father," he said abruptly, "I wired you for money today."

"Did you?" J. L. exclaimed.

"Cressey put me off," said Vick.

"Cressey's an old fogy," J. L. agreed. "Too cautious sometimes. How much do you want?"

"Thirty-two thousand," Vick told him. "And I must be back in Handleton before morning."

"Sorry you had to go to this trouble," J. L. commented. "I'll speak to Cressey. What is it for?"

"Private matter," Vick said, his eyes steady.

J. L. made a mouth of surprise. "Oh," he muttered. "Private?"

"Yes."

"Why?" Strood asked his son mildly.

Vick's chin seemed to harden. "That's all I care to tell you, sir," he replied. "I assume my word is good enough."

J. L. gathered the coverlets about him with a gesture of smothered impatience. "Vick," he said, "you're being made a fool of."

And Vick looked at him with a renewed attention. "Why do you say so?" he asked.

Strood smiled. "Ward Frame is trying to presume on your kindness to him," he retorted. "I know all about that young man. He was left to administer certain funds belonging to himself, his sister and his mother. His own moneys he dissipated or endangered by speculation; to support his folly he has made illegal use of the funds of his mother. Now he is facing an accounting and prosecution." He showed a swift impatience. "He is not even a bold rogue, not even a wise one. He needs nearer fifty thousand than thirty; thirty will not save him."

Vick was watching the older man. "You are familiar with the affair?" he commented, in still surprise and speculation.

"I know his mother's lawyer," Strood replied with a small complacence. "Of course," he added, "they are asking the accounting purely as a matter of form, without suspicion. But Mrs. Frame is a stern old woman when she knows she has been defrauded."

Vick nodded.

"So Ward tells me," he agreed. He added after a moment: "He has borrowed about twenty thousand from—friends. Thirty-two thousand will cover the whole."

Strood looked at the boy. "Have you loaned him anything?" he demanded. "You must have had some loose thousands."

"I loaned him nineteen thousand-odd," Vick replied after a moment's hesitation. "For the rest I came to you."

The old man shook his head. "You wanted to lose money," he commented whimsically. "Well, you've lost nineteen thousand of your own. I think that's enough for one lesson."

"Ward is my friend," Vick reminded the other.

"Better off without such friends," said Strood implacably.

Vick hesitated; he rose uncertainly. "If he doesn't get it, he's done," he said.

"So much the better for you," J. L. told him. He thought it good discipline, in this moment, to affect indifference; so he turned now and lay down and closed his eyes.

"Turn out the lights, Vick, when you go," he enjoined. "Good night, my son."

Vick made a little sound; then he crossed to the door and pressed the switch. The room was thick with darkness. "Good night," he said, and closed the door. After a moment Strood heard, below, the sound of his departing car.

Next day Strood told Cressey about it with some satisfaction. "It will hurt the boy at first," he confessed, "but be good for him in the end. Teach him, perhaps, to appraise men."

Cressey looked at him thoughtfully. "Some never learn that," he suggested; and Strood looked at him in a fretful way and demanded, "What do you mean?"

"Vick is always ready to do a service for a friend," said Cressey.

For a moment their eyes met, Cressey's still and somber, Strood's afire. And then J. L. cried scornfully, "Don't be a fool, Cressey! Don't be a fool!"

So Cressey said no more.

J. L. never read the morning papers at home. He preferred a quiet, ordered breakfast, a relaxed and peaceful ride to his office. Cressey always had his paper ready for him there.

During the few days next succeeding he gave his first attention to the headlines. Even before he lifted the paper he was likely to ask Cressey, "Anything on Frame yet?" And Cressey would shake his head in slow negation. There was nothing in the papers, but they knew the accounting was in progress; the affair must become public property within a brief space. Strood waited for it with some impatience, with a vague and undefined uneasiness. He was anxious that the matter should be finished, done.

But on the fourth morning, when he came into the dusty office, alighting from his limousine at the door, crossing the sidewalk with his spry old gait, nodding to the dusty door man, he found Cressey standing, and still, and there was a paper in Cressey's hand. And J. L. was struck by the man's posture and stood regarding him; and he felt his old heart pound the faster.

He cried, "What's the matter, Cressey? What is it?"

So Cressey extended the folded sheet to him. It was one of the so-called afternoon papers, a first edition, on the street not fifteen minutes before, and the flaring headline read:

STROOD'S SON ARRESTED

VICKERY STROOD ACCUSED OF EMBEZZLEMENT

HANDLETON BANK LOOTED

The old man—he seemed, suddenly, an old man—read these black words at a glance; his eye ran down the column; it lifted to Cressey with a dumb appeal. And Cressey said in a curiously gentle tone, "Andrew Case is the bank examiner."

"Case?" Strood repeated in a dull voice.

"You remember him," said Cressey. And after a moment Strood did remember Case. Case was an enemy. Strood had many enemies, and Case was one of them, for what seemed to him righteous cause. Strood considered, mustering his strength, weaving a little on his feet. And after a while he sat down at his desk, and his fingers picked aimlessly at the edge of the blotter there.

"The shortage is thirty-two thousand," Cressey suggested quietly.

Strood rallied. "Get my car," he directed. "I must see them."

Cressey nodded. "It's a national bank," he said.

Strood made an impatient gesture. "Quick, man!" he cried. And a little later he asked Cressey to go with him, and Cressey obeyed. He was very gentle with Strood.

They came back late that night, and J. L. seemed to have lived many weary years. Cressey spoke little, but Strood could not be still.

"I did all I could, Cressey," he cried pitifully. "Didn't I? What else could I have done?" And Cressey touched his hand, and the old man babbled on. "I offered them ten times the money," he insisted.

Cressey had been silent and attentive all that long day. One of the directors was old Mansurd, who had cause to hate Strood; and Case had his reasons too. And the sum was not sufficiently large to arouse their cupidity. Mansurd had spoken primly of a matter of principle, Case of his duty. Toward the end Strood, rather absurdly, had begged them to let him assume the blame, take the matter on his old shoulders. He said they should deal with him as seemed best to them, so long as they let Vick go unblemished and free.

But it was Case who negatived that proposal, using, like a parrot, a curiously hideous and appalling phrase. "The law has nothing against you, Mr. Strood," he said. "The law can't touch you at all."

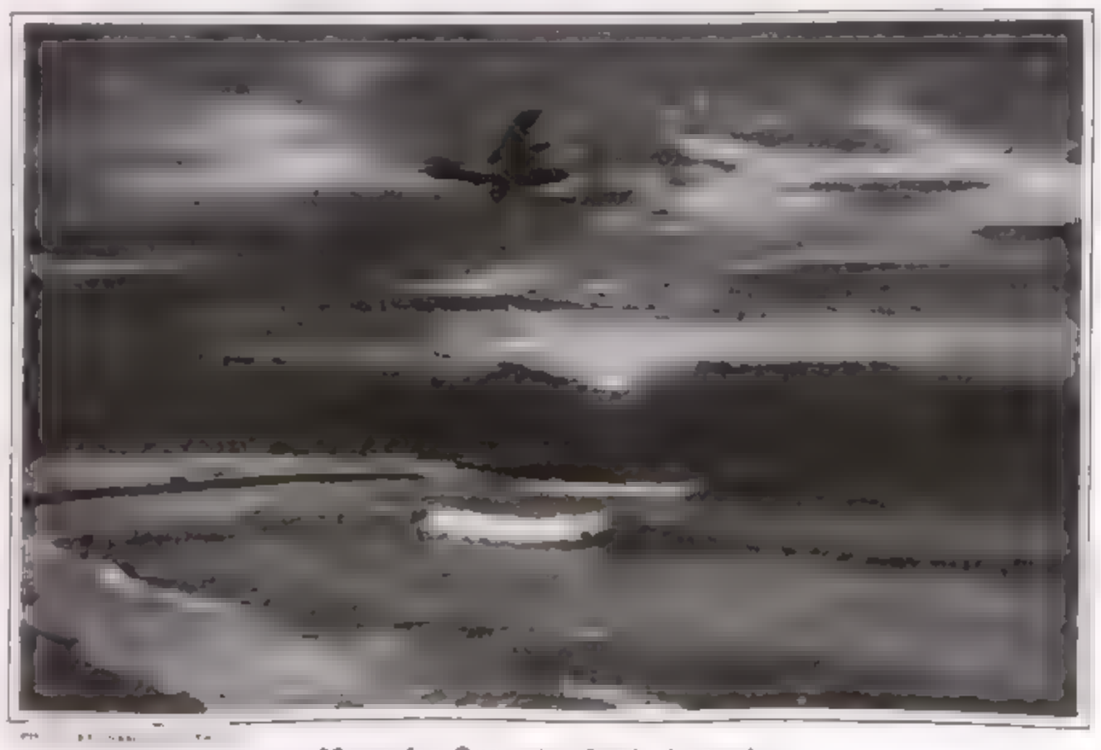
So, riding home alone with Cressey now, Strood was in the grip of a torturing immunity; he was racked and seared by the torment of being ignored.

Cressey had kindliness; he waited as long as he could be of service; but after some weeks he tendered Strood his resignation. The old man asked in a dull way, "Why, Cressey, aren't you content?"

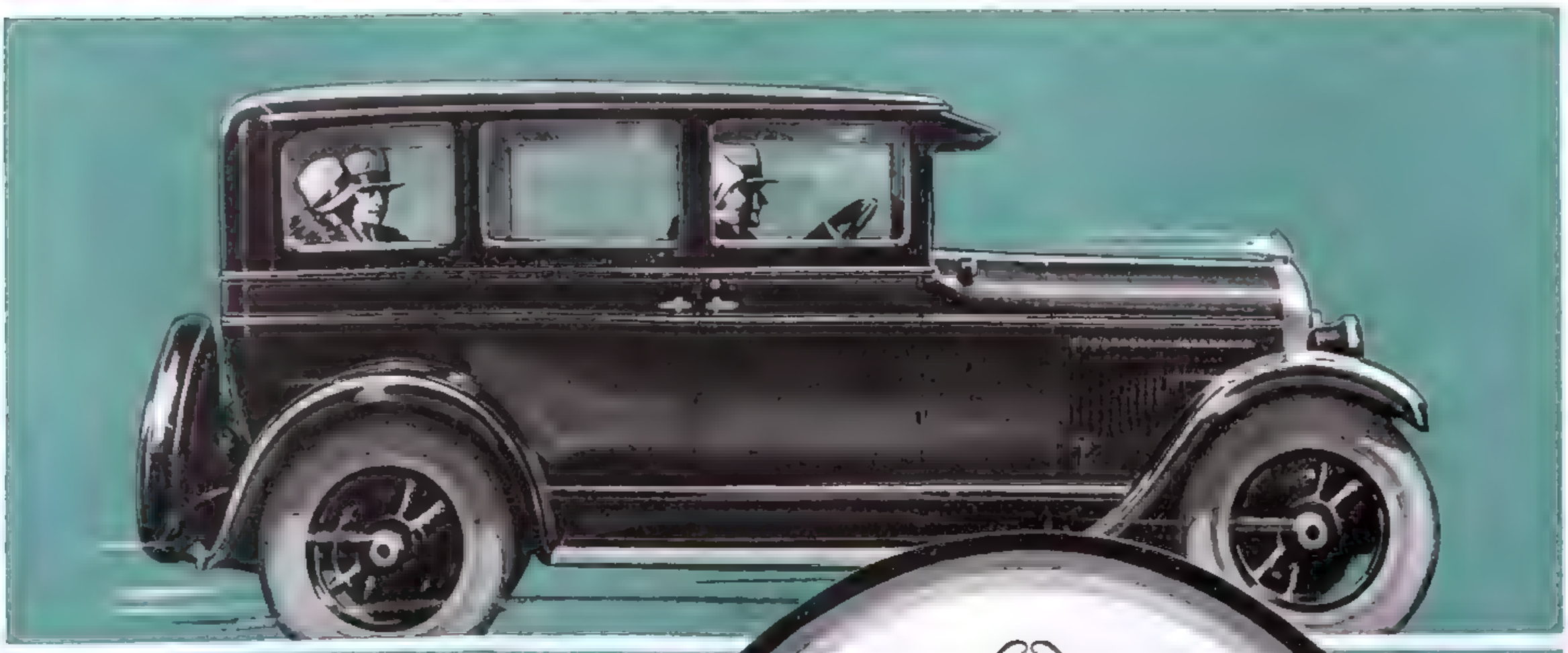
"Yes," Cressey told him. "Yes, well enough content."

"What do you mean to do?" Strood insisted.

And Cressey said, "I mean to return to the ministry again."



Moonrise Over the Gulf of Mexico



$750
COUPE
ROADSTER
(Rumble Seat Extra)

$780
COACH

$830
SEDAN

F.O.B. DETROIT
Subject to current Federal excise tax

Overwhelming Public Preference

One of the factors in Chrysler's amazing advance from twenty-seventh to fourth place—*in three years' time*—has been the widespread recognition of the startling difference in full size, performance and appearance between the Chrysler "50" and the other four-cylinder cars. ¶ There are only four others of large production. ¶ By the simple process of a mental comparison of the "50" with these four other fours, the public has discovered a difference so overwhelming as to compel a decision in favor of the Chrysler "50". ¶ Full-sized, with ample family seating capacity; amazing power; speed of 50 miles and more per hour; acceleration of 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds; economy of 25 miles to the gallon; beauty of line, finish, and mohair-plush upholstering, at a price beyond a doubt the greatest offering ever made in four-cylinder cars. ¶ Herein the Chrysler "50" reveals quality and value in such striking contrast to the other four-cylinder cars that the public preference accorded the "50" has been inevitable.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA
LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

All Chrysler cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System. Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER "50"

Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles per Hour

BUILT AS ONLY CHRYSLER BUILDS

SPRING SHOE STYLES BY

ENDICOTT-

No. 3880—*Ladies' patent leather strap pump. Tan gingham-effect underlay. 2½-inch spike heel. Also in parchment with brown sylvan underlay and heel cover, No. 3881.*

No. 861—*Men's black bantamweight Bal Oxford. Also in tan, No. 860.*

SPRING brings in an array of Endicott-Johnson shoes that are truly beautiful in line, shape, pattern, leather and shades. Handsome, dressy models for men. Smart new designs for women. Novel, mannish types for boys. Gay, dainty pumps and Oxfords for misses and girls. . . . All expressing the newest tendencies of Paris, London and Fifth Avenue, as interpreted by Endicott-Johnson fashion designers. See this unusual footwear today. For here are shoes constructed to wear well, fit well, and look well too. Beneath their stylishness is a foundation of real quality . . . of strong, soft, fine-grained leather carefully selected and tanned by our own special processes; of sound soles; of shape-holding form; of stitching and finishes that are unmistakably the workmanship of skilled shoemakers.

No. 3761—*Ladies' parchment one-eyelet tie. Paisley sea serpent vamp and quarter trim, and quarter cut-out. 2-inch spike heel. Also in patent leather, with mother-of-pearl vamp and quarter trim, No. 3762.*

No. 790—*Men's tan four-eyelet blucher Oxford; soft toe box. Also in black, No. 791.*

No. 480—*Boys' tan perforated Bal Oxford, brass eyelets. Also in black, No. 481.*

No. 1740—*Misses' patent one-strap pump. Cut-out vamp and quarter; Paisley embossed strap appliqué. Also in parchment, No. 1741*

JOHNSON

No. 6160—"SWANKS" *Boys' tan harness-stitched blucher Oxford. Goodyear welt; soft toe. Also in black, No. 6161.*

No. 2291—*Girls' patent Princess Pat tie. Goodyear welt; percale tip and panel. Also in tan with rose blush tip and panel, No. 2289.*

It is the Endicott-Johnson policy to make shoes that represent the very utmost value for every dollar you put into them. Seventeen thousand trained workers, operating on a basis of mutual interest in this vast organization, are pledged to this purpose. Knowing these things, you can buy Endicott-Johnson shoes with confidence that their style is authentic, lasts correct-fitting—and that these shoes *will wear.*

Endicott-Johnson shoes, for men, women, boys and girls, are most reasonably priced—

$3 *to* $6

according to style and size

Now showing at thousands of leading stores throughout the United States

Your local dealer in Endicott-Johnson footwear has the fashionable new spring styles ready for your inspection. Thousands of stores are marking the occasion with special window displays. They are easily recognized. If, by any chance, you cannot locate Endicott-Johnson shoes in your neighborhood, we'll tell you where you can purchase them. Address Endicott-Johnson, Endicott, N. Y.; New York City; or St. Louis, Mo.—*Shoemakers for the entire family.*

Complete Satisfaction

YOUR easy chair . . . *your* home . . . *your* life . . . as the sweet, fragrant smoke of *your* cigar curls upward . . . Complete Satisfaction!

Where life is lived at its best you'll generally find an inborn appreciation of fine cigars like Robt Burns. And what could be more natural? Men who demand *complete satisfaction* in everything are particular to seek the mild, sweet mellowness of the Robt Burns FULL Havana filler.

With a great variety of blends to select from, it is a matter of pride to us that real judges of cigar enjoyment choose Robt Burns because they recognize FULL *Havana filler to be the highest type of tobacco grown.*

General Cigar Co., Inc.

Robt Burns

PANATELA . . 10c *PERFECTO GRANDE (foil-wrapped) . . 2 for 25c* *INVINCIBLE . . 15c* *STAPLES . . 10c*

FULL HAVANA FILLER [Recognized as the highest type of tobacco grown]

THE REVOLT OF PETER PURDY

Continued from Page 37)

put a thing like that over on me. Why, I've been regular in season and out of season in the Senate for ten years, and all my life before that. I've always voted with my party, and always taken orders, and now I get a dirty deal like this. It ain't right!"

"It isn't right, Peter, but it's orders. Take them once more and you'll win in the long run. You're a good soldier. We've got to maintain our organization and preserve our control of the Senate. It's orders, Peter."

"I won't take them!"

"Oh, yes, you will, Peter. You won't run amuck now after forty years of party regularity. It can't be helped. It will all work out in the end. Cheer up. It's only a postponement, you know, not a rejection."

Purdy dropped back into his chair, a quivering, outraged senatorial mass. Paxton spent ten minutes in trying to soothe and comfort him, but Peter was unresponsive; and Paxton left with a final and stimulating assurance that everything would come out all right, and that Peter would gain great kudos and acquire exceeding merit by taking his medicine and not grousing over it; but he did not, as Peter remembered later, hold out the slightest hope that the decision would be reversed. That, it was plain, was irrevocable.

Peter sat with his head bent, his hands clasped across his heaving paunch. His anger and his protest grew in intensity. The whole shock of the day's disasters was borne down upon him. There he was, sentenced to spinach for the rest of his life—to hay and dog biscuits—and there he was, deprived of the chairmanship of the great Commodities Committee that by every recognized precedental and senatorial right was his.

Distress over his physical condition and anger and resentment over his political condition combined to rock and rend the Hon. Peter Purdy to his very foundations. He had lost everything worth having between daylight and dark. It was a miserable day.

III

THE Hon. Peter Purdy loved his food, cherished it, ritualized it and celebrated it. He gave much thought to the selection and preparation of it. Always American in every act and deed, he was doubly American as a trencherman. He held that no cooking equals good American cooking, that no food compares with good American food, and that all foreign, imported, alien and non-American attempts at the proper table presentation of things to be eaten and enjoyed were wrong in conception and bogus in presentation. Especially French cooking. He had eaten much French cooking, and though he admitted it might be suitable for a Latin race, he declaimed, vigorously and often, that all this entrée and à la stuff was mere skirmishing with cooking and not good, substantial, savory rendition of comestibles for the gustatory enjoyment of red-blooded Americans.

To be sure, he did not allow his prejudices to interfere with his enjoyment of meals to which he was invited, prepared by whatever national cookery codes; but his long residence in Washington had taught him what hosts came nearest to his ideas as to proper fare, and he often had a previous engagement with his home table that prevented his acceptance of invitations from entertainers who did not measure up to his requirements.

He had various favorite food combinations that were set apart for certain nights. Thursday night was beefsteak night with him; and as he rode home from his office, where, after Paxton left, he sat raging over the dolorous events of the day, he remembered that and took heart a little.

Beefsteak night was a function at Purdy's table. He had a favorite butcher in the Central Market who kept choice steaks hanging for him until Peter decreed that they were ripe for use. On his way to the Capitol every Thursday morning Peter called in at the market and went to this butcher's stall.

Together, he and the butcher ceremonially visited the ice box and made a rite of selecting two of the tenderest, ripest, most savory steaks that hung from the hooks devoted to the Purdy steaks—two great, thick, juicy steaks of a dull and perfect redness, with ample fat, and three inches through. These were sent up that day, and at dinner Peter squared himself at table for his feed.

The meal was simple. There were no flummadiddles about it; nothing ornamental or extraneous; nothing but richness and repletion. It began with his favorite soup, cream of celery, and he saw to it that real cream was used in the preparation of it, not a miserable subterfuge of some tasteless thickening. He had a plate of ripe olives that had stood sufficiently in garlicked oil to get the flavor. Two plates of the soup sufficed.

Meantime Senator Purdy Stuck Loyally to His Diet and to His Medicines, and Essayed His Exercises Manfully

Then came the first steak on a proper platter, the red and brown juices of it making pleasantly harmonious streaks of appetizing color in the melted butter and fat in which the noble steak reposed. With this were potatoes hashed in cream—real cream, of course—and little, round, golden-brown hot biscuits heaped high on a china dish, and some especial asparagus that his vegetable man had ransacked the market for, with a divinely contrived hollandaise dressing.

Peter piously cut the steak into thin slices, prodding each slice with his fork as it fell into the bath of bubbling and blessed gravy on the platter—Peter called that sop—and made suitable selections for those at table with him, reserving a few of the titbits for himself, after the manner of all master and hungry carvers.

He ate with quick decisiveness, not lingering too long over the food, but savoring it expertly and devoutly. As the first steak was eaten the second one was broiled over the hickory coals without, and presently appeared in beauteous and odorous replica of the first, with more hot biscuits and a fresh supply of the creamed potatoes. This disposed of, the sweet came on—always a deep apple pie baked in an earthen dish, with a tawnily golden and flaky crust, and beneath a spiced and fragrant and delicious complement of apples cooked to the perfect consistency, all brown and bubbly. He served the pie himself, cutting the crust masterfully into adequate triangles, flipping it inside up upon the plate and ladling out the upturned apples upon the crust. Then he reverently poured over the apples large libations of thick, almost clotted cream. And he ate his pie with a spoon, a large spoon, as is fitting for such pies. Two cups of coffee were all he required, with four pieces of sugar in each, and a bit of Herkimer County cheese, tangy to the taste and a rich and oily orange in color.

His troubles slipped from him while he had his steak, but they returned when he went to his study and smoked his cigar. They would not down. All in all, the evening was a gloomy one, notwithstanding the beneficences of the steak and the pie.

However, so far as the Senate was concerned, there were a few rays of light athwart the murk. He spent an hour or so reviewing his long and unquestioning loyalty to his party, his prompt recognition of orders, his amenability to party discipline, his unvarying my-party-right-or-wrong attitude on all political questions, and worked himself into a status of martyrdom that was most agreeable to his self-esteem.

It never occurred to him to seek reprisal. The submissions to the law of the bosses for forty years had made regularity the dominating tenet of his political courses. The party laid this indignity upon him. Of course, he would accept it; but none the less, he knew it was wrong, that he did not deserve it; and he felt himself to be abused, insulted, outraged, and derived considerable satisfaction from his contemplation of those conditions.

The rest of his evening was not so agreeable, for it was devoted to an intensive study of the diet list the doctor had given him. It was simply starvation. Nothing less. He conned the scanty list—no meat, no game, no fowl, save an occasional bit of the breast of chicken; no fish, save insipid cod and the like; no sweets, no sugar, no starches, no fats—nothing but zwieback, spinach and certain fruits.

"Plenty of green vegetables." How he loathed that command! No tea. No coffee. Nothing alcoholic. No tobacco. Lightly poached whites of eggs, sparingly. Bran. More bran. Lettuce, but no oil in the dressing. Buttermilk. No cream. Faugh! It was a frightful catalogue of noncomestibles.

"Look at it!" he wailed. "Look at it! Not a darned thing on it any white man wants to eat! Spinach, and I loathe it! Green vegetables! String beans! Dog biscuits! No meat, and I'm used to meat three times a day. No sugar. It's suicide, that's what it is—plain suicide, nothing less. I'll die in a week if I have to eat this junk. Must think I'm a horse the way he shoves hay at me. How can I get along without a couple of cups of coffee in the morning? It can't be done. What good is breakfast without coffee? No pie, and I've got the best pie baker in the universe in my kitchen. Where do these doctors get off handing a man a thing like this? It's all a plot. I'll call up that fellow in the morning and tell him to go to the devil. It's—it's ——"

His great jowls sank down on his breast. He slept. He soon awoke and prepared for bed, unbuckling himself from a harness he wore about his paunch and donning pajamas that looked like small tents. He woke about eight o'clock and lay luxuriously beneath his warm covers, his mind occupied, principally, with his martyrdom. He devised several fetching features for his pose. He would show them and shame them. He would submit to the outrage, but in such a spirit that they would recognize his supreme oblation to these selfish politicians. Excellently satisfied with himself, he undertook the ponderous enterprise of getting up.

He rolled himself sideways and gave a great heave, thereby accomplishing a sitting position on the side of the bed. Just as he was about to balance himself to his feet something happened. The room grew dark and the walls began to whirl rapidly about. The floor rose and rocked like the floor of the sea swept by a sudden storm. The ceiling descended upon him, crumpled into accordion plaits, and then soared to lofty heights. Red spots, millions of them, danced about in the gloom. The bed revolved like a flywheel. Strange noises pounded in his ears. There was a roaring like a gale, a whooping like a crowd of schoolboys just let out, a dull hammering as if someone was beating on the tympanums of his ears with great sledges. Flashes of blue and crimson lightning seemed to be playing on his brain.

Then the motion and the noises ceased and a darkness descended on him and gathered him in its inky void.

IV

CONSCIOUSNESS filtered back to the senator through the sable cloud that enveloped him, and he found himself on the floor beside his bed, clammy with a cold sweat and trembling as if shaken with a great ague. For a time he lay and stared at the ceiling that he dimly remembered had crashed down on him at some remote time; he couldn't recall when, but ages ago, no doubt. The ceiling was in its usual and proper place. There were no cracks in it, nor any sign that it had once bent and twisted and crumpled horribly upon him. He wondered about that, but soon dismissed the matter, for, with the foggy awakening of his mind, there came the frightful thought that he had had a stroke, that he probably was paralyzed. Cautiously, expecting the shock of a terrible discovery of incapacitation, he tried to move the fingers of his left hand. They moved! They functioned. He shut his hand, doubled it into a fat fist with such muscular contraction as he could summon. He could do that, too; and his right hand and arm were manageable.

A great glow of elation, of joy, swept over him. He was whole. But wait! How about his legs? Part of his fear returned as he experimented with his legs. He drew up the right one. No difficulty about that; nor about his left one. He sought to wiggle his toes. They wiggled encouragingly. He was whole—unwrecked. He twisted about on the floor in an ecstasy of happiness and he cried a little for the first time in forty years.

Then came the prodigious enterprise of getting back into bed. He was weak and faltering, but he managed it and pulled the clothes up about him and lay panting over

(Continued on Page 115)

It's a universal weakness

MAYBE you have observed that most of us are lazy even though we won't admit it.

The woman in the picture, for instance. Still in bed at one o'clock in the afternoon, although she should have ordered tomorrow's groceries, had a shampoo, visited the dentist and exchanged some purchases at the store.

Study your own character for a moment. Ask yourself if you are always prompt about attending to the little tasks of life.

It seems to be almost a universal failing to neglect them. And this applies particularly to tooth brushing—that necessary twice-a-day rite. In contemplating the task itself, we lose sight of the delightful and health giving after-effects.

Recognizing this human weakness we set about to create a dentifrice to meet it—a dentifrice for busy people, for tired people—even for lazy people.

Now greater speed

A dentifrice to clean teeth quicker than ever before. And clean them whiter.

Our chemists created formula after formula. Three were selected. Each was tried by thousands. The result was noted. Then the most perfect of the three was chosen.

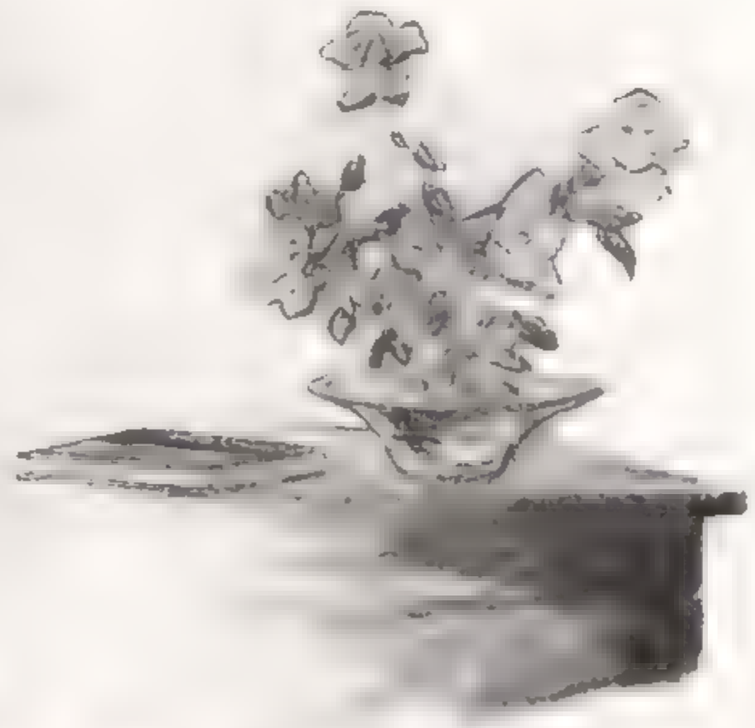
Minimum Rubbing

Now we offer it to you under the name, Listerine Tooth Paste. It provides a maximum of cleansing* with a minimum of brushing. The job's over in a minute. But that clean, fresh feeling in the mouth lasts a long time.

And only 25c

Compare this dentifrice with any paste at any price. Once you use it, we will wager you'll be delighted with its results—and its economy. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

P. S.
By the way, the 25c tube of Listerine Tooth Paste is a large one.



*This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts tooth decay.

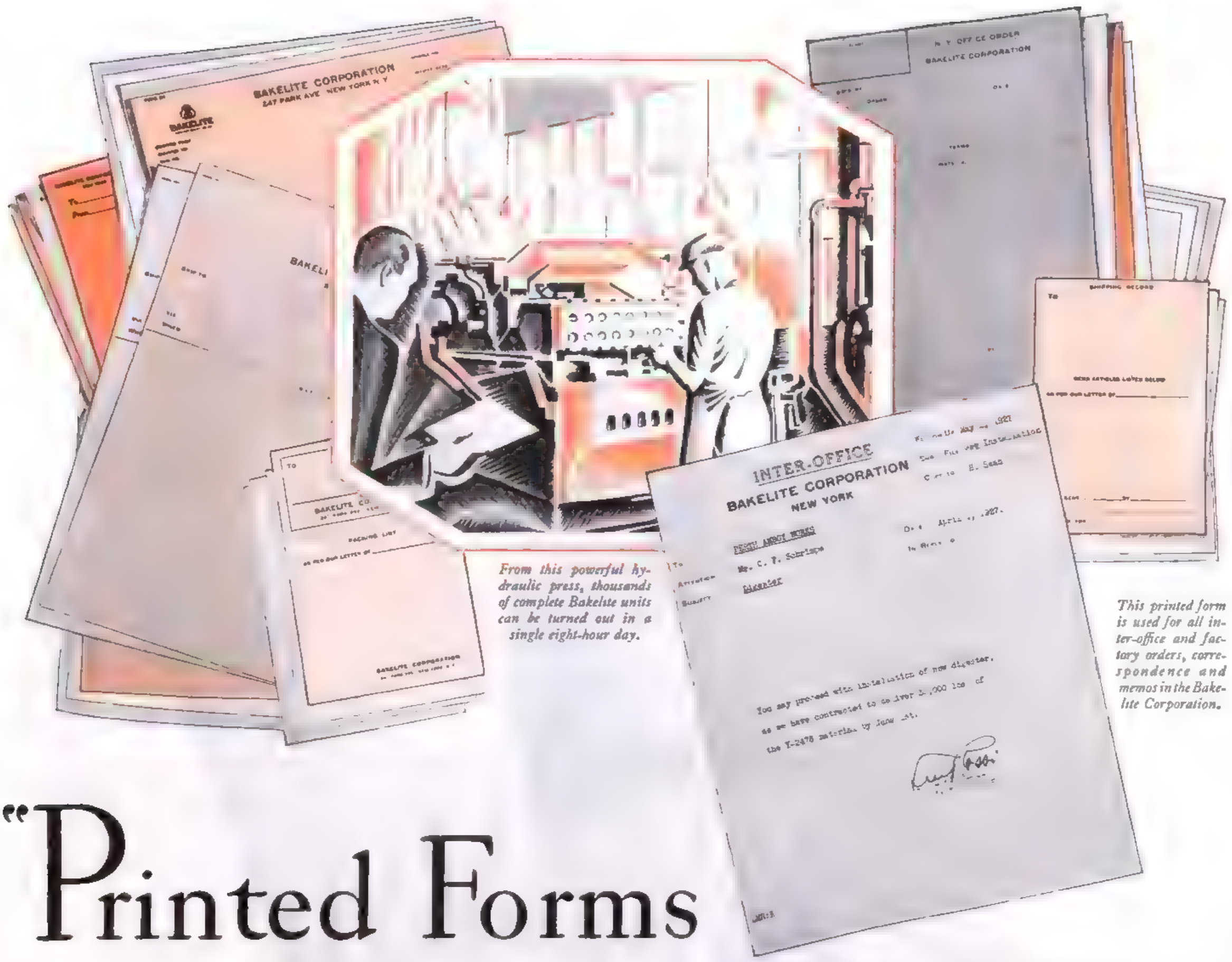
LISTERINE

COPYRIGHT 1927, LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO

"—even for lazy people"

TOOTH PASTE

— — over in a minute



From this powerful hydraulic press, thousands of complete Bakelite units can be turned out in a single eight-hour day.

This printed form is used for all inter-office and factory orders, correspondence and memos in the Bakelite Corporation.

"Printed Forms speed up production"... *says the* BAKELITE CORPORATION

OBVIOUSLY, such a business as the Bakelite Corporation with its "Material of a Thousand Uses" must be run on lines of strict efficiency in production.

Verbal orders, memory-trusting, and guesso methods don't go. "Say it in writing" is one of the rules of this great organization.

Printed forms settle the who, when, what and how of every job to be done. They make communications between individuals and departments rapid, clear, and precise. They fix responsibility. They reduce errors and speed up work—especially when you put a *date line* on them.

Inter-office memos, packing lists, shipping records, executive orders, invoices, orders—are a few of the printed forms that keep Bakelite production moving swiftly on the main track—without confusion, delays or costly errors. And for all these printed forms Hammermill Bond is used.

Standardize on Hammermill Bond for your printed forms

The increasing use of Hammermill Bond among leading concerns for all printed forms can be traced to five good reasons:

To begin with, this standard bond paper has just the right surface for pen, pencil, typewriter, carbon, or printing. Second: It is available in twelve colors and white, so that forms for different jobs or departments can be identified by color. Third: Hammermill Bond is uniform in quality—it is always dependable. Fourth: It has the strength to stand rough usage. Fifth: The reasonable price makes its use a genuine economy.

Go to your printer. Let him help you get better printed forms. He knows Hammermill Bond, uses it, likes it—because it gives satisfactory results and makes satisfied customers.

This Working Kit will help you

Dictate a note now and ask for our Working Kit of printed forms with samples of Hammermill Bond in all colors. It will be mailed to you without charge. Please write for it on your business letterhead. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

(Continued from Page 111)

his exertion and wondering what had happened. After a while he rang a bell and told the responding servant to telephone to the doctor to come over at once.

"Well, senator," said the doctor, "what's the matter?"

"I don't know," Peter replied, rather abjectly, for he was unaccustomed to not knowing. It was part of his creed always to know; or to say he did, which came to the same end in many cases.

"Anything happen to you?"

"Everything," said Peter, feeling rather important over what was beginning to appeal to him as a catastrophic experience.

"Tell me about it."

"Not much to tell. I woke about the usual time and started to get up. Then the walls began to go around and the bed spun like a top and the ceiling buckled down on me, and I saw a billion red lights and a lot of flashes of lightning, and the next thing I knew I was lying on the floor beside the bed and wondering whether I had had a stroke of paralysis."

"Oh-ho," said the doctor. "So that's it, is it? Let me have a look at you."

He pulled back the great mound of bedclothes that covered Peter's frontal elevation and went over him expertly; listening, feeling here and there with practiced fingers, applying the stethoscope, peering into his eyes and otherwise examining him minutely. Finally, after Peter thought he had taken not only a most detailed inventory of all his processes but had checked that appraisement over two or three times, the doctor stood back and said, "Well, you're alive and whole."

"That's no news," complained Peter. "I found that out myself. What happened?"

"It's a long story, senator. The best way I can describe it to you, without a detailed medical explanation, is that it was a Stop-Look-and-Listen sign set up for you this morning by an exceedingly kind-hearted guardian angel."

"I don't understand you."

"Don't bother to try just now. I'll tell you all about it later."

"Later? Can't I get up? I've got to be at the Senate today."

"Not today. It will be best for you to stay in bed two or three days. You've had quite a wrench and you need some regulation. Also, it is imperative that you shall start on a strict diet regimen. I'll send over a nurse to prepare your food for you and keep a general eye on you, and I'll be in this evening."

So it came about that the senator stayed in bed for several days, took his medicines, and ate, with enormous protest, the pallid and tasteless and scanty food the nurse prepared for him after the doctor's orders. So, also, it happened that the senator began to be himself again, grew daily in good feeling and vigor and hungered with a great hunger.

V

THE senator returned to his duties at the Capitol a few days later. His illness and his doctor's deductions therefrom had convinced him that he must not only materially reduce his intake of food and drink but that the composition of that intake must be of a strictly regulated pattern. His regimen was drilled into him and he had made up his mind to follow it. His mind wasn't much of a mind, but it had the quality of adhesiveness in matters affecting his personal interests.

He had figured the matter out while he was detained at home. It seemed clear that his gormandizing days were over for a time at least. Otherwise the nation would lose his services; but what was more to the deciding point, he would lose the services of the nation. It was a calamity abhorrent to every fiber of him. The thought of it was not to be endured. So, loathing the command, railing bitterly at his sad fate, protesting, complaining, pitying himself, angry at his doctor, anathematizing the entire medical profession, sore at the world that was ill-treating him so cruelly, raw, nervous and, hardest of all to bear, hungry, he was determined to go through with it. He could do it, and would.

His sidelong secretary, Enos Brewer, had kept him informed of the progress of affairs in the Senate, and he knew that McCrowder had been given the chairmanship of the Commodities Committee that was his by all precedent and right. His plan to accept this imposition with a martyr's spirit had evaporated as he turned the outrage over in his mind when he was at home. He was angry over that, too, and not submissive and obedient to orders. The spirit of incipient revolt burned in him. He said little, but his resentment grew daily, and was particularly virulent when he was at table, eating meagerly and nauseatingly of prunes and toasted gluten bread instead of devouring a platter of lamb chops and a large dish of hashed brown potatoes. Between what he could by no stretch of his imagination or determination concede to be more than twelfth carbon copies of real meals, he calmed down a bit; but every time he sat before his "plenty of green vegetables" insurrection rose afresh within him and urged him to rebel.

His intimate colleagues were sympathetic, but their sympathy did not mollify him. His floor acquaintances took his committee mishap as a matter of party course, and that infuriated him. He simmered and stewed, but went about his work in his usual methodical manner and concealed his feelings save when he confided them to the whispering Brewer. He grew moody and silent. Ordinarily the most gregarious of men, he kept himself to himself, spending hours in his private office and in his workroom at home, brooding over his wrongs and forever hankering for food. He noted that his girth was lessening a little, and that he slept better and felt better than he had in a long time. That did not assuage him.

He was satisfied with his girth. He was not averse to his flesh, because he had enjoyed—loved the making of it. He was fond of his paunch, thinking of the delights of table that had produced and maintained it.

Senator Paxton, alert leader that he was, had noticed the change in Purdy and was concerned over it. Paxton had a keen eye for political divergences. He could sense a sorehead sooner than any of his fellows, and could salve that sorehead more expertly. He made several efforts to talk with Purdy and find out what was troubling him, but Purdy was uncommunicative. His solicitations were rebuffed.

"There's nothing the matter with me," Purdy said vaguely, interpreting Paxton's subtle approaches. "Where did you get that idea? I'm voting all right, ain't I? What more do you want?"

Purdy was voting regularly and otherwise acting in accord with majority practices and requirements. Paxton had little ground to go on, save his intuition that Purdy was secretly nursing a resentment, and he knew the growth of such displeasures. He knew that unless Purdy was mollified his indignation might flare out at some inconvenient time.

"I don't like the way Purdy's acting," Paxton said to Ashby, his first lieutenant in the enterprise of keeping the republic off the rocks by the enforcement of the will of the majority party.

"Purdy? What's the matter with Purdy? What's he done?" asked Ashby, whose methods were harsher than those of his chief and whose mental processes were more direct.

"Nothing that I can put my finger on, but he's a changed man."

"Pshaw! This jam we're in is making you see things. Old Purdy is all right. He'll never run out on us. It's that diet he's on. That's all there is to it."

"No, it isn't. There's something back of that."

"I suppose he's sore about his chairmanship."

"Probably so, but in normal course that wouldn't affect him seriously. He is a politician and he knows politics. Ordinarily he'd take his orders and pitch in to get his reward later. Now he's sulking."

"Well, hit him over the head a few times and get him out of his sulks. The party is bigger than he is."

"No, it isn't; not in this present situation. We need every vote we've got and could use a few more. If Purdy runs out on us we're sunk."

"I tell you it's that diet. There's no man in the Senate who likes to eat so well as Purdy. They've frightened him off his feed. Naturally he's depressed, but pretty soon he'll forget all that. These diet scares only last so long. When Purdy gets back into the trough again he'll be perfectly amenable."

"Possibly, and we've got to get him back."

"That's easy enough. Jolly him up. Make him think he's important. Pete Purdy fancies himself quite a lot. Take him into the upper altitudes. Get him into the inner councils. Impress him with the idea that the fate of the nation depends on him. He'll come around all right."

Paxton doubted. He watched Purdy narrowly, hoping to detect a sign that would confirm his suspicions. Purdy gave no sign, save his moodiness and aloofness, his curtness of greetings and his general air of a fundamental change. He rarely went to the Senate Restaurant for luncheon, accepted no invitations to dine, and daily grew baggier about the face and smaller about the paunch. His clothes began to hang upon him and he looked old, with that premature flabby age that marks the middle-aged fat man who is reducing.

Meantime Senator Purdy stuck loyally to his diet and to his medicines, and essayed his exercises manfully. There was no phase of his regimen or of his daily life that did not irk him, infuriate him, pain him. He loathed his food. He loathed his associates. He loathed his senatorial duties. He loathed everything and everybody but himself. Himself he pitied. He was sure that no person in the whole history of the world had been put upon so sorely, had suffered such indignity, both in a physical and a political way.

"Peter," said Senator Paxton, a week or so after the discussion with Ashby, "I have invited a few of the boys out to dinner on Thursday night—the real ones—and I want you to come and give us the benefit of your counsel. There are many important matters to be discussed and we need your help."

"Sorry," said Purdy, although inwardly flattered over his inclusion by Paxton in such a roster, "but I am not dining out any these days."

"Oh, Peter," urged Paxton, "don't say that. You mustn't disappoint us. We are all counting on your being there, and we need you."

"What's the use?" protested Peter. "I tell you I can't eat anything."

"But you can give us the benefit of your wisdom, Peter, and that's the main thing. Ashby and Meech and Petlow and Cranmish are to be there." Paxton watched Purdy narrowly as he recited this list of the biggest party men in the Senate. "They all want you. Be a good fellow and come."

Purdy weakened. Paxton had not underestimated an appeal to his vanity. The fact that these men desired his counsel was most agreeable to Peter. They would not have made so many mistakes if they had taken that counsel oftener.

"All right," he said, "I'll come; but I'll be a death's head at the feast, me and my string beans." There was a world of abomination in his voice.

VI

THE difference between Senator Paxton and Senator Purdy, as to their dining proclivities, was the difference between the gourmet and the gourmand. Paxton was epicurean in his tastes and habits, and Purdy was gluttonous. Paxton ate discriminatingly. Purdy ate ravenously. Paxton gave many dinners at his home in

(Continued on Page 117)

KNAPP-FELT
HATS for MEN

THERE is Easter sunshine in the three exquisite colors of the new Knapp-Felt hat, the Early Bloom. The style and quality add grace and distinction to the ensemble.

The Hat for Easter is the Early Bloom

On Friday, the Eighth of April

the Early Bloom will be displayed by the best hatters throughout the United States. Seventy-five years' experience in making fine hats is in Knapp-Felt headwear.

The new Knapp-Felts include styles and colors ranging in price from $8.00 to $40.00 each.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH — President
620 Fifth Avenue — New York City

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Model 35, six-tube receiver illustrated with ONE Dial. Speaker Model H.

Calming down

What a day! Adventure, thrills for the youngster; for you—housework, irritations, fretting cares.

But now, before supper, music comes to soothe nerves, to smooth the mind; bringing pleasant, quiet thoughts—sleepy dreams.

"Music before meals," say the doctors.

You've no idea how comforting it is, after you have selected a radio, to find that in every way it is superior to sets of your neighbors. To come home and appreciate how much purer, sweeter and more *natural* is the tone of yours, how much richer its volume.

And after watching others fiddling with their sets, what a joy of simplicity is your *single dial*, that filters from the air any kind of music you want with just one turn!

The rather startling compactness of your Atwater Kent Radio was achieved, not by leaving anything out, but by engineering skill, great precision and fine assemblage.

It has been the experience of more than one million owners that Atwater Kent Radio is peculiarly free from trouble—never goes back on you.

Its big popularity explains the smallness of its cost.

AN UPSTAIRS SET

Many are finding invaluable a second radio installed upstairs. A bit of gentle, soothing music puts youngsters quietly to sleep. It is priceless in a sick room. When the family set downstairs is playing jazz, it is delightful sometimes to slip away by yourself and listen to music more suited to your mood and cultivated taste.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING: The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

WEAF	New York	WOC	Davenport
WEEI	Boston	KSD	St. Louis
WRC	Washington	WWJ	Detroit
WSAI	Cincinnati	WCCO	Minneapolis-St. Paul
WTAM	Cleveland	WGY	Schenectady
WGN	Chicago	WSB	Atlanta
WFI	Philadelphia	WSM	Nashville
WCAE	Pittsburgh	WMC	Memphis
WGR	Buffalo	WHAS	Louisville

Write for illustrated booklet telling the complete story of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.* 4703 Wissahickon Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from Page 115)

Northwest Washington, and these varied as the guest lists varied. At times the dinners were great formal affairs, with cabinet ministers, ambassadors and other high-placed people and their womenfolk as guests. At times his dinners were for his friends and colleagues in the Senate, and these were his delight.

Paxton specialized on the short dinner. He abhorred the unending procession of ceremonial and conventional courses that marked the formal Washington dinner, and spent much time devising and superintending the preparation of brief menus for his intimate friends: menus that provided ample sustenance, cooked and served exquisitely, but that did not occupy hours in passing the customary ritualistic gastronomic point. He knew Purdy well, and Purdy's ideas about food, and he set himself to the task of devising a dinner for him that would make the most appetizing appeal to the dieting senator's strongest impulses. As he put it to Cranmish during a discussion of the plot to mollify Purdy, of which plot the Paxton dinner was the first move, "I'm going to make that miffed statesman fall off his hay wagon if there is any way a good dinner can do it."

The conniving senator determined on the essentials of his dinner, which were to be terrapin and canvasback duck, then in season and both prime favorites of Purdy's free-eating days. Paxton was a connoisseur of terrapin, and had an especial connection with the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where he procured the choicest diamond-backs. He preferred the Baltimore manner of serving, and considered terrapin Virginia a culinary solecism and terrapin Newburg an abomination. His canvasback ducks came from Havre de Grace, permeated with the delicate flavor of wild celery, and his wild rice from Minnesota. He saw to it that these foundations of his meal were exceptional and chose the remainder of his menu with epicurean care. He made some judicious inquiries of the dieting Purdy and ordered his cook to prepare for him much toast made of whole-wheat bread cut thin and toasted to an exceeding dryness, a silver dish of fresh string beans, a salad with lemon juice in the dressing, and a compote of lightly sweetened fruit.

The dinner planned, Paxton went about his duties. Talking to Cranmish, that rather ribald statesman asked him, "How's the great Purdy plot coming on?"

"Fine," Paxton answered. "If I can't win him with real food, I'll try to get him with his imitation sort cooked by the best chef in Washington."

"What are you going to feed him and us?"

"Oh, I'll have plenty of string beans for him, in case he is obdurate and not to be weaned away from it by our fleshpots, and we'll have a few little things of our own."

Paxton told Cranmish what he had in mind for the meal; and Cranmish, himself a discriminating diner, listened approvingly and applauded when the recital was finished.

"That ought to knock him for a goal," Cranmish said. "If it doesn't, he's hopeless. Anything to drink?"

"I thought I'd break out a few bottles of my Perrier Jouet of 1893."

"Gosh," exclaimed Cranmish, "you certainly are going the limit!"

There were but six men at the dinner, all senators and, aside from Purdy, the most important party men in the upper house; Ashby, big, bluff, hearty, believer in strong-arm methods and in the utility of calling spades spades, a fighter, a straight-from-the-shoulder hitter, and an unblushing and vigorous exponent of the theory that every man has his price; Meech, who, exactly antithetical to Ashby, was a compromiser, a conciliator, a pussyfooter, an arranger, a mild and fatherly man who talked softly, walked softly, could see around a corner, hear through a brick wall and always had up his sleeve an amendment for contested legislation that would give both sides something and expedite passage, without, however, sacrificing anything essential that his own crowd desired; Petlow, the advocate and orator, who was put forward at crucial times to explain in constitutional phrases any political outrage that was to be perpetrated on the people, who could talk a bird out of a tree, and, on occasion, had talked whole flocks of senatorial birds over to his side, a great lawyer, a most eloquent phrase maker; Cranmish, the debater, brilliant, apt, humorous, satirical, readier on his feet than any other member of the body, the greatest rough-and-tumble disputant of his generation, who used sarcasm, satire, ridicule, irony and humor with equal facility, and was endowed with a great store of political, legislative and constitutional information that made him almost invulnerable when he was on his feet; and Paxton, the suave, tolerant, humorously cynical, hard-headed leader of the majority, the politician supreme, and the master of strategy, maneuver, and, if necessary, of intrigue.

Purdy went protestingly to the dinner for two reasons. The first was that he knew the dinner would be an excellent one and that he could not, or should not, eat of it. The second was that he knew the decision of the very men he was to meet at dinner was the decision that deprived him of his chairmanship. No others were concerned. These were the men who had humiliated him.

However, he went, because, notwithstanding their treatment of him, Purdy was flattered at being asked to confer and advise with them. His vanity was tickled. He felt fully equal to them in statecraft and in political sagacity, and he was pleased that at last his qualities had been recognized. On instruction from Paxton, the Purdy trappers were assembled in the Paxton house when Purdy arrived. They greeted the wan, baggy-jowled and drooping Purdy with pleasant cordiality, respected his sad refusal of a cocktail and escorted him jovially to the table. Even the silent Meech made a few conversational overtures and showed himself possessed of a voice that had a greater range than susurration.

Paxton was expert in these matters. The details of many of his most important plans were discussed and the execution of them arranged at dinners like this. Though he was not offensively rich, he had money enough to entertain either lavishly or discriminatingly, as the circumstances demanded, and a suavity and geniality and adaptability that made every guest feel that he was the object of the host's most distinguished attention. He had studied and knew the psychology of both dining and giving dinners, and he never made the error of letting the business he had in mind clash with the food he served on his table. He fed his guests first and he snared them after they had dined. His invariable rule was that no politics was to be talked until after the coffee, cigars and liqueurs were served.

His orders about this particular dinner had been issued well in advance to his coconspirators. They were to play up to Purdy, defer to whatever he said, keep things going with anecdote, gossip, persiflage and story-telling. They were to be jovial and merry and the whole affair was to have, in its earlier stages, the happy aspect of good fellows getting together for a dinner and a lark. If, without undue or suspicious effort, they could coax some terrapin and duck and champagne into Purdy, that was to be done; but if Purdy remained steadfast, as he might, they were to respect his attitude, not joke or josh him about it; but be sympathetic and, along toward the middle of the dinner, allow him to talk for a space about his incredible sufferings. Paxton knew Purdy would enjoy this, revel in it. Every man who is on a diet does.

VII

THERE were no place cards. Every man was expected to take the most convenient chair, except Paxton, whose seat was where he could best keep an eye on the service. Notwithstanding, Paxton unostentatiously steered Purdy to the chair on

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

A building can be no better than its hardware and hardware no better than its maker

When windows jam or come down with a bang—when doors have to be slammed to make them stay shut—what then? How quickly we realize that poor hardware can never be made to work like Good Hardware—Corbin.

To buy "just a sash pulley"—"just a lock"—is often to buy a perpetual nuisance. Have your hardware easy to use. Remember Good Hardware—Corbin. It has never failed to work well—and it never will.

Have you read "Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware," our booklet (S-4), packed full of interesting hardware information which we would like to send you?

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
New York Chicago Philadelphia

his right hand, and Cranmish strolled around and took the seat next to Purdy. Ashby sat on the left of Paxton, and Meech and Petlow took the remaining chairs. The table was round, with a bowl of roses in the middle, and exquisitely set forth with Paxton's finest napery, silver and china. Ruby-red tomatoes, with creamy cargoes of shredded and exquisitely seasoned crab, were in place, and at each plate was a silver dish of ripe olives stuffed with caviar.

There was a tomato before Purdy, too; and, after napkins were adjusted, chairs worked into comfortable positions and the host gave the sign to begin, Purdy poked inquiringly at it with his fork.

"Nothing in it but celery," Paxton told him assuringly. "Naturally, I abhor your diet, but I respect it."

So Purdy ate the tomato, with great relish. It tasted better than anything he had eaten since that infernal doctor condemned him to starvation.

Paxton's servants were deft and noiseless. Cranmish and Ashby retailed titbits of Washington gossip, to which Purdy listened rather dourly, notwithstanding his delight in his tomato. The table was cleared, and then came the terrapin, in a great silver dish, the fragrance of it permeating the room, filling the famished nostrils of Purdy with the ambrosia of it and causing him to slump dejectedly in his chair.

Paxton nodded to his butler, who brought in, on a silver salver, a dingy, dust-incrusted brown bottle, holding the salver reverently out to the senator.

"Madeira!" said Cranmish in whispered awe. "Real Sercial—1817!"

Paxton took a large spoon, poured it full of the glorious wine, and then, with a loving care, put the spoon into the terrapin at the side of the dish and slowly moved the spoon about in the steaming contents. Meantime the servant had placed before Purdy a silver dish of string beans, paloise, and a plate of goldenly crisp toast. Purdy looked at his food and shuddered.

Paxton served the terrapin himself.

"Won't you have some?" he asked of Purdy, with the first plateful before him, holding back the servant with a delaying gesture.

"No, thank you," gulped Purdy. "I'll stick to the beans."

"Sorry," said Paxton. "Although I don't want to tempt you from the straight and narrow path."

Purdy gulped again and made no reply. He waved aside the servant who sought to help him, plunged a spoon viciously into the silver dish, transferred a few of the beans to his plate and glared at them, his nostrils twitching from the fragrance of the terrapin. His depression increased when he saw the champagne, brought into the room by the butler, who opened a bottle with much ceremony and grandiosely wet the glass of the host with the first pouring of it. The butler moved toward Purdy. That gloomy senator turned down his glass despairingly.

"Can't tempt you?" asked Paxton.

"No," Purdy answered, and there was a sob in his voice.

"It's Perrier, '93," Cranmish whispered.

"Don't annoy me," Purdy growled at him. "Let me alone." He was vicious about it.

Purdy picked sparingly at his beans while his companions ate their terrapin. Resentment smoldered within him. He looked moodily at his table mates eating with such relish of their terrapin, which he loved, and sipping their priceless Perrier, and the smolderings of his resentment burst into small blazings of protest. Why had the hand of fate singled him out for this frightful punishment? Why should these men, none of them any better than himself, or more worthy, be able to sit here and enjoy real food and drink while he was condemned to a travesty on sustenance, to mere fragments and frauds of food? It was unendurable.

The ducks came, and with them the duck press. The butler operated the press with an exalted air, and the senator made the sauce from the blood and juices, concocting it in a large chafing dish and using subtle condiments and flavorings, including a spoonful or two of an old Cockburn port to give it flavor and body. The salad, which was crisp romaine covered with thin slices of alligator pear and garnished with narrow strips of red pepper, was served with a mousse of Virginia ham, a crowded arrangement that irked Paxton, but seemed expedient, as Purdy had nothing left to eat but his own salad and some fresh toast, and Paxton did not want him sitting unoccupied while the others were at their ducks.

Purdy was stern and silent. The fragrances of the ducks and the permeating odors of the sauce were torturing him. Full of duck and terrapin and champagne, his companions were looking at life through a rosy haze, whereas he could tell them that there wasn't anything rosy about life, not a thing.

Paxton interrupted this train of thought with a sympathetic question about Purdy's state of health; and, with a warning glance at his colleagues, skillfully and feelingly developed Purdy's rather short answer into a recital by Purdy of his symptoms and sufferings. Purdy brightened visibly and went into intimate detail, and the others listened with evident and kindly commiseration. For the next quarter of an hour Purdy enjoyed himself thoroughly.

The fresh strawberry soufflé that Paxton had selected for a sweet came on, and with it a compote for Purdy which, in his brightened mood, he ate with some relish. Sensing Purdy's change in spirit, Paxton sought to encourage it.

"Let's go into the library," he suggested, "and have our coffee, smoke and get down to the real object of the meeting."

He escorted Purdy, put him in the biggest and most comfortable chair. The butler brought the coffee and a tray on which were glasses of Dow's port of 1890, and green chartreuse. Purdy shook his head, and he refused a cigar.

"Golly, Peter," said Paxton, "you certainly are a strong-willed person! Won't you smoke, even?"

Purdy shook his head again. He didn't dare speak for fear he might say yes.

Cigars alight and all comfortably settled, Paxton began a monologue of seeming frankness. He went back to the election that had thinned the majority ranks in the Senate to their present attenuated condition, where there were only a few votes to spare if all the majority members were present to answer to their names on roll call. He sketched the difficulties that this situation entailed on the party, and especially the difficulties it entailed on the leaders. He referred to the maneuvering and expediencies this forced on them, and regretted that among these was the temporary withholding of Purdy's chairmanship. He said that this was only temporary, of course, and that the future would bring adequate recompense. He lauded Purdy for his loyalty and party spirit and the others broke in with flattering agreements.

Then Paxton went into the future. He spoke of the things that were necessary to do, of the politics that must be played, of the obstacles that must be met, and outlined the organization program, skillfully connecting Purdy with important phases of it and pointing out where he could be of incalculable service and gain much popular and party esteem. He tied Purdy in with this program in a manner that indicated Purdy's assent and participation were foregone conclusions in Paxton's view. This general statement made, he returned to the various features of it and took these up for discussion one by one.

It was skillfully done. Paxton, without being palpable about it, led Purdy to the top of the senatorial mountain and showed him the political land flowing with milk and honey where Purdy might wander at his will, in the future, provided he was amenable.

And in the discussion that followed he and the others deferentially sought Purdy's opinions and seemingly laid great stress on his brief replies.

Senator Purdy sat glowering and unhappy. The aroma of the burning tobacco maddened him. He needed a drink. He sought to concentrate on the questions and discussions, but he couldn't, and his answers were perfunctory. The thought that kept hammering at him was that he was hungry, and these men were satiated with delicious food. Beating at his brain was that insistent, enraging protest over their pleasant condition and his miserable one. The injustice of it bore down upon him. The misery of it fanned his resentment until suddenly, as a fire breaks through the dry and shingled roof of a house, Purdy burst into flame. He pulled himself ponderously to his feet.

"Oh, hell, Paxton," he throatily exclaimed, "what's the use of this? It's all child's play. Where do you men derive your authority, anyhow, sitting here and laying out plans for a party that is composed of more than half the voters in this country? Who made you commander in chief, I'd like to know? Who gave you the right or license to refuse me my chairmanship? I am as good as any of you, and a senator in my own right, and I don't have to take orders from you, and you can't fool me into thinking I do any longer either. I won't stand it. What right have you to—to—to"—his voice trailed off into a wail of anguish—"to eat the way you do? I'm going home."

Paxton sought to keep him, but Purdy shook him off and lumbered to the door. The others looked after him, Ashby laughing, Petlow gravely, Cranmish smiling, and Meech anxiously and apprehensively. Paxton followed, trying to appease him, but he might as well have tried to detain an enraged elephant. A servant helped Purdy into his coat.

"Good night," he said brokenly, and the doors closed behind him.

VIII

PURDY gave no specific sign after his outburst at the Paxton dinner party. He came infrequently to the sessions of the Senate and spent most of his time in his office. Paxton called on him once or twice, but found Purdy unresponsive to his advances. He sent Cranmish over, but Cranmish made no headway. Purdy listened heavily to what was said, was apparently not interested, and though he did not repeat his denunciation of his leaders, did not withdraw them.

"He's beyond me," said Cranmish to Paxton after a visit that was intended to soothe and cajole Purdy, but amounted to nothing but a desultory conversation about unimportant things. "I can't make him out. He sits over there like an elephant sucking a sore paw, or would sit there like that if an elephant had paws and could suck one of them. I couldn't get any sort of a rise out of him."

"It's that diet," Paxton asserted with extreme conviction. "That attack of vertigo and what that doctor told him about it have changed the usually amenable Purdy into a Bolshevik. He's sore at all the world, and especially sore at us. You can't shift a man like Purdy, used to three enormous meals a day, or four, and loving every morsel he put between his lips, from that sort of feeding to a diet that hasn't anything in it fit to eat, without creating a mental attitude that would lead him to strike his mother. We've got to find a way to get some real food into Purdy if we have to tie him down and forcibly feed him."

"That wouldn't help any," said Cranmish. "Like every other man in his condition, he is enjoying a period of exquisitely satisfactory self-pity. He is an injured person. He has a grievance. It was no fault of his, by any chance. It never is. And he's injured, and put upon and suffering, not by reason of his own indiscretions but because somebody found them out. Wherefore, being a sufferer, he intends to suffer all over the place, and incidentally get self-elevating reprisals on all and sundry, including us."

The cause of Paxton's immediate concern was the Railroad Bill, a measure that had been before the Senate for weeks and on which he hoped to arrange a vote in ten days or so; on which it was necessary for him to get a vote as soon as possible because the debate had drifted into many devious and nonorganization channels. It was a vast and complicated measure, and it was of exceeding political importance to Paxton and his party.

Though it could not be said justly that the interests of the Government and of the people in their methods of transportation and distribution had been subordinated to the interest of the railroads in the bill, there was ground for the suspicion that here and there in the measure there were provisions that were not exactly inimical to the railroads and the big business that controls them. In other words, there were paragraphs wherein the treatment of the roads was political rather than economic.

Although the utmost political skill had been used in the framing of the measure, and sops had been thrown, as it had seemed, to every conflicting interest, the presentation of the bill had been followed by a fight that was vicious and exceedingly disturbing. The people had taken an interest that was harassing in its demand for certain amendments aimed directly at the most potentially profitable sections, in a political way; and there had been a support of these demands from enough of the nominal organization but now independent senators, and the radicals, to make the passage of the bill extremely uncertain. Also, there had cropped out disturbing government ownership propositions, and intense opposition to zoning and funding provisions, that were perilous to the Paxton régime. The minority, in opposition to the organization measure, had fostered these attacks for partisan reasons, and the whole situation was delicate, dangerous and discouraging.

Paxton's position was parlous. He needed every vote he could get and must hold all he had. Repeated polls of the Senate, taken by the most expert organization scouts, showed that. Otherwise this pet and politically lucrative railroad measure would be beaten. And if Paxton could not get it to a vote promptly it would be beaten anyhow, for the pressure from the public grew daily in intensity.

He sent for Meech.

"Lon," he said, when that almost surreptitious person had silently entered the room, "I'm afraid Purdy has jumped us."

"Why?" asked Meech.

"I don't know exactly. It's an intuition—a hunch."

"Has he done anything or said anything?"

"Nothing, and that's the point. Usually in a fight like this he is interested and trying to horn in from every side. Now he's taking no more interest than he is in the census of Siam."

"William," said Meech, "it seems to me that you have forgotten the circumstances in the case of Peter. He's sick. He's on a strict diet. How can he take an interest in anything except that he's miserable and he's hungry?"

"I suppose it is pretty difficult, but just the same I am afraid of him. There was more back of that dressing down he gave us at my house the other night than hunger. He's sore about losing the chairmanship. We've got to do something to hold him in line."

Meech nodded, and sat for a minute or two patting the back of his left hand with the fingers of his right, his head bent and his eyes half closed—his invariable attitude when he had a problem to solve.

Paxton knew him too well to disturb him. Finally Meech rose to go.

"William," he said, in a whisper, "leave him to me. Perhaps I can bring him round."

"All right, Lon," Paxton agreed. "Only don't delay, and don't be too sure that he is right. Be gentle, of course; but if gentleness doesn't work, we may have to adopt

(Continued on Page 123)

Now...a daintier way to remove *Milady's* Corns

May we present an old, old friend . . . in a new dress?

Good old Blue-jay . . . the never-failing friend of your feet . . . in a new package and with new efficiency. Blue-jay in the 1927 mode!

Please don't be apprehensive. We haven't changed the old reliable Blue-jay formula . . . the magic medication that has conquered over fifty million foot annoyances. But this is an aesthetic age. And Milady demands new daintiness in every toilette accessory.

So we've given Blue-jay a new and creamy-white pad to replace the familiar blue one . . . the better to blend with the pearly pinkness of Milady's skin. We've shaped the disc of medication so that it fits over the odd-shaped corn without spreading . . . concentrating the magic wax on the callous spot.

And finally, we've given Blue-jay its new package . . . a comely substantial carton instead of the old-style paper envelope . . . so that Blue-jay may be as good-looking in your bathroom cabinet as your perfumes and cosmetics.

Thus your old standby . . . always the safest and gentlest corn-remover . . . has now become the daintiest as well!

No other way so safe and gentle! There are many drastic ways of removing corns. But Blue-jay is the gentle way. The safe and convenient way. That is why, for 27 years, it has been the favored way.

A cool and velvety cushion fits over the corn. That stops shoe-friction and ends the pain. The medication is "controlled." No danger of putting on too much or too little. Each plaster contains just the right amount of the magic wax to end the corn.

A single plaster, costing less than five cents, often conquers the corn. But even a deep-seated "old offender" seldom needs more than a second or third.

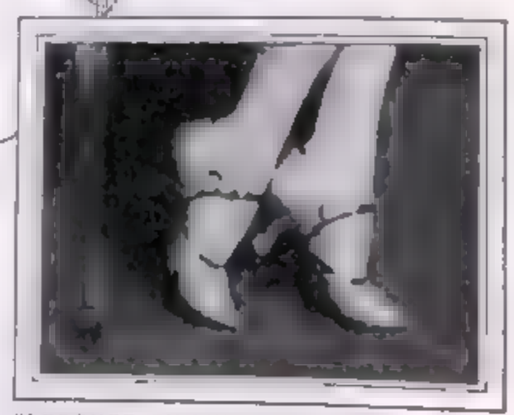
The new Blue-jay in the new carton package now awaits you at all drug stores . . . at no increase in price.

For calluses and bunions get quick relief and comfort with Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

FAMOUS FEET

MISS DOROTHY KNAPP, delightful star of the famous Vanities. Distinguished artists have called Miss Knapp the most beautiful girl in the world.

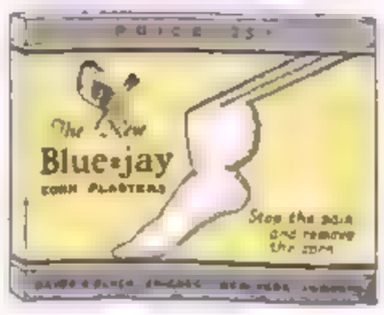
EVELYN LAW'S *Famous Dancing Feet.* "A corn is hardly a luxury for anybody . . . but for a dancer it's agony . . . When I notice any suggestion of callus on the toe . . . I immediately apply Blue-jay."



FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN'S [illegible] *Dancing Feet.* "Keeping fit to a dancer means, first of all, keeping the feet trim. Blue-jay keeps corns and calluses away."

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

THE *New* Blue-jay



© B. & B., 1927

A difficult problem

At last you can have smooth Ford stops without adding to carbon

NOW you can have in your Ford car the two benefits every Ford owner is seeking.

1. Smooth starting and stopping.
2. Almost complete freedom from carbon.

Until recently these two benefits were contradictory. Smoother starting and stopping had meant greater carbon formation. An oil that would quiet the transmission bands would not correctly lubricate the engine.

The solution came with the new Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," produced by Mobiloil Engineers after five years of engineering study and experiment.

This new Mobiloil "E," placed on the market several months ago, has had a phenomenal success. It has been tested by Ford owners in every part of the country. And the most enthusiastic users of the new Mobiloil "E" are the ones who have compared it most closely with other oils for Fords. No other Ford oil has ever combined the many advantages which are found in the new Mobiloil "E."

You do not want carbon in your motor. An engine choked with carbon cannot deliver its full power. It knocks on the hills. The cost of opening up the engine is no trifle.

Here, at last, is real freedom from carbon plus real smoothness in Ford starts and Ford stops. Here is real freedom from overheating. Here are all the good points of the old Mobiloil "E" plus new ones. In perfecting an oil which was correct for the Ford transmission bands, the Mobiloil Engineers never lost sight of the major problem of providing correct lubrication for every frictional surface of the Ford engine.

The new Mobiloil "E" has a new margin of safety for the Ford transmission. But it also brings an extra margin of safe part of the Ford engine and t

Notice what this margin o you in dollars and cents.

Three welcome

With less carbon you have movals to pay for. That is sa

With transmission bands s all times, the bands wear lon fewer band replacements. Th ber two.

With less friction in your en stantially reduced. And wit mum, bills for repairs and re a minimum, too. That is sa

The marked economy of M interest you. Mobiloil actu to use. But to these savings

VACUUM OIL COMP

Other branches and distributing

m solved!

ford starts and pon troubles.

ty to every other
he Ford clutch.
f safety means to

savings

fewer carbon re-
ving number one.
oft and pliable at
ger. You pay for
at is saving num-

gine, wear is sub-
wear at a mini-
placements are at
ng number three.
obiloil "E" will
ly costs you less
you must add the

new pleasure in driving your Ford, which the new Mobiloil "E" gives you.

Worth proving

A gallon can of the new, improved Mobiloil "E" will just fill your Ford crankcase. Drain off the old oil and refill with genuine Mobiloil "E."

New smoothness in starting and stopping, more power and quicker pick-ups in traffic will immediately be apparent. As the mileage mounts you will experience marked freedom from the expense of carbon removals, band replacements and repair bills.

A nearby Mobiloil dealer has the two new home-garage containers of Mobiloil "E"—the handy 5 gallon Tipper Box, and the newly-designed 10-gallon drum These containers offer real convenience in handling oil in your own garage. See the Mobiloil dealer today.

What every Ford owner should know

THE Ford Model T engine has been continued without major changes for over fifteen years, due to the ruggedness and reliability of its design. It is of four-cylinder, L-head construction, and is water-cooled by thermo-siphon circulation.

Cast-iron pistons of the conventional type are fitted with two piston-rings above the piston-pin and one below it. The edge of the bottom piston-ring groove is slightly chamfered to assist in preventing over-lubrication of the cylinder walls.

The splash circulating system of lubrication is employed. Oil is thrown from the flywheel to a funnel on the oil pipe, and drains through the pipe to the timing gears and the front splash trough. From there the oil flows back to the reservoir, thus maintaining the proper level in the other splash troughs. The connecting-rod bearing caps dip into and splash the oil from the troughs in the form of a fine spray or mist, which lubricates all engine parts.

In addition to the engine, the oil used in the Ford must provide efficient lubrication for the multiple-disc clutch and the planetary transmission. It must have the proper body and character to insure adequate protection for the engine under all conditions, and must promote smooth action of the transmission and brake bands.

For these reasons, and many others, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is recommended for both summer and winter operation in all Ford cars.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil "E" *for* Fords

PANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas.*

warehouses throughout the country

Battery buying simplified

This easy way quickly determines a battery's value

IF you want to be sure of getting a good battery for your car, there are two ways of going about it. One way is to study carefully the complicated details of battery construction and make your decision from a technical standpoint. The other way, which is far less troublesome and just as safe, is to follow this simple, non-technical formula:

1. Make certain that the battery is one of recognized merit. 2. Find out whether you can get prompt and efficient service when you need it, wherever you live. 3. Make up your mind that the price is neither too high nor too low for what you can reasonably expect.

Apply this simple test to the Exide Battery and see how it meets these requirements:

Point 1. The first automobile to be started

and lighted by storage battery power was equipped with an Exide Battery. This was back in 1911. And in the sixteen years that have elapsed, the Exide has steadily grown in popularity. The Exide built for your car is made by the world's largest manufacturers of storage batteries for every purpose. This leadership has been won through building batteries that last an unusually long time and cost little or nothing for upkeep. The millions of Exide Batteries in use today are a testimonial that you can safely depend on to guide your choice.

Point 2. There are more than 8000 Exide dealers located in cities and towns all over the United States. No matter where you live, you are certain to find a competent Exide man within easy calling distance—a highly important advantage should your battery require attention.

Point 3. When you price an Exide you'll find its cost agreeably low. In fact, it frequently sells lower than batteries of lesser reputation. And when you consider the length of service that you can expect from an Exide, you find it the thriftiest of all batteries in the end.

Exide

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

FOR YOUR RADIO... There is an Exide Radio Battery of the right size for every set and a type for every tube. Also power units that stay charged from your house current. At radio and Exide Battery dealers'.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA · · EXIDE BATTERIES OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO

(Continued from Page 118)

harsher methods. The one thing for you to bear in mind is that we've got to have Purdy's vote. That's imperative."

"I understand, William," Meech answered in a whisper that trailed softly behind him as he tiptoed to the door.

IX

A DAY or two later, after a revolting breakfast of a nauseating concoction of bran and a mushy cereal, two pieces of dry and tasteless toast and a cup of the most atrocious imitation of coffee, which he forced his body to accept while his soul yearned for sausages, he went to see his doctor, stopping in on his way to the Senate. He was particularly low in his mind that morning, for the cook had incautiously left open the door between the breakfast room and the kitchen, and the cook breakfasted on bacon and eggs, it happened, and had some hot biscuits and a large pot of coffee. The combined fragrances of these delicious foods floated out to torture the disconsolate Purdy, munching at his insipid toast; and as he rang the bell at the door of the doctor's office Purdy was not only in rumored revolt over the Railroad Bill but actually in revolt at all the world.

The doctor looked him over

progress.

"There has been a decrease in the blood pressure," he said, after applying his instrument to Purdy's arm and noting the results. "Your liver is developing slowly, but surely, I hope, a plasticity that is encouraging. Your weight is decreasing. There are signs of improvement."

Purdy grabbed desperately at that.

"Then I can quit dieting, I suppose?" he asked hopefully.

"Not at all," the doctor told him. "You must continue exactly as at present. If this improvement continues, I shall be able to modify both your diet and your medication in due time; but now it is imperative that you follow the present regimen."

The senator's heart, low enough in all conscience as things stood, fell lower. It plumbed the depths.

"How long have I got to do this stuff?" Purdy asked, seeking for a ray of comfort. "How long have I got to mollycoddle myself and eat this infernal food and do all these fool things you make me do—how long?"

"I can't tell you. It probably will be for some time. You cannot reasonably expect to remove the disabilities created by thirty or forty years of unrestricted living in a three weeks' diet course; now can you?"

"I suppose not," Purdy assented gloomily. "But can't you give me an idea of how long it will be?"

"Not yet."

"Can't you let up a little on the diet?"

"Not yet."

"Well, doctor, can't I smoke a couple of cigars a day?"

"No."

"Can I smoke one?" He was plaintive in this request. He missed his cigars exceedingly—infernally.

"It will be far better if you do not." The doctor walked over to Purdy and put his hand on the senator's great shoulder. "Now, senator," he continued, "I know exactly how difficult this regimen is, and I sympathize with you over those difficulties, but I repeat that it is necessary. Presently it will become a matter of habit, and, in reality, it isn't as hard as you think."

"Isn't it?" exploded Purdy, not at all comforted by the doctor's assurances. "Is that so? You try it yourself and see. I'll bet you had coffee for breakfast and hot cakes and eggs, maybe, or bacon, or sausages and—and—everything ——"

His voice broke and he left as abruptly as his bulk would allow, which was with a ponderous and modified abruptness, but expressive of his feelings.

An implicit part of the doctor's instructions was to take as much outdoor exercise as possible, and he walked each morning from his home to the Senate Office Building; rather, he walked as far as he could in that direction. He hadn't made the entire distance yet, but he could go half a mile or so farther now than he could when he began to walk. These walks, necessarily slow and lumbering, gave him great opportunity for reflection on his injustices and always ran to rebellion because they came soon after his melancholy breakfasts, when he was wolfishly hungry.

After he reached his office he sat at his desk and dwelt further on his exceeding troubles, savored them as he was used to savor a beefsteak, conned them over in his mind, catalogued them, and came again to the decision that no person in recorded history, not excluding Job, had ever been put upon as he was put upon, and for lesser reasons; for no reasons at all, if it came to that. Just as he had arrived at this supplementary but satisfying decision, Brewer, his shadowy secretary, came in and announced Senator Drechester.

"What does he want?" growled Purdy.

"Didn't say."

"What does he look like he wants?"

"Same as usual—the world and the fullness thereof."

"Well, he's come to a fine place to get it. Tell him to step in."

"Good morning, my dear senator," spoke Drechester in his most cordial manner, advancing to the drooping Purdy with outstretched hand and a smile that was effulgent about his full lips, but did not climb so far as his cold gray eyes.

"'Morning," answered Purdy, shaking Drechester's hand with small enthusiasm.

"I trust I see you well this beautiful morning."

"Oh, I'm well enough," Purdy protested. "Have a seat. Is there something I can do for you?"

"Well, as for that," began Drechester, pulling a chair close to Purdy's desk and settling himself in it—"as to that, I think possibly we may be able to do something for each other—something mutually agreeable, you understand."

"Indeed?" said Purdy. "I shall be pleased to hear what that might be."

"You will pardon me, senator," he began, "if I seem a trifle prolix at the start. This is an important matter and I desire to state it fully. You have no engagement for the next half hour or so?"

"Go ahead," Purdy told him. "I am not busy at present."

Drechester began in his most florid manner a summary of the political situation in the Senate brought about by the defection from Paxton's leadership of himself and several others. He went redundantly into the reasons for that defection, cataloguing them after the manner of a third-party presidential platform, and referring frequently to the common people, to the welfare of whom, Drechester felt sure Purdy understood, he was devoting his life, his labors and his love.

Purdy listened with such politeness as he could muster for a space, and then broke in impatiently:

"This would be very well, senator, provided it was for public consumption; but, as it stands, it is not exactly the sort of an opening to make to a man who has been in the Senate as long as I have. Pardon me if I interrupt to ask just what is the point of your discourse?"

"The point of my discourse," replied Drechester, abandoning his platform manner and leaning forward to Purdy, "is the defeat of the Railroad Bill and the utter rout of Paxton and his machine."

"To what end?" asked Purdy.

"To the end," Drechester answered, a gleam in his cold eye and with a tightening of his lips—"to the end that others more worthy shall take their places."

X

PURDY looked at the scheming Drechester and ran back in his mind over that statesman's career in the Senate. He knew Drechester thoroughly. He had entered the Senate at the same time he did, and like him had begun as an obedient organization member. Drechester kept along with the organization, voting and performing regularly, for two or three sessions—until he discovered that top positions in a majority party in a legislative and political body like the Senate are not reached in a jump or two, but are a matter of slow progress and loyal service.

This was too slow for Drechester, whose every thought was centered in himself; and, after considering his status in all its angles, he decided to play the friend-of-the-people game, but discreetly. He was a progressive back in his own state, but remained a reactionary in the Senate, except upon special occasions when it was to his advantage to show an independence that would be useful with his constituents.

Drechester always explained these showy defections as matters of political expedience which, he was sure, the leaders understood, and held with the hounds and ran with the hare in this manner and with considerable success, for he was an adroit person, until he became convinced that his personal political fortunes would be best served by assuming a progressive pose at all times. Thus he became a people's friend, indeed, and thus he was operating in opposition to the Railroad Bill.

"Who, for instance?" asked Purdy, after Drechester had held out his bait.

"You, for instance," Drechester replied, "and Angell and Masterman and Bender and Gilian."

"And you?" asked Purdy.

"Certainly. I am included in the goodly company, unworthy as I may be."

Purdy smiled at Drechester's mock modesty. He knew that any movement for the benefit of the common people in which Drechester engaged was nine-tenths a movement for the benefit of Drechester, but he decided to sound him out a bit further.

"Can you beat the bill?" he asked.

"We can, undoubtedly, if you will join with us; and one or two others who are not with us yet, but seem favorably inclined."

"Then what?" asked Purdy.

"Then, senator, the way is clear before us. With the prestige the defeat of the Railroad Bill will give us, we can sweep on to ultimate control, and you know what that means."

"That sounds well," commented Purdy, "but how are you going to bring it about? Even if you beat this bill, the organization will remain with a powerful block of votes."

"So shall we," urged Drechester. "That's it. That's the idea I have in my mind. I have been examining into foreign parliamentary methods and I discover that what the French and the Italians call the bloc is the instrument that will enable us to bring about our ends."

"The bloc?"

"Yes, the bloc. The present situation in the Senate is most providential for our purposes. All we need to do is to form a bloc of tried and true members who will vote as a unit on every given measure, and we can not only enforce our wishes, for we shall have the balance of power, but we can derive great reputation for independence of action and for conservation of the rights of the people among the people themselves. Working with that as our appeal for popular sympathy and support, we can put over whatever is best suited to our purposes. I speak frankly, senator."

"You do," said Purdy, "but that is necessary in the circumstances. The bloc idea sounds feasible."

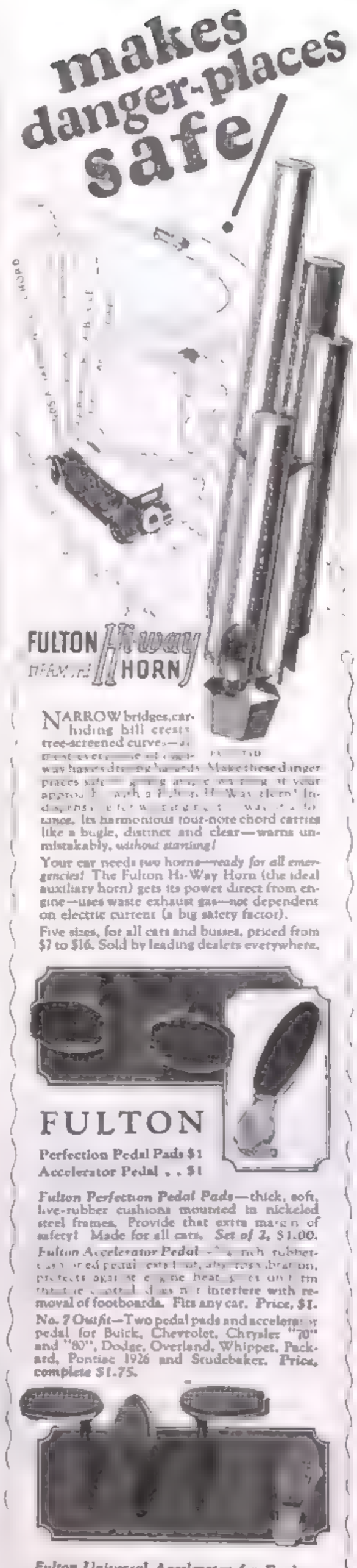
"It is," said Drechester eagerly. "It is a great idea. It is a weapon of exceeding power in our hands, and it is simple also. All that is required is a determination among a handful of us to be one for all and all for one."

"Which one?" asked Purdy.

"Oh," Drechester answered, with a wave of his hand, "that is a matter of minor importance. Time will decide that."

Purdy talked with Drechester for half an hour, not committing himself to the plan, not discarding it, but maintaining an open-minded attitude in order to keep himself, so far as possible, as a prospect for

(Continued on Page 126)



NARROW bridges, car-hiding hill crests, tree-screened curves—[illegible] way hazards demanding warnings. Make these danger places safe with a Fulton Hi-Way Horn! Its distance. Its harmonious four-note chord carries like a bugle, distinct and clear—warns unmistakably, *without startling!*

Your car needs two horns—*ready for all emergencies!* The Fulton Hi-Way Horn (the ideal auxiliary horn) gets its power direct from engine—uses waste exhaust gas—not dependent on electric current (a big safety factor).

Five sizes, for all cars and busses, priced from $7 to $16. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

FULTON

Perfection Pedal Pads $1
Accelerator Pedal . . $1

Fulton Perfection Pedal Pads—thick, soft, live-rubber cushions mounted in nickeled steel frames. Provide that extra margin of safety! Made for all cars. *Set of 2*, $1.00.

Fulton Accelerator Pedal [illegible] rubber-cushioned pedal extension, adjustable to protect against engine heat [illegible] that it cannot interfere with removal of footboards. Fits any car. Price, $1.

No. 7 Outfit—Two pedal pads and accelerator pedal for Buick, Chevrolet, Chrysler "70" and "80", Dodge, Overland, Whippet, Packard, Pontiac 1926 and Studebaker. Price, complete $1.75.

Fulton Universal Accelerator for Fords—one model. *Safe*—installed 5 inches to right of brake pedal. *Comfortable*—rubber-cushioned pedal. *Efficient*—positive throttle control—no binding at floor boards. Price, $1.

Type D-26 *Fulton Perfection Pedal Pads for Fords. Set of 3, $1.00.*

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Be sure to mention make and model of car.

THE FULTON COMPANY
732-75th Ave. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FULTON PRODUCTS
make driving easier, safer

YOU ALWAYS RECOGNIZE THE THOROUGHBRED

WITH haste and high pressure in the saddle virtually everywhere, the Pierce-Arrow is still painstakingly built by hand.

Into every detail of its construction—body as well as chassis—goes that almost reverent care for which Pierce-Arrow workmen have ever been renowned. And while such precision and fidelity to an ideal are not customary in these fast-moving times, they go far to explain why the years always deal kindly with a Pierce-Arrow.

Children who are now infants will be well along in school age before the Pierce-Arrow purchased today need be resold.

And even then it will still look the part of the thoroughbred it essentially is. For, as you sense the quality strain instantly in the lines and attitude of a blooded animal, you also recognize it in the appearance and the movement of even the oldest Pierce-Arrow. ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company, Buffalo, N.Y.

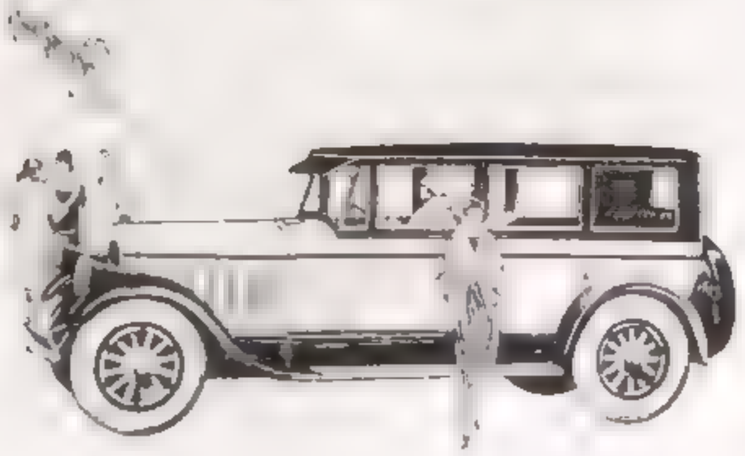
SERIES 36 — SERIES 80

The new 100-horsepower, dual-valve, six-cylinder Pierce-Arrow of 138-inch wheelbase—in fifteen body styles and any color option—enclosed cars $5675 and up at Buffalo, government tax extra.

The 70-horsepower, six-cylinder Pierce-Arrow of 130-inch wheelbase—in thirteen body styles and 26 charming color options—$2895 and up at Buffalo, government tax extra.

Hondaille double-acting shock absorbers are engineered into both chassis to give unsurpassed riding comfort—the B. K. Booster Unit operates the SERIES 36 *four-wheel brakes with a delightful new ease*

PIERCE ARROW



(Continued from Page 123)

Drechester and thus, in a measure, in his confidence; and in order, also, that he might determine how best to benefit himself in the situation. Drechester left with an understanding that the matter would be discussed again at further conferences, and Purdy remained in his office and reviewed all that had been said.

His first impulse was to go to Paxton and relate the conversation. That was the normal political thing for the normal political Purdy to do.

But Purdy was not normal, either mentally, physically or politically. Ordinarily, as a loyal organization member, he would have set about doing whatever he could to defeat the plans of Drechester. As it was, he sat back and considered those plans with relation to himself, to Paxton, to the organization and to the future.

"Why tell Paxton?" he asked himself. "Why not show Paxton?"

Here was a chance to punish the leaders, to establish himself as an independent senator, and it might be taken without undue personal risk, because the voters in Purdy's state were uneasy over present conditions, were showing independence themselves, were cutting loose from old party fealties and were disconcertingly unresponsive to the usual rallying cries. Purdy considered all these angles of the situation, and he did not go to Paxton. Instead, he sent for his secretary, Enos Brewer.

Brewer was loyal to Purdy, and was incensed as Purdy over Purdy's humiliation by the leaders. Not that he in any way considered Purdy as a leader, but he felt that, by all the rules of the game, Purdy should not have been deprived of what rightfully belonged to him by virtue of all senatorial precedent and service. There were no reservations or quibblings in the private relations of Purdy and Brewer. Long and intimate association had built up a frankness and confidence between them. Purdy consulted Brewer on all his important actions, and Brewer talked to Purdy more freely than he did to any other person.

Brewer had his own ideas as to what Purdy should do. These were belligerent ideas. Brewer expressed them in a low voice, out of the side of his mouth, but his talk was fighting talk just the same.

XI

"ENOS," asked Purdy, "what do you think Drechester wanted?"

"Something for himself," Brewer answered. "That's a cinch."

"You don't think much of Drechester, do you?"

"I know him." And the finality of that reply closed further consideration of that phase of the topic.

"Well," continued Purdy, "when you come right down to it, he did want something for himself, but he didn't put it that way."

"He wouldn't," was Brewer's comment.

Purdy then outlined the conversation that had just taken place. "What do you think of the idea in a general way?" he asked.

"Old stuff in a new form," Brewer answered. "Ever since there's been a Senate there have been combinations against the leaders to force concessions for the rank and file, or to throw out the leaders and get their jobs, or for forty other things, mostly to the personal and political advantages of the combiners. All there is novel in this idea of Drechester's is to camouflage it as a movement for the benefit of some strong section of the voters, to label it with a name that will give it the aspect of a movement or a crusade or a concerted demand for aid and justice for the people instead of letting it ride as a political hold-up for the benefit of the members of it, both here in the Senate and back home among the folks."

"That's a blunt way of putting it, Enos."

"Well, what's the use of our mincing words about it? Look it over. Suppose Drechester and his gang do form what he calls a bloc, and they call it a farm bloc, or a labor bloc, or any other sort of a bloc, what's the first big idea?"

"In the case of the farmers, the first big idea, as you call it, would, I assume, be relief for the farmers."

"Don't make me laugh," protested Brewer. "You know darn well that the first big idea is relief for the members of the bloc. The farmers come second. Suppose, for instance, they do form a farm bloc; who'll they take into it, or try to take into it? Senators from agricultural states or senators from manufacturing states?"

"In other words, you think such a bloc would be primarily a political enterprise instead of a philanthropic institution?"

"Don't you?"

"Such a thought had occurred to me, but that isn't the point. The point is this: Should I consider it?"

"I don't think so," Brewer answered. "If you go into a combination of that kind with Drechester at the head of it, which is where he would shove himself, all you'd be doing would be playing Drechester's game. If any good results came out of it Drechester would get the credit, and if it didn't work he's smart enough to side-step the blame. You haven't any delusions about Drechester, have you?"

"Not one."

"Well, why push him along then? Why not do something for yourself?"

"Enos," said Purdy, "you interest me. What can I do for myself?"

"Do the same thing he is figuring on."

"Form a bloc?"

"You don't need to. Be a bloc."

"I don't understand."

"It's simple enough. The situation is made to order. Paxton has only three votes to spare on this Railroad Bill, and two of those are fellows on the other side. Now, from all I hear, those two votes will have to quit him. They can't stand the gaff. That leaves him just one vote to the good. That vote can be your vote, if you like. The others are all nailed down. Think of what a leverage that gives you!"

"But suppose I do vote against the bill. That practically puts me outside the party."

"Who said anything about voting against the bill?"

"What do you mean then?"

"Do some advertising. Throw a scare into them. Make them think you are going to run out on them."

"Advertise? How?"

"Make a speech," said Brewer, the light of battle in his eyes. "They are watching every move you make. They are riding herd on you night and day. You don't owe them anything. Get up, in a day or so, and let go some highfalutin' stuff about the necessities of the common people, the need of progress in the party's affairs, the new day that is dawning wherein the vested interests must knuckle down to the proletariat—all that sort of stuff. Don't say that you will vote against the bill, but give that impression by an attack on the party's reactionary methods. They'll come a-runnin'; you can bet on that."

"Let's look at the other side of it," argued the prudent Purdy. "Suppose they don't come to me. Suppose they make no advances. That will get nothing for me but the reputation of being a bolter, and though the defeat of the Railroad Bill will be a body blow for them, it won't be fatal. They'll continue in power, just the same, for the next two years."

"Shucks!" was Brewer's comment on this cautious consideration of the contingencies. "Of course, the defeat of the Railroad Bill won't kill them, but it will jolt them to the ankles, just the same; and even on the hundred-to-one chance that they don't come across this time to get your vote, there are other bills just as important as the Railroad Bill coming along, and they can't fall down on those. A stand like that will give you a value to them that will be worth a whole lot. If they finally wake up to the fact that they lost you by turning you down for your chairmanship, don't you think they will try to get you back with something better? You know it.

Foxboro Automatic Temperature Recorder-Controller

A Marvelous Instrument

EXAMINE this Foxboro Automatic Temperature Recorder-Controller through the eyes of an engineer and the excellence of design and construction is obvious.

But look at the instrument in terms of what it will do and it becomes truly marvelous.

For instance, the Nashua Manufacturing Company, the largest blanket maker in the world, equips its slashers with Foxboro Automatic Temperature Controllers and Thermometers.

What is the result?

Yarn is uniformly sized at the *exact* temperature required for maximum strength and proper rod separation. This means less breakage in the loom, more yardage per day, and more looms per operative with less effort. Fewer breaks mean fewer defects in the cloth. The quality of the finished blanket is improved.

If *your* processes involve temperature, pressure, humidity or flow, then Foxboro can help *you* make a better product at less cost. Foxboro Instrument Control eliminates guesswork. It saves time and material by making vital processes *exact*. By furnishing accurate and permanent records it enables you to keep your finger on the pulse of production, thereby safeguarding the uniformity of the finished product.

Top—One of many Foxboro Non-Recording Controller and Thermometer installations at Nashua Manufacturing Company, Nashua, N. H., on slashers. The Controllers regulate temperature.

Below—Foxboro Automatic Temperature Recorder-Controllers are also used extensively in the Dyeing and Finishing of the famous "Indian Head" guaranteed Fast Color Cloth.

Thousands of manufacturers all over the world are using Foxboro Instruments today. Many had problems similar to yours. Write or wire the nearest Foxboro branch office and see how *you* can use Foxboro Instrument Control to advantage.

THE FOXBORO CO., *Inc.*
Neponset Ave., Foxboro, Mass., U. S. A.

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Cleveland Detroit Rochester Atlanta Tulsa Los Angeles San Francisco Portland, Ore

PEACOCK BROTHERS, *Limited*
1605 Delorimier Avenue, Montreal, Canada

Sole British Representatives: WALKER-CROSWELLER & Co.
58 Queen Elizabeth Street, London, S. E.

FOXBORO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Compass of Industry

INSTRUMENTS *for* INDICATING, RECORDING *and* CONTROLLING
TEMPERATURE, PRESSURE, HUMIDITY *and* FLOW

Here are good pipes. So sweet, so mellow, so *mild* is Milano that every tobacco seems finer when the smoke rolls out of Milano's stem.

For Milano is made of century-old Italian briar—hand-fashioned into a bowl of supreme beauty.

Scores of shapes. Smooth finish, $3.50 up — rustic finish, $4.00 up.

"INSURED"

Each Milano is "insured" for your protection by a special "policy". And the policy is "underwritten" by the little White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
230 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

It's a W D C
WDC

They've got to have you. I tell you it's a certainty"

"Enos," said Purdy, after sitting silent for a space, "you have hit the nail on the head. I'll do some advertising. Will you get me up a speech?"

"Sure," said Brewer. "I'll fix you up something that will give Bill Paxton nervous prostration."

XII

IT BECAME clearly apparent to Senator Purdy before nightfall that he was tagged and tabulated in the minds of the insurgents as, at least, a potential recruit to their foray. Three others of the antiorganization forces, Gilian, Masterman and Bender, called on him, each taking Purdy's alignment with the insurgents as established, each outlining a plan for the bloc to carry on the good work that would start with the defeat of the Railroad Bill, and each hinting, with protestations of a sole desire to serve the people, that in case no better leadership could be obtained, which was doubtful, he would assume the captain's place and direct operations for the benefit of the proletariat.

"Enos," said Purdy to the watchful Brewer, after Bender had left, "I have been talking to a few of these insurgents today"

"Yes?"

"Seems like they all are agreed on the advantage of a bloc, but are a trifle diverse in their ideas over who shall boss it."

"Every one is for himself as leader, I suppose."

"That's what I gather."

"They all would be. There isn't one of that gang who doesn't think he's a heaven-sent Moses to lead the people out of their difficulties, and every darned one of them found himself in the bulrushes."

"You don't think the personal equation enters into it, do you, Enos? None of them has any idea of advancing his own political fortunes, has he?"

"Not any more than Mr. Bryan had when he made his cross-of-gold speech! And, speaking of speeches, here's yours."

"Mine?"

"Sure; the one you are going to make."

Purdy took the manuscript that Brewer handed to him and thumbed over the typewritten pages.

"Is it a good speech, Enos?" he asked.

"It's a bird," said Brewer. "Give notice tomorrow that you are going to make it, and then go to it."

"What does it say?"

"Oh, it demands progress, and aligns you with the forward-lookers, and espouses the cause of the people, and all that sort of bunk; but it doesn't put you off the reservation so far you can't hop back if that seems desirable."

"In other words, it is a warning, not a commitment."

"Just so, and it lays the foundations for the Purdy bloc."

"All right," said the senator, "I'll look it over, and if it needs any fixing up we can do that this afternoon or tomorrow. . . . What's the news this morning?"

"I hear that Paxton lost a couple of votes yesterday."

"Is that so? What ones?"

"I get it pretty straight that Webb and McTavish walked out on him. Things got too hot for them. Their party leaders and the folks back home laid down on them so hard they had to quit."

"That's a bad blow for Paxton, isn't it?"

"Almost fatal, but it's great for us."

"How so?"

"It gives you a tail hold on the situation with a downhill drag. It leaves Paxton with only one vote to the good, and that's yours."

"Are you sure of that?"

"The inside polls all agree it's that close."

Purdy pondered this a few moments.

"Well, Enos," he said, "I reckon this speech of mine will attract more attention than any speech I ever made."

He busied himself at his desk until one o'clock, when his great body, maltreated as usual at breakfast with mere shreds and imitations of honest sustenance, demanded food, and he went over to the Senate Restaurant. Paxton and a few others were at table together. They all greeted him cordially.

"Good morning, senator," said Paxton, rising and extending his hand. "Won't you sit here with us?"

"No, thank you," Purdy answered, edging away from the table that held various appetizing luncheon dishes. "I am only going to get a bite."

"Have it with us," persisted Paxton. "It will give us great pleasure."

"Thank you just the same," said Purdy, "but I'll sit over here." And he went to a table some distance away. He gave his meager order, and sat and looked moodily at Paxton and the others, who were eating heartily of filling and sustaining foods. As he swallowed his insipid rations his resentment flamed again.

What right had they to be eating oysters and salads and pie when he was starving on green vegetables?

Green vegetables! He loathed those words. He abominated such counterfeit food. Damn them, he'd show them!

He left his table, went up to the Senate Chamber, watched for an opportunity, secured recognition from the chair, and gave notice that on Wednesday afternoon he would submit a few remarks on the pending measure.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

ONCE AND ALWAYS

(Continued from Page 11)

for a famous banker there. This banker, out of the kindness of his heart, had divulged certain pieces of confidential information, in which Lemuel was allowed to share. Is it my fault that Lemuel was simple? Answer me, could I help it that Lemuel is a sucker?"

Mr. Higsbee tapped his chest gently but firmly, but his whiskers would have been enough. They were as white as the new-flown snow.

"And as for me," he continued—he was at his best just then; his self-pity and his enthusiasm clouded his voice—"as for me, what did I do but kindness? When Lemuel was plucked clean, didn't I buy his share of the Agamemnon pulp mill? Was it my fault if I turned around and sold it two months later at a profit? And I'll tell you one thing more——"

Mr. Higsbee pointed toward the coffee urn, and something told him he was doing better than he had hoped. Mrs. Higsbee was staring at him, fascinated. Even Merlin's thin mouth had opened.

"Yes," said Mr. Higsbee, "one thing more, and take it or leave it, as you please. I hope to die if ever in my life I did a wrong to Lemuel Gower."

Through the maze of Mr. Higsbee's thoughts came the voice of Doctor Follenshope, and its tone aroused his interest: "And so it wouldn't be fair to either of us if I didn't warn you to expect the worst. With perfect rest, we may help matters; but your heart ——"

A feeling of wonder made Gideon's eyes open slightly, but that was all. He could always control his expression when he chose, and he controlled it then, though something told him that it was no matter—that nothing mattered.

"Why not say what you mean?" he suggested. Gideon spoke without a quaver. "You won't startle me, young man. Do you mean I'm going to die?"

The doctor nodded, and then looked startled himself, for Gideon Higsbee had begun to whistle softly and to rotate his hand at his wrist. "So that's that," he said at length. "I might have known something would call my bluff."

Doctor Follenshope stared. Gideon's face was impassive; his eyes were cool and quiet.

"If there's anything on your mind"—it was clear to see that Doctor Follenshope admired him, without knowing why—"any way that I can help ——"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Gideon Higsbee. "Young man, don't you set me down for a squealer! I've been a gambler all my life, and I guess I can stand it when I'm out on a limb. There's nothing on my mind but what there was before. I'm thinking of my wife, that's all – just thinking of my wife."

III

MRS. HIGSBEE had done it. Out of the past it had come, or out from wherever he had put it—that vision of Lemuel Gower's broad and honest features. It seemed no time at all, and yet the distance which he had traveled seemed almost measureless since he and Lemuel had last met face to face. Standing in the private room of his office, he could hear the sounds of activity outside his mahogany door; out the window, beneath little plumes of steam and a darker pall of smoke, lay the roofs of the city, ending only at the river; and hardly ending there, for bridges seemed to carry the spirit of it over to other lands. In the distance, far toward the horizon, he could see snow, and that was all, the only vestige of a past which might remind him of Lemuel and of Agamemnon, Maine. Nevertheless, it was all about him. He could remember the very stillness and the chill in the air, which gave even occasional noises an icy ring – the barking of a dog, the curious complaining of the snow beneath the runners of a sleigh. There was the village store. Would it still be there, with its odor of spices mixed with bad tobacco smoke, that made its warmth somehow exotic and finer than the warmth of home? He could even remember Lemuel's voice, nasal but devoted: "By hooky, Gideon, you're the smartest feller now! You'd have to go to Bangor, I bet, to find a slicker feller."

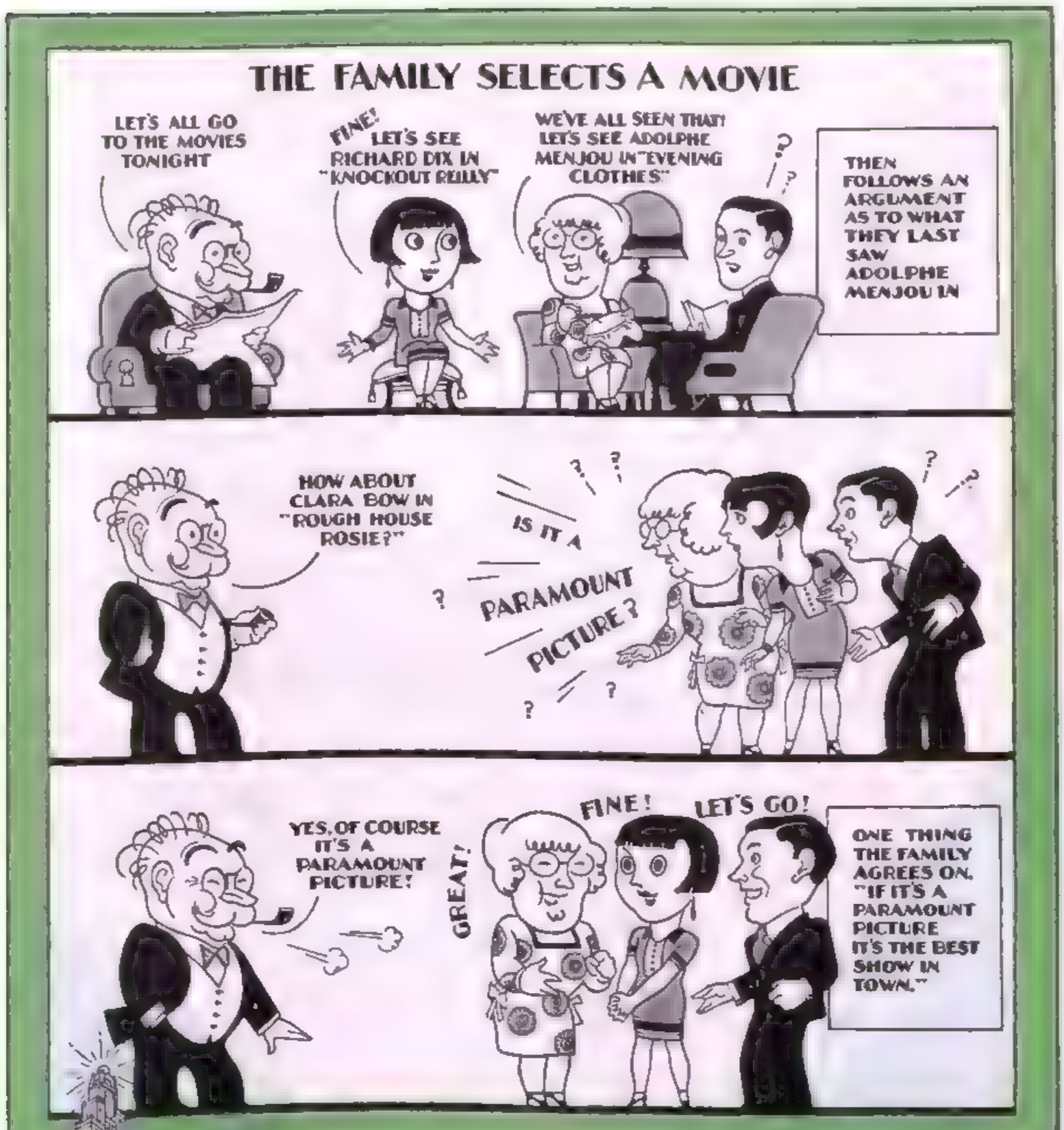
To Bangor—it was enough to make one smile, even in those days, for Lemuel really meant it as his highest praise. To Lemuel, Bangor was a city teeming with the speed and knowledge of a scientific age, where wit and eloquence scintillated unchallenged by a wondering world. Was there any wonder that Gideon had always felt for Lemuel a mild contempt? He felt it still, and yet a lump was rising in his throat. From a silver box on his desk he selected a cigar, lighted it and sat down. It was not so much Lemuel as the days of his youth that were stirring him, but Lemuel was still there in spite of the smoke and the noises outside the room, awkward and lanky, pulling off his mittens and dusting the snow from his hat. Gideon Higsbee smiled thoughtfully and flicked the ash from his cigar.

"Once a sucker, always a sucker," he said beneath his breath; and, nevertheless, he had to smile.

He had done nothing even technically dishonest. He could even look Mrs. Higsbee in the eye and say he had not. Those three men who had appeared on the evening stage from the railroad had their profession stamped all over them, as anyone except Lemuel might have seen, even when not assisted by the story of a private wire from Bangor to New York. After Lemuel had spoken to them, he had not mentioned them again. It was amusing still to remember that Lemuel, in his lust for profits, had kept everything secret as long as possible.

Gideon Higsbee smiled faintly and pushed a button on his desk. The service in his office was always quick and unobtrusive.

(Continued on Page 130)


THE FAMILY SELECTS A MOVIE
LET'S ALL GO TO THE MOVIES TONIGHT
FINE! LET'S SEE RICHARD DIX IN "KNOCKOUT REILLY"
WE'VE ALL SEEN THAT! LET'S SEE ADOLPHE MENJOU IN "EVENING CLOTHES"
THEN FOLLOWS AN ARGUMENT AS TO WHAT THEY LAST SAW ADOLPHE MENJOU IN
HOW ABOUT CLARA BOW IN "ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE?"
IS IT A PARAMOUNT PICTURE?
YES, OF COURSE IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE!
GREAT!
FINE!
LET'S GO!
ONE THING THE FAMILY AGREES ON. "IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN."
Paramount Pictures
Paramount Building and Theatre, New York's Newest Wonder
"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN"

Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others, and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

TITLE	PLAYERS	DIRECTOR	DATE
THE KID BROTHER	Starring HAROLD LLOYD. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation		
SORROWS OF SATAN	ADOLPHE MENJOU, Ricardo Cortez, Lya de Putti, Carol Dempster.	D. W. Griffith	
HOTEL IMPERIAL	Starring POLA NEGRI. With James Hall and George Siegmann.	Maurits Stiller	
Elinor Glyn's IT (Cosmopolitan Magazine Story)	Starring CLARA BOW. With Antonio Moreno.	Clarence Badger	
NEW YORK	Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, Estelle Taylor, William Powell, Norman Trevor	Luther Reed	
LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE ("Liberty" Serial Story)	Evelyn Brent, William Powell, James Hall, Josephine Dunn.	Edward Sutherland	
LET IT RAIN	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN. With Shirley Mason.	Eddie Cline	
Zane Grey's THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER	Jack Holt, Betty Jewel and Tom Kennedy.	John Waters	
THE TELEPHONE GIRL	Warner Baxter, Madge Bellamy, Holbrook Blinn, May Allison, Lawrence Gray.	Herbert Brenon	
EVENING CLOTHES	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Virginia Valli, Noah Beery and Louise Brooks.	Luther Reed	
Elinor Glyn's RITZY	Starring BETTY BRONSON. With James Hall.	Dorothy Arzner	
BLIND ALLEYS	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. With Evelyn Brent and Greta Nissen.	Frank Tuttle	
KNOCKOUT REILLY	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Mary Brian.	Malcolm St. Clair	
A KISS IN A TAXI	Starring BEBE DANIELS.	Clarence Badger	
CASEY AT THE BAT	Starring WALLACE BERRY. With Ford Sterling, ZaSu Pitts and Sterling Holloway.	Monty Brice	
CABARET	Starring GILDA GRAY. With Tom Moore.	Robert Vignola	

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., NEW YORK

Children of Divorce

A SENSATIONAL exposé of the jazz orphans of today, innocent victims of the divorce evil strewn in the wake of broken homes to drift aimlessly in uncharted seas. A cross-section of unguarded youth that everyone should see. From Owen Johnson's novel, running serially in "Red Book," with Gary Cooper, Finar Hanson and Norman Trevor. B. P. Schulberg, Asso. Producer

Eddie Cantor in Special Delivery

Even a Mailman Has His Moments

"KID BOOTS" is back again in a riotous comedy about a letter carrier who mixes the mail with surprising results. More things happen on his route than you can ever imagine! The story is by Eddie Cantor and he has a great supporting cast—Jobyna Ralston, Donald Keith and William Powell. Directed by William Goodrich.

Esther Ralston in Fashions for Women

THE beautiful blonde goddess of the screen, Esther Ralston, in a picture combining an intensely romantic story with the most sumptuous fashion parade ever screened. With Finar Hanson and Raymond Hatton. Directed by Dorothy Arzner.

Florence Vidor in Afraid to Love

A Comedy of Errors

FLORENCE VIDOR is married to a man she doesn't dare to love, Clive Brook, and he is in the same predicament! No end of complications, as you can well imagine, but all ends happily for these aristocrats of the screen. From "The Marriage of Kate" by Fred de Gresac and F. de Croisset. With Joseleen Lee and Norman Trevor. Directed by Edward H. Griffith.

Too Many Crooks

ADORABLE Mildred Davis is back in pictures again, with a story as full of surprises as a Christmas stocking. Among other things, she gives a house party with some of our best burglars as guests! Lloyd Hughes, George Siegmann, George Bancroft, El Brendel and Tom Ricketts are in the cast.

The HOOVER
It pays
to know the difference between The HOOVER and a vacuum cleaner
The New

This Spring, clean house the *easy* way—let The Hoover take charge!

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

Springtime means housecleaning-time, in millions of well-kept homes. But what does housecleaning-time mean in yours?

Does it mean turmoil and confusion, the house upset—draperies on the line, rug-beating on the lawn, drudgery and weariness without end?

It needn't. Not if you let The Hoover take charge!

Housecleaning with The Hoover is a simple and easy job. There isn't a nook or cranny that's out of its reach.

Its light handy dusting tools are designed to search out every spot where dust may settle, whether on walls, door frames, draperies, upholstery or whatnot, and its strong suction whisks every speck into its dust-tight bag.

Having a Hoover is like having a jewel of a servant that never talks back or tires. A servant that cleans house *with everything in place!*

And above and beyond this usefulness The Hoover performs regularly the hardest cleaning duty with undreamed-of thoroughness and ease—the cleaning of carpetings and rugs.

By virtue of its revolutionary cleaning principle, "Positive Agitation," the new Hoover beats out and sweeps up from floor coverings in the ordinary time an average of 131% more dirt than even the celebrated former Hoover model.

It is far and away the finest cleaning instrument ever devised for the home—the swiftest, deepest, surest cleaner so far known.

You can afford The Hoover—your Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver you one complete with dusting tools for only $6.25 down, balance monthly.

Telephone him. Save your time and labor. This Spring, clean house the *easy* way—let The Hoover take charge!

'POSITIVE AGITATION as accomplished in the new Hoover is beating—the time-tested requirements of thorough rug-cleaning reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated opposite. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag

You can now have "Positive Agitation" not only in the famous Model 700 Hoover but in Model 543 a lower-priced Hoover as well:

$59.50

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada

THE HOOVER COMPANY
NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

HOOVER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 126)

The instant, almost, that Gideon pressed the button, a suave young man with a pale face was in the room.

"George," said Gideon, "make me out a check for ten thousand dollars at compound interest, 6 per cent, for thirty years, payable to the name on this paper, and be ready to go with me tonight to Agamemnon, Maine."

George did not appear surprised. "Do they know at home you're going, sir?" he asked.

"No," said Gideon; "and don't let 'em. Call up and make an excuse. And, George, tell Mr. Altyne I want to see him."

Mr. Altyne also appeared noiselessly and with an equal promptness. He was a man of indeterminate age, with iron-gray hair, an intent, pallid face and slender fingers.

"Jim," said Gideon, when the door was closed, "you and I've been working together for a long time. We've done lots of peculiar things. Jim"—Mr. Higsbee hesitated, as though he was embarrassed—"don't laugh. I beg of you not to laugh. . . . My conscience is troubling me."

Mr. Altyne did not laugh. "Has the doctor been telling you something?"

Gideon Higsbee nodded. "Doctors are often damn liars!" said Mr. Altyne, with unnecessary heat. "Why not sell him a block of that mining stock we've got outside?"

For a moment Mr. Higsbee's eyes lighted and he stroked his whiskers softly, but then he shook his head.

"No, Jim," he said. "The things I've done have perhaps not all been strictly honest, but then why should I be ethical? I don't regret any of them. I've never double-crossed a man unless he tried to do me first—except once—and until that doctor got hold of me I'd almost forgotten that one time. Now there's only one thing I can do that will make me feel better. I'm going up to Agamemnon, Maine, tonight."

Mr. Altyne did not change his expression. He only looked at Gideon as a man might who has speculated largely upon human frailty until he is surprised by nothing. Without unkindness and without vulgarity, Mr. Altyne looked at Gideon with eyes that seemed to pierce the veil of Gideon's whiskers. "With that check you've just been ordering?"

"Yes," said Gideon. "Have you anything to say?"

"Only," replied Mr. Altyne, "that in my experience I have found that conscience in most men is purely relative, depending upon health. But even if you wanted to sell the whole show out, I'd be right behind you, conscience or no conscience—and I'm not laughing, Gideon."

IV

WAS there any wonder that the occupants of the ancient barge from the railroad to Agamemnon stared? It was not a wholly unpleasant experience to Gideon, because they stared not only with vulgar curiosity but with honest admiration. The pale, metropolitan face and watchful eyes of George were eclipsed by Mr. Higsbee's suave and venerable magnificence. The pearl-gray spats upon his patent-leather shoes, his gold-headed cane and smooth silk hat were like a dream come true, like a living, rustic fairy tale of benevolence and wealth. Mr. Higsbee looked upon the occupants of the barge and smiled; he seemed to be bubbling over with an unusual geniality. Mr. Higsbee managed even to smile at the dingy room they showed him at the Agamemnon House, though he shuddered inwardly to think that he had once admired such quarters; and when he and George were on the snow again, plodding up the street, Mr. Higsbee was still cheerful.

"George," he said, "I feel better. Oddly enough I already feel better, and I know why it is. It is because I am going to do a kindness here. If you have a chance to do a kindness, do it, George."

George shivered slightly. He looked singularly out of place, somewhat like a rare orchid in a cabbage patch. To George it seemed that Mr. Higsbee was becoming very queer, and that the snow-covered houses on the single street, with the turnings and trimmings on their porches, were overpoweringly grotesque.

"Did you used to live here?" said George, staring unsympathetically about him. "Did you used to live here—honest?"

Mr. Higsbee twirled his cane. "It all depends upon one's standard of ethics, George," he said. "But—yes, I used to live here. Don't scoff at it, George, don't scoff. A town like this is the backbone of our nation, George; and keep your eye on the man you are about to see. He is growing rare, George, very rare."

Gideon remembered the house. It looked like Lemuel Gower. A native frame building out of proportion, with storm windows which glared frankly and openly upon the winter afternoon. Yet Gideon still felt benevolent and joyful, and younger, too, for perfect peace was stealing over him already.

Lemuel Gower looked older, but there he was standing in the musty hall, awkward and angular in his shabby coat, and essentially just the same. There was the same faith, the same childish wonder in his eyes, the same admiring smile upon his rustic lips; and Lemuel was glad to see him pathetically glad. His corncob pipe fell to the carpet and tears stood in his eyes.

"Is it you, Gideon?" he kept saying "I want to know, I want to know!" And he ushered them into the sitting room.

Mr. Higsbee seated himself upon a rocking-chair, because it was the only chair that offered even an approximation of comfort, and endeavored to balance his silk hat upon his knee. The feat, however, was somewhat difficult, because the chair kept moving backward, prompting him to kick out his legs and making him aware that his position was not a little awkward. However, even if the chair had gone over backward, and Gideon with it, he would only have had to look at Lemuel to feel completely self-possessed.

"And how has the world been using you, Lemuel?" he asked.

It all was just the same. The honest joy of Lemuel made it seem like yesterday since they had last met, and Gideon felt perfectly, patronizingly at ease.

"Gosh, Gid!" said Lemuel Gower. "Gosh! It's good to see you. It's kind of you to come in like this, but I've always told the boys at the store, 'Gid ain't proud,' I've always said. 'If he was to come in now he'd just set on the cracker box like he always did.' How's things going, did you say? Not so good, Gid. But now I've seen you, they're going a whole lot better."

Gideon smiled, not even endeavoring to conceal his smile. The utter guilelessness of Lemuel was so remarkable that he would not have believed it real unless he had remembered. He stole a glance at George, who was sitting in the corner, and was glad to see that George was transfixed and staring.

"Oh!" said Gideon. "And what has been the matter, Lemuel?"

Lemuel Gower stuffed some tobacco in his pipe and blinked in a puzzled way. "It was speculation, Gid," he said. "It seemed awful good. A letter came to me in the mail from some parties in Chicago. They had heard of me being a representative citizen of the town and invited me to subscribe to an oil well that was just due to come in. I investigated and subscribed, and what do you think?"

Gideon kicked out his feet to keep his balance and grasped at his silk hat. "How much did you put in?"

Lemuel looked innocently surprised. "Why, as much as I could," he said. "Then I took a mortgage on the house, and then—do you know what happened?"

"Yes," said Gideon. "The oil well didn't come in."

Lemuel's mouth fell open in blank amazement. "Gid," he said, "you do beat me how you know things. Ain't you the smartest feller? I always said you'd have to go to Bangor to find anyone as slick as you."

Something of Gideon's patronizing ease had gone and astonishment took its place. "And now you're cleaned out?" he asked. "What are you going to do?"

"Oh," said Lemuel, "I ain't worryin'. I got my two hands yet. I guess I'll haul wood for a spell, and then when I get some more saved up, maybe another chance will come. There do seem to be opportunities up here if I only took 'em right, though I never'd be as sharp as you."

Gideon coughed. The room seemed close and stifling, and his head began to ache. "Lemuel," said Gideon, "do you remember those three parties who came here who had a private wire to New York?"

Lemuel Gower nodded. "Yes," he said. "That was another opportunity."

"Another what?" Again Gideon was obliged to kick out to keep his balance.

"Another opportunity," said Lemuel. "It was just my luck, Gid. The market didn't go right, and I lost more money."

For the first time in years Gideon Higsbee's eyes grew wide with wonder. He had never asked for Lemuel's opinion on that old transaction. He had taken it for granted that Lemuel, like other disillusioned ones, would know he had been cheated.

"Are you joking with me, Lemuel?" he asked.

Lemuel's blank stare was an answer in itself. "Why, Gid," he said, "I never joke! Of course I know some conundrums, but I never just plain joke."

Gideon perched himself nearer the edge of his chair. The nap on his silk hat was becoming rumpled. "And you thought those men were honest, those three sharpers who took your money?"

Lemuel raised a protesting hand. He looked surprised and pained. "Now, Gid," he said soothingly, "there's no use in calling 'em hard names. They were mistaken just like me. We all make mistakes."

"Mistaken!" Gideon's voice broke and ended in a squeak. "You crazy idiot! Those three men were crooks—thieves! They stole your money—stole it! Do you hear me?"

It did not seem possible. Not in a farce comedy would it have seemed possible. Lemuel's pipe fell to the floor, but he did not bother to pick it up. He sat transfixed, staring at Gideon Higsbee. "I want to know," said Lemuel. "I want to know. How do you know they were crooks? They were nice, pleasant-spoken fellers."

"How do I know it?" Gideon looked hopelessly about him. After all, how did he know it? "Why, anyone could tell they were crooks! It was the rankest confidence game ——"

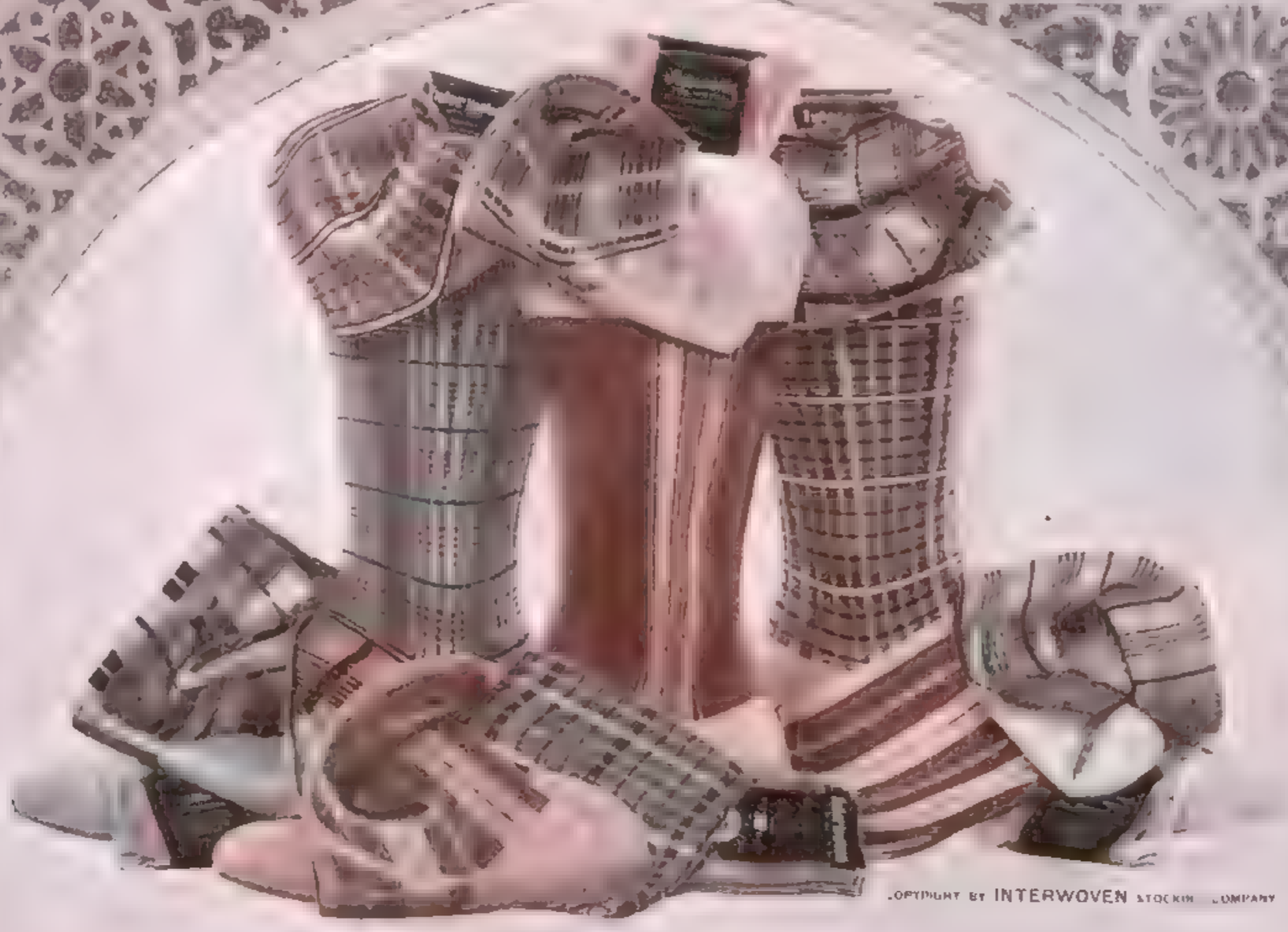
Words failed Gideon. He paused for breath, and then continued very quietly and very patiently: "Never mind how I know it, Lemuel. Just take my word. I do, and that's what I'm here for now, Lemuel, because I did know. I guess it hadn't occurred to me until the other day, but I guess I cheated you just as much as they did."

"How's that, Gid?" Lemuel Gower placed a bony hand behind his ear. "My hearin' ain't so good as it used to be. You said you did what?"

Gideon paused a moment to collect his thought. It was difficult—more difficult than he had believed. "Lemuel," he said, very carefully, "we were partners in that mill, do you remember? I wanted to get all that mill; I've always wanted to get

(Continued on Page 135)

A Road Near East Stone Gap, Virginia



COPYRIGHT BY INTERWOVEN STOCKING COMPANY

When you buy socks you can see how they LOOK-but-you can't see how they will fit or how they will WEAR

THAT'S WHY YOU BUY

Interwoven

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

Toe and Heel

Socks

THE MOST USED OF ALL MEN'S HOSIERY

from COAST

A STYLE AND A PRICE FOR EVERY MAN

Selz

ESTABLISHED 1871

$6 to $10

A FEW HAND-SEWED MODELS AT $12.50

ALL OVER THIS COUNTRY MILLIONS OF MEN WEAR

Selz Shoes

Of course there are reasons - many of them!

EXPERIENCE. Not the least reason by any means is experience - those years that have mastered the intricate processes of fashioning leathers into worthy shoes.

VARIETY. The merchants who fit you with Selz shoes show you a great choice of models, one sure to match the individuality of your feet.

STYLES. Authoritative styles for the variety in tastes, styles for every occasion - dress, business and sports.

COMFORT. Each original model before it is adopted is designed on the foot of a man and worn to make certain of the provisions for comfort.

VALUE. The greatest reason of all is the Selz dominant idea of giving more and more value.

The result is an ever increasing multitude of men who are wearing Selz shoes season after season. Here are six of the season's style leaders.

THE SELZ ORGANIZATION

Chicago *Pittsburgh*

The BREEZE

HERE is the summer weight-cool and should be worn by every man who enjoys freedom during the heat of summer. Of imported black or tan calfskin. *Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heels.*

Ask for style
B539a

The ETON

A FOUR eyelet blucher in tan or black - will be worn with flannels by the college set - the broad toe and wing tip give it just the swank they want. *Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heels.*

Ask for style
B262

1927 © Selz

-to COAST

The CUSTOM

OF luster imported calf in black or Gallun's new tan. A custom model of distinction-the conservative gentleman's choice.

Ask for style
B29 black B28 tan

The WALLOP

A BROGUE for the young fellows in tan calfskin. A blucher with perforations and rope stitching on sole. A Selz $Six college model.

Ask for style
B632

The TWEED

LIKE a soft collar-always comfortable, is this soft toe plain oxford. Creese & Cook tan calfskin-just the right model to wear with loose-fitting clothing. *Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heels.*

Ask for style
B245

The CHAIRMAN

A MEDIUM weight summer brogue-a model which finds favor with business men. Of Davis imported sunlight calf. *Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heels.*

Ask for style
B162

- a style book we want to send you
FREE

Selz
VELURE-finish
INNER TREAD

All Selz shoes are equipped with an INNER-TREAD, soft and sympathetic to the bottoms of your feet. Causes a firm fit-prevents cracking.

A REAL ABUSE TEST

So many people run their batteries up too high that, having made good Radiotrons for careful users, RCA set about to make Radiotrons that would stand abuse.

A year ago, an RCA Radiotron could stand about twenty hours of running under too heavy a current. Now it will outlive a hundred hours of such abuse.

Many very minute changes brought about through laboratory study have effected this improvement.

If you have children who are apt to turn up the rheostats carelessly, of course it is hard on the tubes. No tubes can be proof against ruin, but if you are using RCA Radiotrons, you know at least that they'll stand more than ordinary tubes.

Look for that RCA mark! You'll find it on Radiotrons for every purpose.

RCA

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
New York Chicago
San Francisco

E13

The stations are there get them !

You're not getting the most out of that storage battery set of yours. The *set* has a bigger distance reach . . . all it needs is a different tube in the detector socket. Put in the RCA super-detector—Radiotron UX-200-A. You'll get more stations—get the far-away ones more regularly and more easily! It's a small change, but it brings big results.

Bring your storage battery set up-to-date with
a *power* RADIOTRON UX-171 or UX-112
a *detector* RADIOTRON UX-200-A
and RADIOTRONS UX 201-A for all-round quality
Bring your dry battery set up-to-date with
a *power* RADIOTRON UX-120
and RADIOTRONS UX-199 for all-round quality.

RCA Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

(Continued from Page 130)

things. When you told me that you had given those three crooks all your money, I couldn't resist it. I knew the game was fishy and I didn't tell you so. I might have saved your money then."

Gideon Higsbee coughed and felt in his breast pocket. "I'm getting to be an old man, Lemuel, yet I've never done a thing that I've been so much ashamed of as that, and now I want to square the books. You gave those men ten thousand dollars. It was my fault you lost it. Here, Lemuel, take it and shake hands."

At times on a lonely evening Gideon had read of such scenes. The rich and fortunate man would smile and at the same time cough gruffly to hide the emotions in his voice. His poor but honest neighbor would be dumfounded, but would still give vent to emotions and expressions of loyalty and gratitude. Lemuel Gower, however, was different from the story book. He held the check gingerly in his calloused fingers without bothering to look at it; his other hand was still crooked behind his ear.

"What's that?" he asked. "I guess I didn't understand. I'm rather hard of hearing, Gideon."

Gideon raised his voice: at last he was growing irritated. "I said I was giving you back the ten thousand dollars you lost and its interest at 6 per cent for thirty years. I'm giving it back because I feel that I wasn't fair to you. That's what I said."

Still holding the check in his calloused thumb and forefinger, Lemuel Gower extended it toward Gideon. "That's kind of you, Gid," he said. "What I'd expect from an old neighbor, but I couldn't take it, Gid. Honest, I couldn't."

"Forget about it," said Gideon heartily. "Put it in your pocket."

Lemuel Gower looked very strange. He actually was blushing. He pulled a blue bandanna handkerchief from his trousers pocket and mopped his honest face. "Gid," he said, "it makes me sort of ashamed of myself to find you doin' this. I couldn't take it, Gid, because I was the one who cheated—honest."

Gideon's silk hat rolled upon the floor, but Gideon did not pick it up. Again his voice rose and creaked and wavered. "You always were an infernal idiot," he said. "You never cheated anybody—couldn't cheat a fly." With difficulty Gideon had pulled himself to his feet, and Lemuel Gower had also risen.

"But I did cheat you, Gid," he said. "It hurts me to say it in the face of your kindness, but when I told you about my giving those three fellers all that money, it was too late for you to do anything about it. I meant for it to be too late, because"—he stammered and grew redder—"because I always sort of envied you, Gideon, you bein' so slick. I wanted to make some money without givin' you the chance to make it too. And mebbe those men were honest. I like to think they were. They seemed to me like nice, civil-spoken fellers."

He seized Gideon's hand and pressed something into Gideon's palm. Gideon felt it. It was the check. "Honest, Gid," said Lemuel, "take it back, I couldn't keep it. I'm gettin' to be a old man, Gid, and my conscience wouldn't let me."

Out in the snow, in the failing sun of the afternoon, Gideon Higsbee found it difficult to walk, and leaned heavily on his cane, but even his cane was not enough to steady his tottering footsteps. "George," he said—his voice was hoarse, and both his voice and his hands were trembling—"did you hear what he said? Oh, my stars! Did you hear what he said? He cheated me because he wouldn't say that three confidence men were going to rob him! He wouldn't take a certified check when it was handed to him. Did you ever see anything to beat it, George? Do you wonder that I'm broken up?"

George, himself, looked paler than usual. He stared wide-eyed at the shadows on the snow. "It's contrary to nature," he said. "Here, you better take my arm."

Gideon looked over his shoulder. The gaunt and ugly house of Lemuel Gower was black and stolid against the sun. Gideon raised his cane toward it, and his whiskers bristled.

"But he hasn't beat me yet," said Gideon. "He hasn't beat me yet."

There was something wrong with Gideon when he reached his office the next afternoon. He did not only look tired—he looked more than tired. His whiskers had a bedraggled appearance, which traveling had never given them before.

Yes, there was something wrong with Gideon. Mr. Altyne perceived it at once when he entered Gideon's private room. Gideon had been pacing up and down the carpet with hands behind his back, but on Mr. Altyne's appearance he stopped and thrust his head slightly forward. "Jim," said Gideon, "he wouldn't take the money."

Mr. Altyne did not look surprised, but then Mr. Altyne never looked surprised. "Well, what of it?" he asked.

Gideon opened his lips and closed them before he finally spoke. "I don't know what of it," said Gideon with a groan. "That's what beats me—I don't know at all. He fooled me, or I feel as if he fooled me. He's so damned honest and damned simple. Can you imagine his not taking the money? I can't sleep for thinking of it. I say, I don't know what he's done, but somehow he's put one over on me."

"It's too bad," said Mr. Altyne, "that you didn't sell him some of that mining stock we've got outside."

Gideon did not appear to hear him. "Jim," he said, "I'm not joking. He put something over on me. I tell you he did. I won't feel better until he has that money. Jim, you've got to go up to Agamemnon, Maine."

Mr. Altyne did a very rare thing for him. He smiled and he no longer had a masklike face.

"Gideon," he began, "you have the most outlandish way of doing a kindness. You hear me? What are you thinking about? What are you doing?"

Gideon was whistling softly and moving his hand in quick, short circles. "Excuse me, Jim," he said. "I was just thinking of my wife—that's all—just thinking of my wife."

■

IT MIGHT have been a week later, more or less, that Gideon Higsbee came down to his breakfast room. The canary was singing the same song; Mrs. Higsbee was sitting behind the coffee urn, opening her letters. Merlin had pushed back his chair and was reading the paper.

"Good morning, my dear," said Gideon.

At the sound of his voice Mrs. Higsbee peered at him suspiciously around the coffee urn. "Gideon," she inquired, "have you been up to anything lately?"

"Up to anything!" Gideon Higsbee looked at her and smiled in pained surprise. "Why, what do you mean, my dear?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Higsbee, "that you're looking better this morning, even than you did yesterday, and I've always noticed that you look better when you've been up to something."

"Tweet!" went the canary. "Tweet!"

Gideon did a most surprising thing: he rose and tapped Merlin on the shoulder.

"Merlin," he said, "take that bird out of the room. It disturbs me."

"Gideon!" began Mrs. Higsbee.

"Merlin," said Mr. Higsbee, "you heard me speak to you. Take that bird out of the room."

"Why, Gideon!" said Mrs. Higsbee. "I never knew you to behave so! You have been up to something!"

"Simply asserting myself, that's all, my dear," said Mr. Higsbee. "I've really done nothing since you asked me last yesterday morning, except I did sell a block of stock to Doctor Follenshope—mining stock, my dear. He's young; it will do him good to be interested in speculative investments. . . . I'll have my coffee now, please."

There was a moment of silence. Mrs. Higsbee was reading a letter. There were furrows upon her brow. "Gideon," she said at length, "don't make such a noise with your coffee."

"My dear," said Mr. Higsbee over the brim of his cup, "shall I make you a confession which I have delayed for years? I enjoy making a noise over my coffee."

"There," said Mrs. Higsbee, "you have been doing something, Gideon; I know you have, and don't say you haven't."

"Nothing since you asked me last, my dear," said Mr. Higsbee.

There was another pause, broken again by Mrs. Higsbee, who made a curious sound and moved so suddenly that the coffee urn trembled. "Gideon," she said—"Gideon, what do you think?"

"Only what I should, my dear."

"I just got another letter from Susie Brickett. It's all about Lemuel Gower."

"Oh!" said Mr. Higsbee, and put down his coffee cup and stroked his whiskers. "And what does she say about Lemuel Gower?"

"You needn't take that attitude," said Mrs. Higsbee. "You needn't make fun of Lemuel any more. Lemuel's smart enough. Lemuel's made a lot of money. What do you say to that?"

"Nothing," said Gideon very softly. "Nothing at all, my dear."

"Well," said Mrs. Higsbee triumphantly, "perhaps you will say something when you hear how he made it, after the way you laughed at Lemuel. Three men came all the way up from New York to call on Lemuel because they had heard of him. You know, Lemuel does amount to something in Agamemnon. One of these three men was in one of the big banking houses in New York, in a confidential capacity. . . . What are you laughing at, Gideon? I don't see anything to laugh at."

"There isn't, my dear," said Gideon. "I'm not laughing. I was simply making a noise over my coffee."

"Well," said Mrs. Higsbee, "this man, who was in the big banking house, knew the president very well. The president had given him special information about the stock market, and these three men had a private wire from New York. They asked Lemuel to invest, and Lemuel did. Are you listening, Gideon?"

"Yes, my dear," said Gideon.

"Then why are you whistling and making circles with your hand?"

"I beg your pardon," said Gideon hastily. "I wasn't doing it intentionally."

"Then listen to this," said Mrs. Higsbee. "Lemuel did invest. He had a very hard time; he had to sell his house to find any money; but Lemuel gave them his money right away, because he felt that they were honest; and just as soon as Lemuel gave them the money the stock went up and up. Lemuel made thousands of dollars. I don't know how many thousand. Now what do you say to that?"

Gideon gently stroked his whiskers. He had never looked so youthful, so wholly devoid of guile.

"Do you hear me, Lemuel?" said Mrs. Higsbee. "What do you think of that? You won't be able to laugh at Lemuel now."

"My dear," said Mr. Higsbee—his words had never seemed to ring more sweetly; his voice had never been more dulcet—"I can only think what I thought before. Once a sucker, my dear, always a sucker." And Gideon Higsbee smiled and rubbed his hands.

Mrs. Higsbee looked startled and peered at Gideon around the coffee urn. "What do you mean, Gideon?" she demanded. "Lemuel didn't lose his money. He made thousands and thousands of dollars."

"What I said, my dear," said Gideon patiently. "Once a sucker, always a sucker. But I've said before, you don't understand business." Gideon smiled softly and stared at the ceiling. "I wonder," he began—"I wonder . . ."

"What?" said Mrs. Higsbee. "Please talk louder, Gideon."

"I wonder," said Gideon, still staring at the ceiling, "if Lemuel wouldn't also like to buy some mining stock."

FOR floors, tables, chairs, woodwork and every household use
WaterSpar Lacquer
Varnish and Enamels
gives you easy application, beautiful color and long service.
WaterSpar Lacquer "dries in no time"—goes further than ordinary lacquer.
WaterSpar Varnish —never harmed by water
Guide to Better Homes —a helpful complete book on home furnishing
PITTSBURGH Paint Products
Glass-Paint-Varnish-Brushes
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO

GENTLEMEN OF THE BOX OFFICE

Continued from Page 25

Mr. Gilfillan had reached the uttermost depths of his despond when the annual convention burst and enthusiastic delegates began storming the front gates of the O'Day & Grogan Studio. Gil had finished up another half-hearted comedy, with a Miss Nellie James for his leading lady, and he gloomed about the place in sulky silence, shaking hands with the visitors when forced to and smiling with an effort. He now definitely disliked all theater owners. He was annoyed with Messrs. O'Day and Grogan for being in such sheeplike awe of these gentry, and he said so.

Following a brisk business session at the Royal Eucalyptus Hotel, the visitors plunged into an orgy of self-entertainment, and from that instant the studios began to suffer. It is an axiom in movie circles that it costs the sum of one hundred dollars to show a visitor through a studio. Efficiency hounds and statisticians have arrived at this sum after years of delving. The visitor, they say, distracts the directors and gets them all muddled up in their thoughts; and once you muddle up a director, it takes him about twenty minutes to get back to where he was. The presence of a stranger on a set throws the leading man out of his stride, especially if the newcomer is from the Middle West with a Kansas City necktie. Production slows down all around the studio. Guides lead the curious one hither and there. He must be introduced to heads of departments, and so, they contend in the business, the ordinary train visitor who obtains a pass and saunters through a large studio sets the corporation back the sum of one hundred dollars. There is, in consequence, a hard-faced man at every studio gate, usually a reformed wife beater.

The carefree amalgamated gentlemen attacked the O'Day & Grogan factory early in the morning of the second day and demanded that they be shown about the place, with nothing concealed. They asked to see all the stars, and in particular, Gil and Shorty, those two laughable scamps who made the folks back in Indiana chuckle so heartily.

Gil hid his real feelings and Shorty Hamp cheerfully led little groups through the various stages, explaining this and that and pausing to have still photographs taken every fifty feet. There came, at noon, an order from President John O'Day to the head of the casting department: "Hire so many extra girls at the usual rate."

The usual rate was seven dollars and fifty cents a day.

"What for?" asked the casting department. "Seeing we aren't shooting any picture that needs extra girls at this moment, and seeing we don't intend to shoot such a picture—what for?"

Nobody bothered to answer the question. It soon was learned that exhibitors of motion pictures may be resourceful enough in their own home towns, but that when they get far away from their box offices and are cast into strange fields they seem to be a particularly helpless breed, displaying no ingenuity whatever in the business of pleasantly passing the time.

Hollywood was confronted with the spectacle of adults wandering about, wearing a lost manner. Delegates played cards and some idled near the studios. The energetic ones took long walks and studied the mountains; and in the course of time Mr. O'Day had pity upon them and ordered a truckload of extra maidens. The girls appeared promptly.

"Seven and a half a day," said Con Bowles, the casting director.

"What picture?" the girls inquired.

"No picture at all. This is social."

"What do we do?" they inquired, with the curiosity of their sex.

"Well, now," said Mr. Bowles, "here's all these national exhibitors out in Hollywood for their big convention—strangers, you might as well say—and they haven't got any lady friends. In fact, I hear they haven't got any friends at all, so you girls are being hired by John O'Day just as a nice gesture. You take these orphans around and show them the town, eating dinner with them in the expensive restaurants, maybe going to a good show, and, in general, trying to be as entertaining as your nature permits." Mr. Bowles grinned genially.

"For seven and a half a day?" one flaxen-haired thing asked in a cold voice. "Entertain an exhibitor for seven and one half dollars! Did you ever entertain an exhibitor, Mr. Bowles?"

Bowles shook his head and replied that he had never done so, and heaven willing, he never would; but, said Bowles, orders were orders, and O'Day was hereby hiring attractive extra girls to stroll about the town with the gentlemanly exhibitors from the hinterland; and any girl who didn't fancy the job could say so and go home. Strangely enough, not one of the young ladies declined. Extra work in Hollywood these days is difficult enough to obtain, and the barber shops are charging one dollar for a hair cut. Sarcastic remarks were heard in the casting department, but the girls went to work. None of them had ever met an exhibitor, which gave the enterprise a sort of fillip.

For the remainder of the run of the Annual National Convention of the Amalgamated and So Forth, the owners of small theaters had a better time of it, dashed about Hollywood in hired automobiles with their feminine companions and gave it out as their opinion that California was quite a place. Nothing was said in any of the night letters home about blue-eyed extra ladies and quiet dinners in the shade of a palm tree.

The extra girls grew hourly more enthusiastic and articulate as they came to know these sterling box-office citizens from the other side of the Rockies. They began to like the job, and discovered that these were the very men who, if they chose, could do them, the girls, a great deal of good.

Each extra told her particular story in full detail to her particular exhibitor—a tale of woe and injustice, mixed up with considerable persecution and favoritism. The tales differed in no essential. Each lady, whether her name was Marie, Annette, Virgie, Rosemary, Odette, Jackie, Mabelle, Florence, Jasmine or Petrola, was a victim of cruel circumstances, and a sufferer from long-continued studio indifference and neglect.

Each, as she pointed out, was a real star of the films, held firmly in the background by jealous studio officials with their own axes to grind and their own favorites to forward; and so the downtrodden were condemned to the obscurity of extra work, with never an opportunity to step forward and display ability. These tales, told in the morning sunlight to a gruff casting director, as they often were, carried little weight and advanced the teller no visible whit. But with a Filipino band playing sad songs upon their native oopas, an attentive waiter bringing on the food and a jazz orchestra warming up for the dancing, the stories fell upon more fertile soil.

In the case of Miss Hazelle Cotter, who had been assigned to a Mr. Henry Moon, exhibitor from Nebraska, Mr. Moon listened in indignant silence, eating his ice cream slowly, ignoring the jazz band and observing that Hazelle was the kind of real blonde that a man likes to have with him in public. She recounted her wrongs. Her eyes glistened through unshed tears.

"I'll do something about that," said Henry, ordering more ice cream.

"Will you?" asked Hazelle, seeming to breathe the question rather than ask it.

"Tomorrow morning," replied Henry, "I'll walk in and give them a piece of my mind."

"That's so good of you, Mr. Moon. I don't like to bring up my personal troubles, but you're a big man in this business and they'd pay attention to you. Y'have no idea what we girls put up with."

"You're a natural star," said Henry. "You've got everything, Hazelle, and you're going to get your chance." Hazelle blushed modestly. "You're a better actress right now than So-and-So," the exhibitor continued, warming a bit under the influence of the ice cream and Hazelle's direct, innocent gaze. "I'll talk to O'Day & Grogan, and we'll see if a girl of your talent and experience can be kept playing extra in the movies. . . . Have some more coffee."

Wave-Swept Birches

He moved his chair a bit nearer Hazelle and talked for thirty minutes.

There were other exhibitors in other palm rooms, listening to the woes of other young women. There was similarity in all the various conversations. It appeared that there existed in Hollywood a hellish conspiracy on the part of movie producers to keep honest extra girls from achieving fame and fortune, and the exhibitorial indignation was intense. For the first time in their lives the extras had found adult persons who would listen to them. There was a general pressing down upon the gas pedals and a release of brakes, and the next morning saw plenty of unusual activity in studios.

A bald-headed gentleman, unknown to Walter Gilfillan, strode into that star's office at an early hour and announced that his name was Moon—Henry Moon—owner of the Riverside and other theaters in Nebraska, and that he would like to know as, a personal favor, what O'Day & Grogan meant by refusing just and proper artistic advancement to a young woman with the unquestioned talent of Hazelle Cotter, who had gone out to dinner with him the night before and had revealed all.

"What about her?" Gil asked, not even knowing the lady.

"She's a star," declared Mr. Moon earnestly; "and furthermore, this studio can't hold her back any longer—not and go on showing its pictures in my theaters."

Gil stared fixedly at the gentleman. This was one of them. Here he was, eager eyed and partly bald, a representative of the guild that had dictated studio conduct by means of pink report slips. He and his ilk had driven Bernardine Snow from the Gilfillan comedies and replaced her with a covey of young flappers, and now he had come out to Hollywood to attend his convention and jabber about stardom for a slightly anæmic extra girl who was lucky to be in the movies in any capacity, and whose natural talents probably fitted her for a busy life in a department store.

"I certainly agree with you, Mr. Moon," said Gilfillan heartily.

"You do?"

"Without a question. The girl has talent and it's an outrage to keep her doing bits."

"I'm glad to hear you admit it, Mr. Gilfillan. I've been studying the business for some time, and I can tell when a young woman has true genius. Hazelle is bound to be a great hit. And she tells me that up to now she's never had a close-up."

"It's a badly managed business, Mr. Moon. Everything is wrong with it that can possibly be wrong. If I were you I'd go right in and see John O'Day."

"I'm going to. And I'm going to see that Hazelle gets a good salary to start with."

"Certainly," Gil agreed. "This is a rich studio and they can afford to pay her well, seeing what she's going to do for them."

"At least two hundred and fifty a week," said Mr. Moon.

"Three hundred," said Gilfillan gravely. "They've held her back long enough and they ought to be made to pay for it."

"You're dead right," said the theater owner, and he repaired almost immediately to the executive offices.

Mr. Moon waited for the unsuspecting O'Day and there gathered behind him a line of indignant exhibitors from other towns in the Midwest—exhibitors who had dined with ladies and listened to tales of woe. The line increased. Theater owners, seeking for nothing but a square deal, came drifting in by ones and twos. Some owned but a single theater, with a fake rug in the lobby and an orchestra consisting of a secondhand piano with no black keys. Others were the proud possessors of half a dozen houses and regarded themselves as magnates. Moses Stouch, who guides the

(Continued on Page 140)

THAT TASTE ~ GOOD FEELING

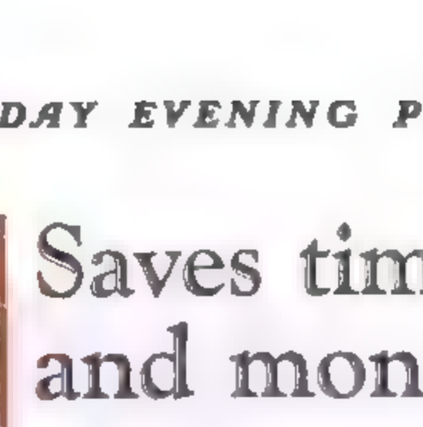
Over 7 million a day

Taste that makes you eager to drink ~ flavor with a delightful after ~ sense of refreshment.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Saves time and work and money.

Makes dusting quicker and better.



Brightens and beautifies.

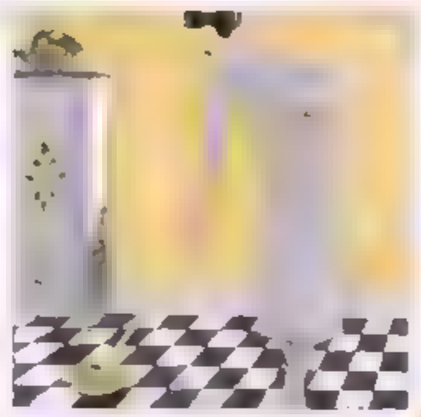
"Cleans as It Polishes"

Makes pretty things prettier.

O-Cedar Polish

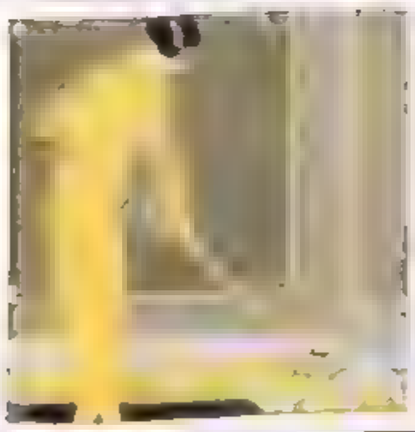
Reaches all high places and collects the dust.

Wonderful for oil cloth, linoleum and inlaid finishes.



Gets at hard-to-reach places, to dust and clean.

For under furniture, no more stooping.



Digs into corners

Use O-Cedar Polish Mops to Dust, Clean and Polish.

Use O-Cedar Dust Mops to collect and hold dust from waxed surfaces.

and Mop

(Continued from Page 136)

fair destinies of twenty-seven film palaces and had been out to dine with an unknown brunette, let it be known that he had accidentally discovered a real star, kicked around in the byways of Hollywood, and that he would have to see the actual contract with the lady before any more O'Day photo dramas entered his theaters.

Gilfillan sat in the background, wearing a sinister smile and assuring the Columbuses that they were completely right and that John O'Day was noted for his fiendish ability to crush youth and ambition. As they came to him Gil told them in turn that he, too, had seen these signs of latent genius in the young women, and that he had gone to O'Day, begging piteously that he be permitted to try out whatever extra girl happened to be under discussion. But for some strange reason—as Gil put it, probably a bad one—O'Day & Grogan determined to hold back the brilliant young females, who were certain stars once they had a chance.

At eleven in the morning the executive offices looked like the second day of the National Democratic Convention, with annoyed box-office experts demanding justice for helpless extra girls. John O'Day drove up in a limousine, looked surprised and fought his way through to his office, followed by gentlemen who bought his product.

What occurred in the Gilfillan studio was repeated elsewhere in Hollywood, wherever a studio reared its uneasy head. Exhibitors were on the warpath, certain of their power.

It was a bad morning for Mr. O'Day, who tried to explain, and in vain, why a large corporation could not star every extra female who applied for work. It was a day for diplomatic conversations and the calming of irate business men; and by nightfall both Grogan and O'Day were exhausted, as were the heads of all departments, who had been called in to explain and answer charges.

"This convention isn't doing us any good," said the president to the vice president. He mopped his brow and looked at a sheet of figures, showing that half a dozen prominent theater owners were finished forever with O'Day & Grogan pictures.

The final day of Better Movie Week approached and the permanent inhabitants of Hollywood breathed a sigh. The exhibitors, it was generally admitted, had enjoyed a pleasant stay, taking things by and large. They had adopted the usual resolutions, had luncheon with the mayor, shaken hands with the chief of police and had photographs taken with fire trucks in the background. The whitewings paraded for them. Airplanes hummed over their heads, dropping little handbills on which were printed delicate sentiments indicating that theater owners were the salt of the earth.

The final evening was made notable by a banquet in the main ballroom of the Royal Eucalyptus, and there the somewhat wearied delegates congregated to eat more food, fix their oscillating neckties and listen to a fresh Niagara of oratory. Dozens of speeches were heard during the evening, some by persons who could speak and some by persons who could not.

Important film figures were present at this, the final incident of the convention—a convention which, as producer after producer stated, was a demonstration of what was necessary in the business if motion pictures were to go ever onward and up. Taffy was handed about freely. Soft soap was spread upon the listening delegates. As usual, the thing became tiresome toward ten o'clock and the exhibitors leaned back languidly, wished it was over and continued to paw their neckties.

Mr. Gilfillan and Mr. Hamp drifted into the scene about the hour of eleven o'clock, under studio orders and not because they wished to be there. O'Day had asked Gil to attend and be nice to the boys in this, their final session. He was merely to wander about shaking hands and promoting peace and good will. Everyone in the auditorium knew Gil and most of them knew Shorty Hamp.

There has always been a wide difference of opinion over the events following the appearance of Messrs. Gilfillan and Hamp at the banquet. Careful observers have stated, upon oath, that Gil and Shorty seemed to weave their way uncertainly from table to table, shaking hands and making friendly gestures, like a couple of men who have been inhaling ammonia or trying to see just how far a person could go with a tube of dentist's gas.

It is a known fact that Gilfillan does not drink anything stronger than buttermilk, so it couldn't have been that. Neither does Shorty Hamp. And it may have been, too, that all the loose talk about their weaving was a mere figment of the imagination. Others who were present said later on that Gil seemed to be acting in a perfectly normal manner and that the same thing went for Shorty, whose red countenance was redder than ever, probably from the humidity.

It was Gilfillan's dutiful intention to circulate and shake hands, because O'Day had personally asked him to do so, and to go home at the earliest possible moment, taking Shorty with him. This innocent schedule was totally destroyed by enthusiastic delegates from West Virginia, helpless ones who had been listening miserably to speeches until their reason commenced to ravel. Before any person could forfend the disaster, these delegates surrounded Gil, seized him with football fervor, rushed him to the far, or speaking, end of the auditorium, pushed him up the temporary stage and into the spotlight before the assembled host.

"Go on, Gil," they clamored in hearty delegate voices. "Go on and make us a funny speech."

Gilfillan squirmed and looked about him with a fishy eye.

"Say something comic," voices commanded; and when the comedian attempted to escape, strong hands held him. A man named Moe Something, from the Gem Theater, Winesburg, Indiana, mounted to the rostrum beside Gil and, holding aloft a finger for silence, he shouted:

"Gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Walter Wesley Gilfillan, one of the world's greatest comedians."

Hands were clapped together in violent applause. The annual convention, voicing its genuine relief, and joyous to escape from further speeches of the kind it had been hearing for three mortal hours, whooped it up for the rough-house comedian. The next regular speech, as indicated upon the printed program, was to have been How to Keep Your Aisles Clean, by a man named Dunning, Palace Theater, Woonsocket Falls. Pleased to escape this information, the audience howled joyously, and hoarse voices clamored for Gilfillan to step up and be funny.

The star remained where the delegates had dropped him, beside a small table upon which stood the usual water pitcher and the usual glass. As Gil stared at the white shirt fronts and smiling faces, and listened to the demands for comedy, his thoughts turned slowly to recent events in his studio.

"Speak right up, Gil," roared an exhibitor.

"All right," said Gil, raising his hand for quiet and feeling words within him. "I'll tell you something, and I won't need any drink of water either. I want to stand right here and tell you exhibitors and theater owners that you're a lot of first-class muttonheads. I know some nice sheep and I don't want to hurt their feelings, but you are certainly a gang of muttonheads."

He paused. The auditorium grew silent. Gentlemen ceased to fix their sliding cravats and looked at one another, smiling slyly. In a distant corner behind a baby palm John O'Day blinked rapidly, turned pale, and leaned toward Vice President Grogan.

"What's the matter with Gil?" he asked in a hoarse whisper. "Has he gone crazy? Who got him up there?"

To these queries Mr. Grogan replied with a faint moaning gurgle. General Manager Breyton touched O'Day upon the sleeve and offered to step forward and drag Gil from the stage before he could do greater damage to a growing business, but the speaker was already slipping into second gear.

"Exhibitors, my eye!" he said, making a gesture of scorn. "You make me weary, and I don't give a good two or three words if you never show another one of my pictures. You don't know anything, and you look like it. You're so darned ignorant that you must have acquired it, because you couldn't have been born that way."

"Wow!" said a delegate from Maryland, rousing suddenly from a moment of sound slumber and deeming it time to applaud.

"The men," continued Gilfillan, "who manufacture motion pictures and have spent years at it are actually afraid of you theater owners, because you stand close to the people who pay for seats. They think you know what these people want. Yes, you do! You don't know any more about the requirements of the American public than my grandfather's crutch."

Laughter began and rippled through the ranks of the delegates, spreading from table to table.

"You're a bunch of reformed grocery-store keepers," continued the speaker. "If you happen to make money on a film it's a good movie; if you don't it's a bad one; and that's all you know about it. You don't even know that much till the next day. As for telling anybody in advance—apple sauce! You fell into this business by accident, and the idea of your telling us what to do out here gives me a severe pain in the neck."

Mr. Gilfillan pounded the table like a regular orator. The water glass fell off. There was a hearty outburst of applause and the convention began to rock with merriment.

"You and your pink reports!" Gil shouted, now warmed with his own words. "You ought to be made eat 'em. Producers read the danged things and then tell us what we must do to please you. Isn't that rich? If you knew anything about what the public wants, would you be running one-horse theaters in the tank towns of America? I ask you!"

"Hurray!" said an exhibitor, who was apparently limiting himself to a single word of approval.

"Drag him off that platform," O'Day begged of Mr. Grogan, who was shivering slightly and had begun to take on the gray pallor of slightly tainted liverwurst.

"We are ruined," announced the studio manager, looking through his pockets as if for a gun.

Gil's employers, the men who had brought him up from the ranks of obscurity and made him into a star, turned their wan faces to the front and listened in astonishment to the handclapping. They looked about them at the laughing faces.

"In conclusion," Gilfillan said bitterly, "I want to add that you are just a lot of extremely dumb merchants, engaged in trying to bluff the motion-picture producers of Hollywood into believing that you have your fingers upon the public pulse and can foretell what is required in film entertainment. You may fool them, but you don't fool me. The last few days showed you up, when you picked a bunch of ordinary extra girls and fell for their nonsense. That's how much you know about the movies. You can go home now. Divide this among you."

He blew a sarcastic kiss from his finger tips and stopped, and the convention burst into a genuine thunder of approval. All present laughed unrestrainedly. Delegates supported one another so that they could howl the more freely, and assured bystanders that here was unquestionably the funniest speech of this or any other convention. Wasn't he a droll bird, this Gilfillan? No wonder he had a reputation as a comic! They had all been looking for a surprise comedy gag, and this was it. Ho-ho-ho!

"Certainly is rich," sobbed a fat exhibitor from Iowa, wiping away the tears of mirth. "Nobody in the world but Gilfillan would have thought up such a stunt. Going on there, pretending to roast us! Get that, boys? Pretty slick, all right. He's a hot sketch if there ever was one."

"And," explained a delegate from New England, "the fun of it was the serious way the son of a gun went along, just like he meant every word he said. That boy is a great actor, and don't you forget it. He's more than a comedian."

Shorty Hamp had been standing below Gil during the recessional, trembling in terrified silence. It dawned upon him that all was not lost and that he and Gil could go on making comedies.

He climbed to the stand, raised his arm, and when the hubbub ceased he said simply, "And my name, gentlemen, is Napoleon Bonaparte."

That seemed to put a top upon it. The shirt fronts howled amain and protested that these two jesters, Gil and Shorty, would be the death of them. Little groups shouldered forward to shake hands with Gilfillan and assured him over and over that he was a card.

Shorty took his partner by the arm and led him through a side door into the silent watches of the night.

"That was a bright idea," Shorty said harshly. "We'll have to eat from now on, just the same as ever."

"I told 'em something, didn't I?" inquired Gil, who regarded the evening as ended. He went peacefully to sleep in the back seat of Shorty's sedan.

Messrs. O'Day and Grogan stood side by side and smilingly received congratulations—where they had expected cancellations. Gilfillan was referred to as a master comic and an inspired joker, and presently Major Wingfield, president of the Theater Owners Amalgamated and chairman of the convention, led John O'Day to one side and spoke in confidence.

"John," he said, "I'm going to tell you something, though I should not."

"What is it?" asked the executive, still a trifle shaky.

"Gil-and-Shorty comedies are pretty fair," said the major, "and I know how the delegates feel about them. If you happen to boost the rentals about 25 per cent from now on, it will be all right with everybody. We're making the money on them. But you don't have to tell anyone that I suggested it."

"Thank you, major," said O'Day. "They really are good comedies."

The following morning Gil's boss found him standing before an ancient set on the back lot, looking at it with a speculative eye, wondering if he could use it again, with minor changes, and save carpenter bills.

"Getting ready for the next picture?" the officer asked. Gil nodded. "Quite a speech you made last night," said O'Day.

"Was it?"

"Didn't seem to do any particular harm."

"Where there's no sense there's no feeling," said Gil.

He resumed his scrutiny of the weather-beaten set. "I think I can use this street again."

"That's good," spoke O'Day. "What is this new one to be about?"

"Oh, just another one of those things."

"Will it be funny?"

"If I could guarantee that it would be funny," said the star, "you'd be working for me. Nobody but an exhibitor can guarantee anything in this business."

He paused, lighted a cigarette and said, "There is one item of news about the next job—I have selected my leading lady without outside help."

"Who?"

"Bernardine Snow," said Gil, looking hard at his boss. "And I would like to have somebody tell me I can't use her. I would like to hear anyone complain of Bernardine and demand a pug-nosed flapper."

O'Day tapped his head comedian upon the shoulder.

"Gil," he said solemnly, "do it your own way. You make 'em and I'll sell 'em."

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

—for Farmers

Farmers today know machinery. Necessity has given them a mechanical bent. They appreciate simplicity of design, excellence of material and mechanical perfection . . . And, knowing values, they buy machinery carefully.

It is not by chance, then, that Graham Brothers G-BOY has enjoyed such marked preference among farmers needing a 1-Ton Truck.

Power from the time-tried Dodge Brothers engine . . . Rugged of frame . . . Heavy duty three-speed transmission . . . Bevel gear final drive . . . Comfort . . . Bodies of various types, box, stake, canopy, all-purpose, stock rack . . . a 1-Ton Truck complete in every detail at a price made possible only by Graham Brothers tremendous production.

Graham Brothers 1, 1½ and 2-Ton Trucks and ¾-Ton Commercial Cars meet 91% of all hauling needs. They are sold complete, ready to work, with bodies to fit any business.

¾-TON COMMERCIAL CHASSIS	$ 670
1-TON CHASSIS (G-BOY)	885
1½-TON CHASSIS	1245
2-TON CHASSIS	1445*

*Disc Wheels With Dual Rear, Optional
Prices f. o. b. Detroit

GRAHAM BROTHERS
EVANSVILLE · DETROIT · STOCKTON
A DIVISION OF DODGE BROTHERS, Inc.
GRAHAM BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED, TORONTO, ONTARIO

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

In oil heat -

"During the two seasons we have had Oilomatic heat, my expectations have been fully realized. Its performance has left nothing to be desired and any service it has required has been rendered promptly. The satisfaction we have received from it cannot be measured."

In his comfortable home in Seattle, Mr. Stuart enjoys all the benefits of Oilomatic heat

OIL-O-MATIC

as in everything else –

E. A. Stuart, president of the Carnation Milk Products Co. and of the Carnation Milk Farms is united only with the best available

Miracle Man, five gaited gelding, Blue Ribbon winner. Don Reavis up. Owned by E. A. Stuart of Seattle

UNDER Mr. Stuart's direction, Carnation Milk has become a world leader. His policy of square dealing in every particular and of insisting on the highest quality laid the foundation for its success.

How natural then, in selecting heating equipment for his own home, that he should choose the oil burner that afforded the same qualities that he has always stressed for his own product—*cleanliness, convenience and economy*. The oil burner that had achieved leadership solely on universal satisfaction. And after two full heating seasons he says that the satisfaction he has received cannot be measured.

More Than a Change in Fuel

Like all home owners in Seattle, he had a wider choice of heating methods than those living in practically any other city. Coal is cheap. Wood is plentiful. The gas rate is very low. And even electricity is available for home heating.

But Mr. Stuart is not the only home owner in Seattle who is congratulating himself on having Oilomatic heat. Right in this very territory Oil-O-Matic has established its strongest claim to leadership. During the month of April, 1926, more Oil-O-Matics were bought in Seattle and the Pacific Northwest than in any other section of the country.

For Oil-O-Matic means more than a change in fuel. To Mr. Stuart it meant complete detachment from the whole problem of heating. A heating service that anticipates weather changes and of its own volition regulates the temperature of the home accordingly. He appreciated that he could enjoy this great luxury without paying the slightest premium. For Oil-O-Matic is designed and built to operate on the cheapest domestic heating oil on the market.

THE happy experience of the many thousands who have been enjoying Oilomatic heat from one to eight years, can be duplicated in your home. Whatever its size. Whether your present heating plant be steam, hot water or warm air. All that you need do is phone your local Oilomatician. He has the organization, facilities and financial responsibility to assure you complete satisfaction. If you prefer to extend the payments over a year, he has a plan that offers you this privilege. For the full story, send the coupon below today for a copy of "OIL HEATING at its best." Illustrated in colors.

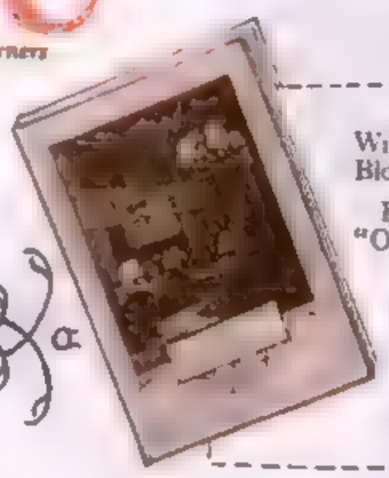
Segis Pietertje Prospect—world's champion cow, all ages, all breeds, one of a herd of seven hundred registered Holsteins, the largest in the world, owned by the Carnation Milk Farms. Her record of 37,381 pounds of milk in a year—more than 48 quarts per day for 365 consecutive days, is ten times the yearly production of the average cow.

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING

World's largest producer of automatic oil burners

The world's greatest oil burner in Mr. Stuart's basement

HEAT



Williams Oil-O-Matic Heating Corp.
Bloomington, Ill.

Please send me without obligation a copy of "OIL HEATING at its best." S E P 427

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

The SYMBOL of her pride in you!

IN OTHER YEARS when ships come in, you may boast more gold than ever Midas fingered. But never again will you make so important a purchase as *the solitaire*.

Her engagement ring . . . a symbol of her pride in you and the standard by which her friends will find your measure.

Take counsel then of your jeweler. Let his integrity and experience guide you in selecting the ring that will bring enduring happiness to you both.

for

GIFTS THAT *LAST*

Modern Modes in Jewelry

¶ There is a revival of the custom of the woman presenting her fiancé with a betrothal ring when she receives her own treasured symbol. Thousands of men are wearing engagement rings

Consult your Jeweler

PEOPLE VERSUS DENLINE

(Continued from Page 33)

"Give us two dollars for it, boss, and never mind where I got it," said the man then loudly. "It's worth thoity, I tell you."

"Get away from me," growled MacGowen, hurling the garment from him and rising. "None of your bluffs. You're a thief, and I want nothing to do with you. Get away!" He reached back with his foot and kicked the brown bag.

"Here, you," said the clerk. "Get out of here!"

The man went out slowly, silently daring the clerk to try to hurry him.

"That's the worst of this building," said the clerk, deigning to be apologetic. "Somebody's always coming in to peddle bent goods. He probably snitched that coat just now on Seventh Avenue off a rack some cloak-and-suiter was pushing across the street and watching the traffic."

"I dare say he knows his market," said MacGowen crustily.

"And his customer," retorted the clerk then with equal independence.

Levison reappeared now and said that Doc Nohl had agreed to accept the check and to give a satisfaction piece. When the check had been given and the bond and mortgage recovered for cancellation, the lawyer and his client left the office.

"He saw reason," said Levison triumphantly. "Oh, he's no fool." He glanced at the brown bag. "I told him his eighty-five thousand dollars was waiting for him in cold cash, and he could take it or leave it. Didn't I tell you he'd take the check?"

The time was 12:30. There was a man in white overalls and painter's cap in the fifth-floor hallway outside Doc Nohl's door; he was carrying a bucket of yellow paint. This man approached the two men who were leaving Apartment 5-G. They were passing him when he seemed to trip in a fold of the canvas on the floor; the bucket tilted, and a fair half of its contents were decanted over MacGowen's forearm and wrist and the brown bag in his hand.

MacGowen jumped aside with a profane ejaculation. "You awkward ass!" he cried, holding the dripping bag from him at the tips of relaxed fingers and looking down to see what harm had come to his trousers.

"Accidents will happen, boss," said the painter. He shot out a spotted hand and plucked the bag from MacGowen.

"Here," cried MacGowen, following him, but hesitating to lay hold of the bag. "Where are you going with that?"

"I'll clean it off for you, boss," said the painter, going to the window. They saw him put the bag into loose canvas, roll the fabric about it, and commence to rub.

"Let go of it," ordered MacGowen, laying hold of the canvas.

"Let me fix it for you," insisted the painter officiously.

"Drop it, do you hear?"

The canvas, bulked out with the object of the painter's solicitude, rose between the men. MacGowen pulled and the painter resisted generously. The painter suddenly ceased his effort, shrugging his shoulders; the canvas, one edge of which was tacked outside the window, gave to MacGowen.

"There it goes, boss!" cried the painter.

The canvas had bellied emptily; almost at once a crash of breaking glass sounded in the court.

"It fell out!" called Levison, leaning over the sill to look. "Quick, let's get down there!"

He lost interest in the painter and instinctively followed the brown bag. A stairway was at hand. He bolted to it, leaped down the first flight, spun himself about with a gripped newel post, and sprang down again. He had caught a fleeting glimpse of the painter retreating down the fifth-floor hallway before the menacing MacGowen

He had had a good look at the man, however, during the episode at the window, and he was at no loss when the police asked him for a description, later in the day. He said the fellow was tall and thin, about thirty years of age, with long and thin face and a grotesquely long chin; he described Chin Rorty very well, and the police were pat with the name.

But now he fled downward, with no thought but of the endangered eighty-five thousand dollars. He supposed that MacGowen was even then ringing the elevator bell furiously and shouting to the operator. He did not hear any pistol shots.

The shots—three in number—were heard by Dr. Abdul Elias, a quaint Levantine who lived and practiced black art on the fifth floor near the offices of Doc Nohl. Doctor Elias was in the act of selling an extraordinarily contorted ginseng root to a rich Mott Street importer, and had just said "Seventy dollars," when the row started in the hall outside, ruining his atmosphere. He went to his door to beg his fellow tenants to give him a chance at the Chinaman, and he saw the painter go by and MacGowen pressing after. The painter made the turn toward the elevator, vanishing, and MacGowen followed; and then the gun went off. Doctor Elias closed his door and sold his root, and then made inquiries. MacGowen had been found in the hallway stone dead, shot three times; Doctor Elias saw his duty and went to the police, although there was nothing in it for him but bother.

Levison's flight downstairs was more rapid than its telling. He emerged into the main hall, looked at the floor covered with shattered glass and at the jagged hole in the glass roof, and shouted to the colored elevator boy. The colored boy came in slowly from the street vestibule, his large eyes glancing cautiously.

"I don't know nothing about this here, boss," said the boy. "I didn't see no satchel."

"Why, it came right through the ceiling there! It was thrown out of a window."

"Not by me, boss. I wasn't even upstairs. I was out there on the steps talking to a friend of mine up the block. I didn't throw no satchel out of no window, boss."

"Of course not, but you must have seen what happened to it. Where's that man who was waiting here?"

"Red-headed person, about thirty-five, with a tooth out?"

"Yes."

"Big Orrishman with bad eyes, chewing tobacco?"

"Yes!"

"Don't know, boss. Didn't see him. Guess I don't know who you mean. No, I don't know nothing about this here."

This colored boy's memory was better when he was questioned by the district attorney and threatened with jail. He remembered Steve Denline then, having seen him sitting in the alcove, and said that he saw him going down the stairs to the basement immediately after the crash. Upon being urged to remember more, and being told that his oath called for an exact statement, he recalled successively that Denline bore a bundle, that the bundle was brown, and that it looked like a hand bag. He was evidently anxious to please.

The district attorney was sure that the boy had seen Steve Denline leaving the hall, and we, too, may take that much as fact. A half hour later Steve Denline was found several hundred feet away, in a deep rear court. His right ankle was sprained; he had jumped a sheer twenty feet from a board fence into the court, and had been unable to get out of this *oubliette*. The bag was not found; he had no part of the money with him. He professed amazement and indignation when put under arrest. When told that MacGowen had been killed, he became pale and quiet and went along tractably.

II

A POLICE magistrate held Steve Denline to answer, and in due course he was indicted for murder in the first degree. The theory of the indictment was that he had conspired with Chin Rorty to rob MacGowen, and was therefore equally responsible with Chin Rorty for anything done by either in the commission of the premeditated felony. The case against him was not the strongest or most appealing, and it is believed that the district attorney, in the exercise of a justifiable discretion, pressed for the indictment so that he might hold Steve Denline without bail while he sought for his putative accomplice. Steve Denline lay in the Tombs.

New York at this time was feeling sorry for criminals, and fearing that they were not being given every possible chance to beat their cases. Business was generally poor, and citizens didn't have much money in their pockets or safes, and robbers and murderers didn't always get enough to fee a good lawyer; wherefore, in all too many instances, criminals caught red-handed were run through the mill of justice and railroaded to Sing Sing with hardly time enough to give a hearty curse. That was bad. The local bar was urged to do something, and a number of lawyers of great reputation and income promptly volunteered to defend gratis any criminal who was down on his luck. Among these charitable men who would be content with the advertising was the notorious little shyster who was then leader of the local criminal bar—Counselor Ambrose Hinkle—Little Amby. To him was assigned the defense of Steve Denline when the latter pleaded poverty.

In connection with the Denline case, the little advocate gave to the newspapers a lurid story of police brutality. It was unfair of him to do so, since he must have known the truth of the story, but no one had ever accused Little Amby of fighting fairly. He himself was wont to say hearteningly to his clients, "When I fight, I put on the brass knuckles!" Because of New York's great foreign-born population, used to foreign police methods, it is always easy, and is a stock device of shyster lawyers, to raise a tumult against the Finest. Little Amby had underground wires leading to police headquarters, branching out to the precincts, but the one by which this incident came to him has not been uncovered, and we cannot follow it now. It is certain that the story of Inspector Conlin's interview with Lottie Dimbar went hot to Little Amby's den in Centre Street by the Tombs Prison.

An alarm was out for Chin Rorty, who had vanished from his accustomed haunts. The police had these places under surveillance, and went methodically about the business of collaring the man's underworld associates and bringing them down to police headquarters and giving them each an exclusive interview with Police Inspector Conlin, then the rasping-voiced and steady-eyed head of the detective bureau. Among these associates, and most hopefully watched of them, was pretty Lottie Dimbar, alias Scranton Lottie. She was Chin Rorty's best girl, the lady in whom he found refuge and sympathy and upon whom he hung the proceeds of his irregular enterprises. In due course Lottie found herself sitting in Inspector Conlin's waiting room beside a handsome young detective.

Through the open door she saw Inspector Conlin sitting at his desk. He looked hard. He was hard. His face was hard, his hands were hard, his head was hard, but hardest of all was his heart. More kindly looking men were in Sing Sing; Inspector Conlin had sent them there. He was bald on top, but there were no self-pitying wisps drawn across the shining nakedness; what was left of his hair was cut down to the roots. His eyebrows were bushy and disfiguring; his neck was thick and red; his little black eyes lurked in cavernous sockets and were as human as buttons. The muscles of his face were indicated by furrows. Part of his job, and perhaps the

IPANA

every morning

IPANA

every evening

FOR just one month brush your gums and your teeth twice a day with Ipana Tooth Paste.

First, your teeth will become whiter, brighter and more brilliant. Next, you will see a decided improvement in the health of your gums—for Ipana's ziratol content tones the gums, making them firm and resistant to disease.

And all the while, Ipana's delicious taste and refreshing flavor will make every session with the brush a treat rather than a task!

IPANA

Tooth Paste

BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY, NEW YORK

Look for the White Shirt in "The Box with the Window"

Red $2! Green $3! Blue $4!

"Step up to the Window, gentlemen, and get the Red for $2, the Green for $3, and the Blue for $4!"

WHAT am I talking about?——Shirts, of course! WHITE shirts! *Lustray* Shirts of glistening white English Broadcloth! White Lustrays with red labels, green labels, blue labels. Genuine imported fabrics. Sturdy! Strong! Lustrous! Brilliant!

Three standard qualities of broadcloth. Three standard prices—$2, $3, $4. But one—and only one—standard of shirt-making—the *best!* A shirt made to *fit*—made by the same makers as my famous Buck Skein outdoor Shirt—makers of fine shirts for the past fifty years—shirts that have sold in millions.

For your Easter holiday buy a Lustray. Buy a Lustray with a Gold Bond Guarantee—a guarantee which says:

YOUR MONEY BACK—
or a new Shirt, if Lustray does not give Long Wear, Wash Well and Fit Perfectly

All Lustrays are cut large and roomy, yet shapely. Coat style, of course. Fine stitching. Buttons like pearls—and they stick to their post, too! You can have Lustrays with attached collars, pocket and the new style cuffs fastened with extra large pearly buttons. Or Lustrays with pre-shrunk neckbands and turn-back French cuffs.

The Red Label Lustray at $2
is made of the best imported English broadcloth you can find anywhere at $2. Woven from long fibre cotton. This insures a sturdy, firm fabric that gives long, satisfactory wear.

The Green Label Lustray at $3
is a finer grade of imported broadcloth—lustrous, free from imperfections. Woven from Egyptian cotton—Egypt, you know, is where the world's finest cotton is grown. Washes beautifully.

The Blue Label Lustray at $4
When you see it you'll say it's *silk!* But, being truthful, I'll have to contradict you. It *does* look like silk, but it will outwear and outlast any silk made. For the radiant, glowing Lustray sheen is worked into the yarn itself. Wear it and wash it *every day in the week* and that brilliant sheen *can never be washed out!*

Now, go to any store and ask for Lustray. You'll see them on the counter in "The Box with the Window"—that box in the picture—the box with the dust-proof, dirt-proof, glass-paper protector. Or if, for some reason, you can't find Lustray, here is my coupon. Order direct. The Guarantee will give you your money back if you are displeased, *even after you've worn* your Lustray!"

Buck Skein Joe

The "Thumb-and-Finger" Test. Free
Test the $2, $3, and $4 grades of Lustray Broadcloths by your sense of touch. Send for miniature Lustray "Box with the Window", containing samples of Red Green and Blue Lustray Broadcloths, and complete information on Lustray Shirts Free. The coupon will bring it quickly.

Lustberg Nast & Co., Inc., Dept. S-4, 329 Broadway, New York City
Kindly see that I get as marked below.
(How many?)
White Lustray Shirts at $2
White Lustray Shirts at $3
White Lustray Shirts at $4
Attached collar ... Neckband style
My collar size is ...
I enclose $ ... money order ☐ check ☐
Send me Free Lustray Test Box
Name ...
Address ...
City ... State ...

LUSTBERG NAST & CO., INC.
329 Broadway,
New York, N.Y.
Makers of
BUCK SKEIN SHIRTS & JACKETS AND BUCK JACK The Outdoor Leatherjacket

most important part, was to talk to criminals and their friends. He preferred to be known as a heartless brute who cared nothing for constitutional rights and immunities and who would readily hit a visitor on the nose. He looked the part to the life, and rejoiced in the fear and hatred of the underworld.

"He's not a bad skate if you come clean with him," said the young detective. "If you don't, he's liable to haul off and knock you galley-west."

"He wouldn't hit a woman," said Lottie.

"Only with his hands," said the detective. "But what I saw him do to a yegg in here two weeks ago! He whipped out a persuader and made a stretcher case in three swings."

"I read about that," said Lottie. "They said the guy threw the ink bottle."

"They said," said the detective, winking. "Say, he gets away with murder. You better come clean with him, Lottie."

"If he hits me I'll kill him. Don't there have to be a matron in the room when he examines a woman?"

"Well, that's a rule," said the detective contemptuously. "What does Conlin care about rules? Say, he eats rules, core and all."

The outer door to the waiting room was hurled open and a woman was dragged in by two detectives. Her hat was partly over her face, but a blue welt showed across her cheek; her dress was torn, exposing a plump left shoulder. She was shrieking in obscene rage. She was thrust across the room and into Inspector Conlin's chamber.

"Gosh," said Lottie mildly.

"Who's this?" demanded the inspector. "Take her out again. I want to see Chin Rorty's girl."

"This is her," said one of the men holding the noisy prisoner.

"Is Furniss outside there?"

"Yes, sir," answered the detective beside Lottie, jumping up.

"Did you bring the Dimbar girl?"

"She's here, sir."

"This is the other one," explained one of the other detectives. "This is Rorty's new skirt that I told you about."

"Very well, I'll take her first. Close that door."

The detective closed the indicated door, shutting Lottie from sight and hearing of what went on in the inquisition chamber.

"Say," she said, turning to the young detective, "did you hear what that dick called that skirt that just went in there?"

"I didn't hear him," said Furniss. He lounged lazily in his chair.

"Furniss!" A civilian clerk with a pen behind his ear appeared in the outer doorway. "Come out here and fill in that Bassett report while you got a chance."

"Can't it wait?" said Furniss, rising reluctantly. He spoke to Lottie. "Sit right where you are or jump out that window; it's the only way out." He left the room, shutting the door.

Lottie looked about the deserted room, got up, and went to Inspector Conlin's door. She laid her ear to the panel. The voices of the people within became louder, but were still not to be understood. She looked over her shoulder and tried the knob.

She turned it and pressed the door in. It creaked twice, but she trusted that the inquisitors were too interested in their work to notice. She brought the door to a hair-line crack, sat in a chair beside it and bent to listen.

"—— Atlantic City," said the inspector.

Lottie's eyes widened suddenly.

"Well?" grated the inspector. "You were there with Chin Rorty. He met you at Manhattan Transfer, and you went with him to Atlantic City and put up at a hotel on the Boardwalk."

"No," said the woman doggedly. "You can cut my head off."

"You won't talk?" Lottie heard a chair shoved back, and the sound of a blow. The woman screamed shortly.

"You might have broke her nose, inspector," said one of the detectives.

"I'll spoil her looks," snarled Conlin, "Come, don't fake a flop. Were you or weren't you?"

"Yes, oh, yes, but don't hit me again," wailed the woman. "It wasn't at Manhattan Transfer. It was at Trenton, because he said there might be somebody along. I was on the platform, and he gave me the office it was all right to get on. That was two weeks ago, and we went to Atlantic City. I was at the hotel, but he wasn't, because some dame was coming to see him every Saturday from New York."

"Was it Lottie Dimbar?"

"I don't know. Oh, I don't know! I never seen her, cross my heart. If you hit me, I'll say it was her, but I don't know who it was. Wouldn't I turn her up for you if I could? Chin threw me off when I followed him. He said he had to see her because she was crazy about him, and she knew too much. But he ain't got any use for her."

Lottie's face was a study in jealous rage. She listened with all her ears.

"Who paid your way at Atlantic City?"

"Chin Rorty, of course."

"Did he give you any money?"

"Some to spend. He'd slip me a century every little while."

"Where did you get this diamond bracelet—this one you were wearing when you were brought in?" There was no answer. "Well?"

"I bought that out of my own money, cross my heart."

"You lie. That bracelet is worth four or five thousand dollars. Where did you get it? Quick!"

"Don't do it! Chin Rorty gave it to me. He bought it for me in Atlantic City. An auction on the Boardwalk."

Lottie jumped up, gave the knob a yank that closed the door noisily, and sat down in her chair. She smiled genially at Furniss when he returned.

"Bring in Lottie Dimbar," ordered a detective, opening the inspector's door.

Lottie strode into the room with her head high. She smiled genially at the grim inspector, and sneered at the weeping and disheveled woman who sat beside a detective at the farther side of the room.

"Now we'll hear from you," rasped the inspector, fastening his baleful glance on Lottie. "If you don't read the newspapers and know how we handle people here, you'll find out short and sweet. Do you know Chin Rorty?"

"Sure," smiled Lottie. "He's my sweetie."

"Where is he?"

"Search me."

"Come, you'll talk!"

"Inspector," said Lottie with a candid air, "can the comedy. The last time I seen Chin he was so hungry he could eat a Raines Law sandwich and a tin plate. You tipped your mitt when you pulled that stuff about Chin buying this dame diamond bracelets. Pretzels he might buy, but he would eat one himself and put the other in his pocket for supper. You got a good act there, inspector, and I was giving you a big hand until you pulled that bone."

"You've been listening, have you?"

"And darned well you knew it."

"You're Chin Rorty's holdout."

"And me working ten hours a day down in the old department store? It ain't human nature. Ask yourself, inspector."

"Take her out, Furniss, and hold her."

When Lottie and her escort were gone, the inspector took a paper bag of gumdrops from a drawer and put one in his mouth to take the rasp from his throat. The woman rose from her chair, went to a washstand and washed the blue welt from her face.

"Do you believe her?" asked the inspector in a plaintive and musical voice.

"Quite a little," said his late victim, doing up her hair before the mirror.

"If Chin Rorty had the money, it is an open-and-shut sure thing that she would go up in the air when she heard he was blowing it on you. Especially since she's working for a living; we know she is."

(Continued on Page 148)

SERVEL
Model S-5
Recommended for the small family or where kitchen space is limited. Food storage capacity 5 cu. ft. with 7½ sq. ft. shelf space. Makes 48 ice cubes at one freezing
Model S-7
Will serve adequately the family of medium size. Food storage capacity 7 cu. ft. with 10½ sq. ft. shelf space. Makes 80 ice cubes at one freezing
Model S-10
Designed for the large family or the more elaborate home with frequent guests. Food storage capacity 10 cu. ft. with 12½ sq. ft. shelf space. Makes 120 ice cubes at one freezing

When choosing your Electric Refrigerator . . . look beyond accepted conveniences . . . Servel is built better—for longer service, greater economy

Sooner or later you will want an Electric Refrigerator —with its countless new conveniences—the stamp of up-to-dateness in the modern kitchen . . . But before deciding which make yours will be, you will seek beyond accepted things . . . ice cubes, frozen desserts, food preservation, time and energy-saving . . . You'll measure comparative values, to find the utmost your money can buy in really dependable, economical, *lasting* service . . . A revelation awaits you in the new Servel—from the smart, practical beauty of its design and finish, through every detail of its advanced cabinet construction—heavier steel—better insulation—to its simplified mechanical equipment . . . Servel is built to give more years of faithful, quiet, low cost operation . . . Servel employs the *coldest refrigerant*, the "Duplex" machine, controlled automatically by *internal pressure* . . . Let your dealer prove these and many other superiorities . . . and how easily you can purchase Servel—a small first payment, the balance out of your household budget extended over a convenient term of months . . . And once you've enjoyed the advantages of Servel refrigeration you will wonder how you ever managed without it.

Servel is sold and serviced by more electric light and power companies than any other refrigerator. Also by franchised dealers everywhere

SERVEL CORPORATION
51 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of the new illustrated book "How to Choose Your Electric Refrigerator."

Name

Address

© 1927 S C N Y

Take the Short Cut — from dictation *to* signature

Dictate

EDISON gives you the short, direct way of handling correspondence without delay. Dictate to the Ediphone. Every thought that occurs to you, whether it is a memorandum, telegram or a reply to a letter you have just read, is dispatched when the idea is on the tip of your tongue.

Think what this means to business: Thousands of executives are gaining, without effort, fully forty minutes a day, which amounts to a whole month in a year. Secretaries operate like a telephone central, receiving the dictated cylinders with none of the old delay from writing letters twice, once in the notebook and again in type.

There is nothing to learn. Responsible Edison service is at your door to guarantee continuous success.

Place an Ediphone at your desk. Prove what we say. Experience the benefit of Edison's fifty years of development. Mail the coupon below, or telephone "The Ediphone," your city.

Thomas A. Edison, Inc.

WORLD-WIDE SERVICE

LABORATORY AND GENERAL OFFICES, *Orange, N. J.*
LONDON OFFICE, *164 Wardour St., London, W. 1*

Ediphone

Thos. A. Edison's New Dictating Machine

Send this coupon

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Ediphone Division, Orange, N. J.
Please send me your two 16-page booklets, "Getting Action" and "Buyer's Guide," describing the equipment awarded the Grand Prize at the Sesqui-Centennial.

Name

Firm

Address

(Continued from Page 146)

"I thought so," said the woman philosophically.

The inspector chewed his gumdrop and extracted some mollification from it. "A great actress was lost, Mrs. Feeney, when you joined the force. I'll talk to Scranton Lottie again, but I guess there's no doubt that Chin Rorty is broke. He didn't get any part of that eighty-five thousand dollars. Well, if he didn't, who did? Where's the holdout?"

III

THERE was a rehash of the MacGowen murder and robbery in the Sunday newspapers of October 5, 1913, and a full list of the serial numbers of the vanished currency was published. On the following Monday Little Amby gave Steve Denline the cheering information that he had applied to a justice of the Supreme Court to admit the prisoner to bail and that the indications were promising.

"It's about time," said Steve, lifting his tawny head from his chest for a disgusted look around the counsel chamber in the Tombs. "Counselor, I wasn't no gunman when they took and run me in here, but I am now, or mighty soon will be. The way I been feeling, laying in this hole, I could croak a whole row of guys without getting up a sweat. What, me rob Joe MacGowen, who found me when I was a tin dipper and raised me to be a pail!"

He threw out a heavy hand, and his voice lifted to a hoarse shout.

"There I was sitting in that little place, looking at funny pitchers when I hear the bag come through the roof in the hall. I didn't see nothing, only I heard, counselor, and I didn't get excited, being that I was strange around there, so I put my finger on the pitcher I'm looking at, and I come out to see what is coming off.

"Well, there is the marble floor all covered with chips of glass and there is a hole in the ceiling big enough to jump through, and I stand there figuring. I see painters before then, and I figure someone drops a brush or falls off a scaffold, and that's all right, but then, thinks I, where is the brush or the painter? See the point, counselor?"

"Very shrewdly taken, Steve," said Little Amby, sitting beside him and putting an arm across his shoulders. "Let that go. Tell me ——"

"I'm telling you, counselor. Well, I figure that out, but I go further. I figure somebody nips it up from the floor and lams off with it."

"With what, Steve?"

"That's the point, counselor. Now you got it. Well, I look around, and I don't see nothing but the dinge coming in from the street, so I figure whatever falls down must have gone down the stairs into the basement, and I go down to see. Well, I don't see nothing, when I hear another crash, and a guy comes busting by me in the dark and lams out the door into the rear yard. I holler for him to hold up and have a talk, but he is not talking."

"We were all over that. He came down a dumb-waiter. However ——"

"Now you're getting it. He comes down a dumb-waiter like a thief. I go where he come from, and there's the dumb-waiter door open where he just jumps out. So, figuring Joe MacGowen is upstairs with a bank roll as big around as that, there is going to be nobody coming down dumb-waiters without seeing Steve Denline. Am I right, counselor? You'd do the same thing yourself. So I bust out into the back yard to collar this gent, and I see him going over a board fence away off there. Well, him and me done the steeplechase over the fences, and the next thing is I am looking in a deep yard. Well, I figure, he done it and so can I, and I bust my ankle, and the door out of the yard is bolted against me anyway. He went through that door."

"He wasn't wearing overalls?"

"Well, they found the set of overhauls in that cellar we come from, you know, counselor. You told me so. When he would come to a fence he would throw MacGowen's bag over ahead of him."

"Sure of that?"

"Absolutely. I didn't see the bag, so he must have slung it over the fence."

"But if your man came down the dumb-waiter shaft he didn't have the bag, because the bag had fallen into the hall."

"That's so too. You think quick, counselor. Well, maybe he—look here, counselor, you yourself told me the guy come down the dumb-waiter."

"You're getting mixed, Steve," chuckled Little Amby. The large diamonds in his rings winked and flared as he struck a match on a gold cigarette case and lit a gold-tipped cigarette. He looked at Steve Denline sharply and there was nothing of indulgent good humor in the luminous black eyes in his narrow face. "Do you know Doc Nohl, Denline?"

"No, sir."

"Be right, now. You probably wouldn't be here if you hadn't forgotten that you knew Chin Rorty."

"Well, I don't know this Doc Nohl, and I don't know no Chin Rorty either," said Steve stoutly. "Because you drink a beer with a guy at the Island Saturday night don't say you know him. A guy will say 'What will you have?' And you can't take a shingle off the roof. Well, you buy back, and you get to chewing the fat with him. Well, maybe he is a robber, and he asks if you are the same. Well, if he is a gentleman, you are going to say in a nice way you got other ideas, and shake him."

"He knew who you were, Steve, when he spoke to you."

"But about this Doc Nohl. I know of him, counselor. Who don't? Wasn't he the master mind when those gamblers cleaned up big on a World Series? Wasn't he hooked up with that big bucket-shop case last year?"

"I'm wondering," said Little Amby, looking steadily at his client, "if Doc Nohl wasn't planning more than a squeeze of a thousand or so when he caused MacGowen to draw that cash and bring it to his office."

There was nothing helpful in Steve Denline's blue eyes. Little Amby ground out his cigarette on the stone floor and rose to go.

"It happens that I know Doc Nohl quite well myself," he said, drawing a colored-silk handkerchief from the breast pocket of his blue-and-green-check suit and passing it around the rim of his smart gray derby hat. "I've met him at the track and on Broadway, and he's very good company. I expect the pleasure of playing cards with the gentleman tonight."

"You'll lose, counselor."

"I feel sure of it," said Little Amby with a resigned shrug of his narrow and expensively tailored shoulders. "I never felt so unlucky. I'm going to bank the game, too, so that I won't have a chance to welsh."

Little Amby sat at a poker table in a private room of the Abernathy Hotel that night. The game—a stiff one for the days when a dollar was not small change—was an institution on Broadway. Its fund of occasional players was large; Little Amby was one of the regulars. Any good sport, not a professional gambler, could sit in after a casual introduction. Theater managers, popular actors, well-to-do business and professional men who hated to go to bed were the game's patrons.

A round-bodied and jolly-looking man of middle age sat across the green baize from Little Amby and looked at him frequently but inoffensively. This man played his cards close to a square brown beard, eying them through gold-rimmed spectacles astride a fleshy nose. He was a naïve fellow, unaffectedly merry, laughing gratifiedly when he took a pot, stretching thick red lips over heavy and regular teeth, and flashing a look of triumph from protruding blue eyes.

The company were constrained to like him *pro tempore*, though they knew more or less intimately how he made his money. He was a cheerful winner, and that was flattery. They knew he was strong enough financially to have forced the adoption of a

new rule in Wall Street trading—that Curb stocks should not be bought on margin. The gentleman was credited with having made a sizable fortune before the adoption of the rule. He would buy a worthless invention, incorporate and capitalize for a million, put the stock on the Curb, wash up the price, and then send men to other cities to buy the worthless stock on margin. The unfortunate brokers with whom his men dealt paid a hundred cents on the dollar for the stock; when they were well loaded the jolly gentleman's emissaries forfeited their skin-tight margins and left the brokers holding the bag. It was a swindle, but was for a time within the law.

He had been introduced to the company by one Selfridge Harrison, a wealthy idler for whom Little Amby had successfully defended an action for divorce. Harrison had said, "Doc Nohl, gentlemen." He had then added, with a humor that caused Doc Nohl to laugh explosively and to clap him on the back, "Watch your hat and coat."

Doc Nohl was rather lucky. Little Amby, who chanced to be banking the game, paid him two hundred and eighty dollars in twenty-dollar bills. They then turned to the champagne and Abernathy sandwiches.

The morning newspapers of Friday, October 10, 1913, had a worthy morsel of news for New York's breakfast tables, and they served it up as the *pièce de résistance*. Edward Batten Nohl, alias Doc Nohl, had been arrested as the result of having passed one of the twenty-dollar bills taken at the time of the MacGowen murder, and had been thrown into the Tombs. He had refused to comment on his plight or to explain his possession of the stolen bills.

The newspapers said that he had retained Counselor Ambrose Hinkle, of Centre Street, to defend him. This was not so; he had had the office of Little Amby called on the telephone again and again, and had waited with patience, but had finally been compelled to take other legal advice.

IV

LATE in the morning of the said October 10, 1913, Lottie Dimbar stood behind the piece-goods counter in Ohlman's Big Store, on Sixth Avenue. A man came quickly to the counter, handed Lottie an envelope, and said curtly, "Match that up." As she opened the envelope the man said in a half whisper, "The big fellow wants to do the right thing." He turned sharply and walked away.

"What was that last remark?" called Lottie. "Hey, mister!"

She drew the inclosures from the envelope. There were a fragment of a one-hundred-dollar bill, a newspaper clipping, and a typewritten letter without signature. The clipping was the list of serial numbers published in the newspapers of the preceding Sunday. With a thrill of understanding, Lottie looked in the list for the number on the fragment, and found it. She read the letter.

"Where are you going, Dimbar?" demanded the aisle captain.

"Out, you sap," said Lottie, brushing by him.

She put on her hat and coat, emerged from the employes' exit, and looked keenly up and down the street. She hailed a cab and kept it waiting while she had another careful look about. Then she said, "Listen, sport: I'm buying the first quarter mile, see? There's a john trailing me, and I want to duck him, so I'll hop out right around the corner, and you keep on going, see? Here's a quarter."

"Right, sister," said the obliging driver, opening the door. "Who's the john—your husband?" He drove down the block and whisked around the corner, when his fare departed nimbly as agreed.

Lottie ran into a delicatessen, ordered a ham sandwich, and watched the street. When she was convinced that the pursuit, if any, had gone on after the cab, she came from the store and hurried to a telegraph station, whence she sent a wire to Atlantic City. Lottie's wording of the telegram was economical: "See papers. Sugar. Come. L."

The man who had given her the envelope in Ohlman's was Sol Cohen, Little Amby's managing clerk.

On the following afternoon, being Saturday afternoon, Sol Cohen walked on Broadway between Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth streets. He carried a brown satchel, and looked even more flabby and yellow than usual. Cohen was an expert criminal lawyer, and violence—on paper—was a commonplace of his daily work, but he strove with consistent success to avoid any part in violence *in esse*. Fright had ironed the lines of cunning from Cohen's fat face and he looked simple and appealing.

A cab which had its flag down, but which seemed to be cruising, was rolling slowly along Broadway after Cohen; now, finding a space free of parked cars, it turned in to the curb. It kept rolling right along, but its door opened and the fare leaned out and signed to Cohen. Cohen stepped to the curb, handed the brown bag to the man in the cab, and jumped back to erase himself from the scenery. The door of the cab closed; the vehicle speeded up, shot down Broadway, and turned westward on Fifty-fourth Street.

No sooner had the cab door closed behind the brown bag than police whistles shrilled on Broadway and traffic was halted. The westward turn of the cab took it out of this difficulty, but only to find another obstacle. Before it had proceeded a hundred yards it was heading into a jam. There was a garage on the north side of Fifty-fourth Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue, and out of this garage there had wheeled a large and leisurely truck, only to stall in the middle of the highway.

The cab driver was sounding his horn and looking for an opening to shoot through when a police car crowded in alongside him and an unpleasant but compelling voice said, "Pull over there and stop!" The voice being that of a patrolman on the running board of the new arrival, and being backed by a show of weapons, disobedience was unthinkable. The driver found his indicated berth, halted his car and felt for his cigarettes. He did not even look behind him, though he heard a short and brisk struggle going on there. He obeyed like a lamb the uncultured voice that now said, "Drive around to the station house!"

In the local station house waited Inspector Conlin, Little Amby, Steve Denline and an assistant district attorney. The disordered passenger from the cab and the philosophic driver were marched in.

"Ah, my talented friend, Chin Rorty," rasped the inspector.

"That's the man!" exclaimed Steve Denline. "That's him that bought the drinks and wanted me to help him rob a lot of money!"

"Did you find him the way we were tipped, officer?"

"Yes, sir," said one of the men who had made the arrest. "The holdout that passed him the bag ducked into a store and I don't know if he was grabbed."

"Let's have a look in it," said the assistant district attorney. He and Little Amby bent over the bag.

"This looks all right," said the assistant, exhibiting packages of currency. "These are the same bills, too, and they seem to be all here."

"You'll find missing the two hundred and eighty dollars this fellow lost to Doc Nohl in that crap game in Atlantic City that Nohl told us of," advised the inspector. "Take the two of them out to the desk and book them. We have the right man this time."

The prisoners were thrust out. An officer came back shortly and said, "Chin Rorty wants to talk to you, inspector."

"About what?" bawled the inspector. "Let him do his weeping to the judge. All right, bring him in and let him get it off his chest."

Chin Rorty was brought into the back room. He stood with his spindling legs apart and his head sunk, lifting his eyebrows to look at the inspector. "I'm not

(Continued on Page 153)

KREOLITE
"Outlast the Factory"

Used in Big Industries

The leading automobile accessory manufacturers of tires, bodies, motors, springs, wheels, bearings, fenders, axles, batteries, etc., have solved their floor problems by using Kreolite Wood Block Floors.

Millions of square feet of Kreolite Wood Blocks have been laid in the many diversified manufacturing plants of this particularly big industry.

Made from thoroughly air-seasoned timber and laid with the tough end grain uppermost, they give the ultimate in strength, durability, service, and economy.

Our Kreolite Engineers will study your needs and make recommendations without any obligation on your part.

THE JENNISON-WRIGHT COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Branches in All Large Cities

FLOORS WOOD BLOCK

HUPMOBILE SIX

THE CLOSEST-PRICED SIX IN AMERICA

The Closest-priced Six in America — with 10 per cent extra quality but not a penny added to the price. Hupmobile's own seasoned engineering and precision manufacturing assure power as smooth as electricity, superb roadability, economical operation, zest and go. In sound value, in engineering and accessory features, no rival near its price. Beautiful, clear vision, ball-back bodies — Color options — Genuine mohair upholstery — Beautiful hardware — All instruments under one glass, indirectly lighted — Vision-ventilating windshield — Automatic windshield cleaner — Solid

THE CLOSEST-PRICED SIX IN AMERICA

Walnut steering wheel ∞ Rear view mirror ∞ Tilting beam headlights, with controls on steering wheel ∞ Both manifold and thermostatic heat control ∞ Dash gasoline gauge ∞ Gasoline filter ∞ Force feed lubrication ∞ Oil filter ∞ Special vibration damper ∞ 4-wheel brakes ∞ Balloon tires ∞ Snubbers ∞ Sedan, five-passenger, four-door (at left) $1385; Brougham, five-passenger, two-door (at right) $1385; Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $1385; Roadster, with rumble seat, $1385; Touring, five-passenger, $1325. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax ∞ ∞

Another woman made happy ...*it might as well be you!*

Some woman has a New Easy Washer—some woman has her wash-days forever made lighter—some woman will stay younger; look fresher; save time, money and clothes because of the New Easy that washes and dries at one time.

BE the next woman to have a New Easy in your home and see for yourself the amazing way it washes, damp-dries and handles the water—all at the same time! It will cost you nothing to see this wash-day miracle. We will lend you a New Easy, put it in your home, and you may watch it do a whole week's washing free.

With your own eyes you will see the Easy's large tub take a great big eight-sheet batch of clothes and get them spotlessly clean. At the same time you will see the Easy's drying tub take another eight-sheet batch and damp-dry them ready for the line in three minutes. And yet, speed is only one of the many remarkable features of this amazing new washer.

No longer do you have to handle wet clothes, piece by piece. Just move a lever, and your clothes are so dry they need only a few minutes in the sun.

Easy on the Clothes

Blankets, bath towels and such pieces come out of the Easy's dryer with a soft fluffiness that will delight you. You won't find deep wrinkles in the clothes, nor any broken buttons. Think of it!

The New Easy's marvelous water-circulating system takes the suds, the rinse water and the blue water that are whirled from the clothes in the dryer, and returns each to its proper place. It even empties the washer for you when you're all through washing.

Let us lend YOU a New Easy—Free

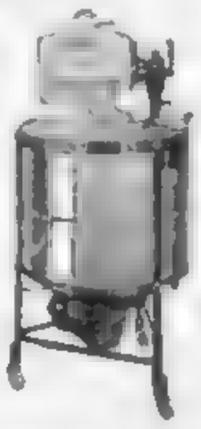
Don't wait until all your neighbors have this modern miracle-worker. You can see its wonders now, without waiting a day longer. It won't cost you one penny, for all you have to do is call up the nearest Easy dealer, and on your regular wash-day the New Easy will be on the job, ready to do a whole week's washing for you. If you should want to keep the New Easy permanently, you can make a small down payment and it stays right there.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION, Syracuse, N. Y.

EASY WASHER

MODEL M

This is the famous Easy Washer with one-piece metal wringer. The hundreds of thousands of these washers in use today have created a permanent demand for this model. We shall therefore continue to make it with the same fine materials and unhurried skill.



(Continued from Page 149)

weeping," he said in a flat voice. "Them that lives by the hammer dies by it. But just let me feel all that dough once before I kiss it good-by. And it'll be the first time, believe it or not."

"Let him look at it," said the inspector.

Chin Rorty stepped to the table where the currency was stacked, caressed it with a whimsical air, turning back the leaves to look at different notes.

"It's the same dough," he said. "And it's the first blessed time it was ever between my hooks. Oh, it's a plant all right. Say, is there anybody here that got the say?"

"Do you wish to make a statement?" asked the assistant. "I am the district attorney in charge."

"Maybe I do, and maybe not," said Chin Rorty with a bitter smile. "It all depends, fellow. What's in it for me? If I come clean, will you put me through as a first offender?"

"If your statement is of material assistance to the people, and if it appears that you have told all you know, I can promise you that."

"You think you're getting a bargain because you think you'll try me for murder," said Chin Rorty with a shrewd chuckle. "Huh, that's where Doc Nohl slipped up too. I didn't tell him all I knew. He gypped me out of my bit in the first place, and now when he is grabbed he thinks he is going to turn and kick me with the other foot. Say, if I turn Doc Nohl up for you ——"

"I'd rather have him than you."

"It's a go! Let me have a pill, and get busy with your pen. I been through this time and again, even if I am a first offender this time, and when I am on the nut I don't want any lawyer tucking me in the Tombs and then going around home to scare the old woman into coughing up her rent money for me."

He drew on his cigarette and spoke with smoke oozing from his mouth.

"Doc Nohl and me was together in this like two fingers in the mud. He told me this MacGowen was going to have eighty-five thousand dollars in a bag, and we would take it. Well, we took it, didn't we?

"I bought an oblong glass aquarium in a bird-and-dog store—a two-dollar one to keep goldfish in. I wrapped a set of overhauls around it, and went into that house when I seen the painters coming out for lunch. I parked the aquarium under the canvas by the window, put on the overhauls, and picked up a pail of paint. When MacGowen come out I walked up to him, tipped the paint over his bag, and took it out of his hand. It was as easy as that; he was holding the bag out to me! Well, he wasn't going to shoot a man for doing him a service, was he? I went to the window, shoved the bag under the canvas, picked up the aquarium, and let it fall out.

"Well, MacGowen and the little fellow wasn't going to stand around and jaw with me when their bag fell out of the window, were they? It stands to reason that they would lam off down there, don't it? When they got down there, there wouldn't be no bag, only broken glass, and they would think somebody lammed off with it. Well, the little fellow come through like a major, but MacGowen didn't worry no more about his bag than if it was a bag of doughnuts. He certainly crossed the dope, and I can't figure him even now. I was to step out of the picture, and Doc Nohl was to pop out and grab the money bag, and it would be a clever dick who could figure where that bag went. It listened like a neat job—you got to hand it to Doc Nohl.

"But what does this MacGowen do but let his dough slide, and pick me—can you figure a guy like that? I started to head out, and MacGowen after me. Well, I see Doc Nohl later and wanted to collect, and what does he tell me? He tells me there wasn't nothing in the bag but some papers, and he lets me look at them for myself. Well, I was such a come-on I believed him, and I went down to Atlantic to take the air. And the next thing is I see by the papers that somebody is grabbed for spendin' the dough was in that bag—and who is it? My pal, the same Doc Nohl. Then he knows that something is going to drop, and he gives me a wire to come and get mine. And I got it, didn't I? Well, gents, if you will see a rat gyp a pal and then turn him up—I'm done." He puffed his cigarette.

"Let's have the rest of it, Rorty," said the assistant, halting his pen. "You shot MacGowen?"

"You lie! I didn't shoot him. I didn't even have a rod. I never packed a rod on a job in my life."

"Doc Nohl is just as guilty as you are. I can't take a plea on that charge, but I can let you testify for the people and recommend you. I admit I can't promise you anything."

"I'm telling you all I know about my job. Anything outside of that ——"

"Better come clean."

"Well, I will be a good fellow and tell you what I seen," consented Chin Rorty. "But if I turn this other guy up for you, I want to be sprung after the trial, understand? I got a good alibi for turning up Doc Nohl on account of what he done to me, but Sing Sing wouldn't be healthy for me if I turned up this other guy. You know what I mean."

The assistant looked keenly at him. "Rorty, if MacGowen wasn't killed as a result of anything you did, directly or indirectly, I can promise you that you will be allowed to testify for the people against Doc Nohl, and that no indictment of you will be brought to trial."

"Well, this is how it was: I come around the corner with MacGowen after me, and here is a guy in a doorway behind a door. I seen him, and I jumped away, but he didn't want me. He has a raincoat over his arm, and nothing in the other hand. I was watching him, and he shakes the raincoat on his left arm, and then I see a gun in his right. And he lets MacGowen have the whole works."

"Did you know the man?" said the assistant incredulously.

"Never seen him before or since."

The assistant sniffed. "Pretty thin, Rorty."

"But," said Chin Rorty, "I would know him again. Thinking this thing over in my head, I see where I better have the goods on this baby, and I make some inquiries. This guy was in Doc Nohl's office only a few minutes before, giving MacGowen an argument about something. Well, Doc Nohl's man saw the argument, and he says the guy was trying to sell MacGowen a raincoat. But I ask you, is a guy going to knock a guy off because he won't buy a raincoat? That was only a stall, see? He was talking up something else.

"What he looked like? He was a big baby, with eyelids a kind of hanging over, black eyes, buck teeth, and a finger gone off of the hand he was shaking at MacGowen when the clerk seen him. He ——"

"Dan Fahey!" exclaimed Steve Denline.

Redfish Rock, Sawtooth National Forest, Idaho

"We weren't taking any chance of a slip-up," said Little Amby to Steve Denline later. "The money wasn't in that bag that Cohen passed to Chin Rorty. I put it in the station house."

"But where did you get it?" asked Steve.

"Out of the safe in MacGowen's office. Levison says he told MacGowen that he really wouldn't need the money except to bluff with, and MacGowen apparently couldn't see why the bluff wouldn't go over as well if he didn't risk his cash abroad, but merely exhibited the bag. That was good judgment; if Doc Nohl believed the money was there for him, he'd turn it down at once, and without bothering to look at it, or he'd take the check. Nothing would have been lost but an hour or two if he had insisted on being paid in cash."

"I'll take your word for it, counselor. But how did you know the money wasn't in the bag? You could have saved me trouble."

"I didn't know it until I learned that Chin Rorty had received no part of it. There was no trick to guessing that Doc Nohl was in on the job; he was the only one knew the cash was coming to his office. He was compelling MacGowen to bring it there, as he thought, by refusing to let the mortgage be satisfied. Knowing that you hadn't run off with the money, it was an easy guess that the bag never went out the window at all. Levison said Chin Rorty didn't carry it away. It had been left accommodatingly at Doc Nohl's door.

"But if Chin Rorty and Doc Nohl were working together, and if Chin Rorty got no part of the money, it seemed to me that there had been no money in the bag! I went back along the trail, and found that the transfer-tax people—inheritance tax—had stepped in as usual, and had put their seals on MacGowen's safe-deposit box and safe, and so on, to prevent anybody from removing any of the assets until an administrator was appointed. There was a delay because MacGowen left no relatives in this state. When the safe was opened and the money was found, I suggested that the find be kept quiet except from the district attorney; the information was my ace in the hole in playing against Doc Nohl. He didn't guess the secret. Being a crook himself, he suspected everybody.

"I gave the serial numbers of the currency to the police, and then passed a few bills to Doc Nohl, who was under observation. When he was arrested, he knew immediately where the money was, and he kept mum and tried to get in touch with me. I know what he wanted: he wanted to turn up Chin Rorty and spring you, but he wanted a piece of that money. I had that as a second string if I failed to get Chin Rorty myself."

"Counselor," gulped Steve, "I'm a poor man, but I'd like fine to pay you for this. I know you done it all for nothing, but ——"

"Not exactly," said Little Amby dryly. "When I give something worth money I get my price for it. Before the safe was opened I had made my deal with the heir-at-law. He was glad to give me a retainer in five figures, contingent on my finding his eighty-five thousand dollars and the guilty parties. I admit that Dan Fahey's part in the job was a surprise."

NOTE: The notorious Doc Nohl was indicted, under Section 260 of the Penal Law, for an attempt to commit the crime of robbery. The indictment does not appear to have been brought to trial, and was probably pigeonholed. It may have been shelved for lack of corroborative testimony, or it may be that it was obtained in the first place merely to secure Nohl's aid on the trial of Dan Fahey.

Fahey was taken into custody on Eleventh Avenue by Detective Furniss in November, 1913. Knowing the man's desperate nature, Furniss searched him for weapons; nevertheless, while entering the station house, Fahey clapped a pistol to the detective's side and pressed the trigger. It missed fire, and Furniss shot him dead. It was found that Fahey had had the pistol in his right sleeve, depending from a thong that went up his sleeve and across his shoulders, and being controlled from his left side. New York gunmen of an earlier day carried their weapons so, but the method had since been nearly forgotten. — AUTHOR.

When a Good Shave is hard to find~~

"The Better Shave"

WHEN YOU have shaved "twice over" and the stubble still persists—and your face smarts and burns after drying, you need Fougère Royale—"The Better Shave."

Fougère Royale (Royal Fern) Shaving Cream absorbs brushfuls of water and makes a copious, fine-textured, beard-softening lather that conquers the wiriest beard. Never irritates the tenderest face because it is thoroughly neutralized.

The coupon below will bring you a trial tube or, better yet—

Ask your druggist today for Fougère Royale Shaving Cream and be sure of "The Better Shave" tomorrow.

Fougère Royale AFTER-SHAVING *Lotion is soothing, healing and cooling after a close shave. Restores moisture to the skin, evaporates quickly and is not sticky. It's a new product but most druggists already have it—75c.*

Fougère Royale
Shaving Cream

Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal

HOUBIGANT, Inc. Dept P-8
539 West 45th Street, New York City

I want to try Fougère Royale Shaving Cream Here is my dime for a trial tube.

Name _____

Address _____

Dries so *hard* it feels like *glass!*

SAPOLIN ENAMEL

Make this test *yourself*

WE shall be glad to send you *free* a can of Sapolin Enamel. We want to tell you why.

We have had 3 generations of experience. 15,000,000 families in 52 countries now use Sapolin. The reason probably lies in the fact that these families get better results with Sapolin *because we do not recommend any one enamel for all purposes.*

We make one enamel for use on furniture and woodwork. Another for floors. Another for heated surfaces—and one for unheated metal surfaces. Another for porch furniture and one for automobiles.

Every batch of Sapolin must endure a "glass test" in our laboratories. (1) *For smoothness,* because grit shows up on glass. (2) *For covering qualities and ease of application,* because streakiness shows up on glass. (3) *For correct color,* because slightest variation can be detected on glass. (4) *For drying, non-sticking, and hardening qualities,* because Sapolin must dry 4 times as fast as ordinary oil enamels; and must be hard and dry as glass in 24 hours.

Try it and you will find that Sapolin dries so hard and smooth it feels like glass; and cleans like glass.

Can of enamel—FREE

Send ten cents for packing and mailing and we will send *free* a quarter-pint (regular 25c size can) of Sapolin Decorative Enamel.

Choose the can you wish from black, white, cream, old ivory, silver gray, vermilion, cardinal red, mahogany, deep orange, sky blue, azure blue, ultramarine blue, light green, dark green, oak brown or walnut brown.

We will also send booklet "167 things you can do with Sapolin." Just print your own (and your dealer's) name and address together with color desired on the edge of this page and mail with ten cents.

SAPOLIN CO. INC., Dept. K-1, 229 E. 42d St., NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Manufacturers of ENAMELS—STAINS—GILDINGS
VARNISHES—WAXES—POLISHES—LACQUERS

© 1927 Sapolin Co. Inc.

CLOSE-UPS

(Continued from Page 31)

always happy to grant. These complimentary pictures, with the photo mailers, stamps, and salaries of three young women employed to address them all day long, cost us an average of eighteen thousand dollars a year, but we consider it money well spent.

My name was first used on the screen after Under the Daisies, the picture I have previously referred to as the first to be written especially for me. It was the story of a country girl who goes to the big city—New York, of course—where in due time she is ruined, as was to be expected of all 1914 screen country girls. If they were not ruined the story was! Wiser and sadder, the heroine yearns for the old hearthstone and the plain folk back home. In the last scene she is staggering, ill and disillusioned, across a field of daisies toward the little cottage where she was born, and is just within hailing distance when she drops from exhaustion. They buried her Under the Daisies. But you can't keep a good man, or a bad woman of the screen, down. That death scene proved my resurrection with Vitagraph. After that I was at last firmly established and all was clear sailing. The following Saturday there was an extra ten-dollar bill in my envelope. In the excitement I thought perhaps I had counted wrong, and made both Jimmie Morrison and Harry Northrup count it for me before believing my own eyes. Mr. Northrup, who was born in Paris but educated at the University of California, played the heavy in Under the Daisies. He had just joined the stock company after having appeared in twenty-six productions on the legitimate stage with E. H. Sothern, Henry Miller, Blanche Bates, Mary Mannering, William Faversham, James K. Hackett and Mrs. Leslie Carter. It gave me quite a thrill to have such a seasoned trouper in my support.

There followed for me a long series of leads. Among the rather amusing titles of the one-reelers, all directed by Van Dyke Brooke, were: The Doctor's Secret, Father's Hatband, His Silver Bachelorhood, An Elopement at Home, Fanny's Company, The Honorable Algernon, Sawdust and Salome, His Little Paige, Miser Murray's Wedding Present, Memories and Men's Souls, Politics and Press, A Lone Shark King, Under False Colors and The Wooing of Myrs May.

The Longest Way Round

Some of my two-reelers were: Officer John Donovan, The Sacrifice of Kathleen, Cupid versus Money, Old Reliable and The Right of Way—all opposite Leo Delaney, whose premature passing was a sad happening of some seven years ago. Then there came: Helpful Sisterhood, A Wayward Daughter, Fogg's Millions, John Rand—Gentleman, The Hidden Letters, Good-by Summer, and Sunshine and Shadows—all opposite Antonio Moreno.

Tony, whose full name is almost as long as the island of Manhattan, is generally mistaken for an Italian, but he was born in Madrid. At the age of fourteen Señor Antonio Garrido Monteaguido Moreno came to the United States. During his stage career he played with Mrs. Leslie Carter, Tyrone Power, Constance Collier, Wilton Lackaye and other leading celebrities of the period, but in 1914 Tony entered upon his screen career at Vitagraph. He maintained his popularity throughout the succeeding years and has just finished playing opposite my sister Constance in Venus of Venice. The very day Marshall Neilan finished shooting, Moreno and his charming wife left for a trip abroad, with a fat contract in Tony's well-tailored tweed pocket giving him the male lead with Dorothy Gish in Madame Pompadour.

Another of the Vitagraphers who was slated to come into especial prominence was Wallace Reid, whose untimely passing at the pinnacle of his popularity in 1923 will always be one of the saddest chapters in the history of the cinema.

Wally, as we called him—everybody had a nickname or an abbreviated cognomen of endearment—was a splendid musician and often played his violin at the studio. He started out in life to become a soldier, completing his four years at the New Jersey Military Academy, but, after being graduated, changed his mind regarding a military career and went to Cody, Wyoming, to look for a job as a cowboy. He loved to relate anecdotes about how the regulars on the ranch resented his college education and enjoyed playing tricks on him. Once he was sent to meet some people who were supposed to be coming over the road from a distant railway station. After riding for many miles through the dark night, following directions given, he discovered that the road circled his own ranch and brought him right back to the starting point, where the other cowboys were sleeping peacefully in their bunks.

Dressed Fit to Kill Trade

Another time some punchers took him out on what was supposed to be a deer run, when there hadn't been a deer in that part of the country for twenty years. His companions made their way cautiously through the night until they came to a selected spot. There they rigged a trap which Wally was to guard and spring when the deer came down the run. The other boys departed, ostensibly to drive the deer into the trap, instructing the tenderfoot butt of their jokes not to make the slightest move or their game would be frightened away. Poor Wally crouched there for hours, and finally fell asleep at his post, awakening in the cold dawn as stiff as a salted codfish.

But the story he used to tell most often was how he finally won the respect of the roughest rope slingers by putting up a stiff fight in the middle of the night when he found snakes in his bed. Being a wonderful swimmer, he gained their further admiration upon accepting a dare to swim the Yellowstone River when it was running at flood. Following these amusing cowboy experiences, Wallace secured a job as night clerk in a hotel in Cody. He related how he nearly lost his reputation as well as his job there by appearing at the desk in a dinner jacket to welcome some guests from New York. The excited proprietor expostulated that Easterners came out West purposely to see wild and woolly stuff, and a dressed-up dude of a clerk would ruin the desired business.

Hal Reid, Wallace's father, was also at Vitagraph. He was employed in the scenario department, though he was often mustered into acting service too. Reid, Senior, wrote many ten, twent and thirt melodramas, and it was a vaudeville sketch from Hal's pen which introduced his handsome son to the public.

Wally's first part at Vitagraph was the rôle of the Deerslayer in James Fenimore Cooper's The Pathfinder, one of the Leatherstocking Tales, in which his father also played a part. Larry Trimble directed, and I can see Wally now in his beaver-skin cap, buckskin trousers and fringed-leather leggings, strong and handsome as a Greek god.

But the actor who inspired me with a regular schoolgirl crush was James Woods Morrison. James was Mattoon's talented son, but this little Illinois town left no country earmarks on him, because Jim went to the University of Chicago, where

(Continued on Page 158)

I've heard tell down to the store how you have 84 chances out of 100 of getting more mileage from Michelin Tires ★
Now let's all be bright and cheerful and think of how nice it will be to get home
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

84%

of all who try them say

MICHELIN TIRES

give more mileage

★This statement is based on facts. Written reports have been secured from thousands of motorists (picked entirely at random except that all were testing various makes of tires opposite Michelins). 84% said they obtained more mileage from their Michelins than from any of the various other tires they were using on their cars. In 1895 the world's first pneumatic automobile tire was a Michelin—and today Michelin Tires are still first.

FREE
KEY-INSURANCE

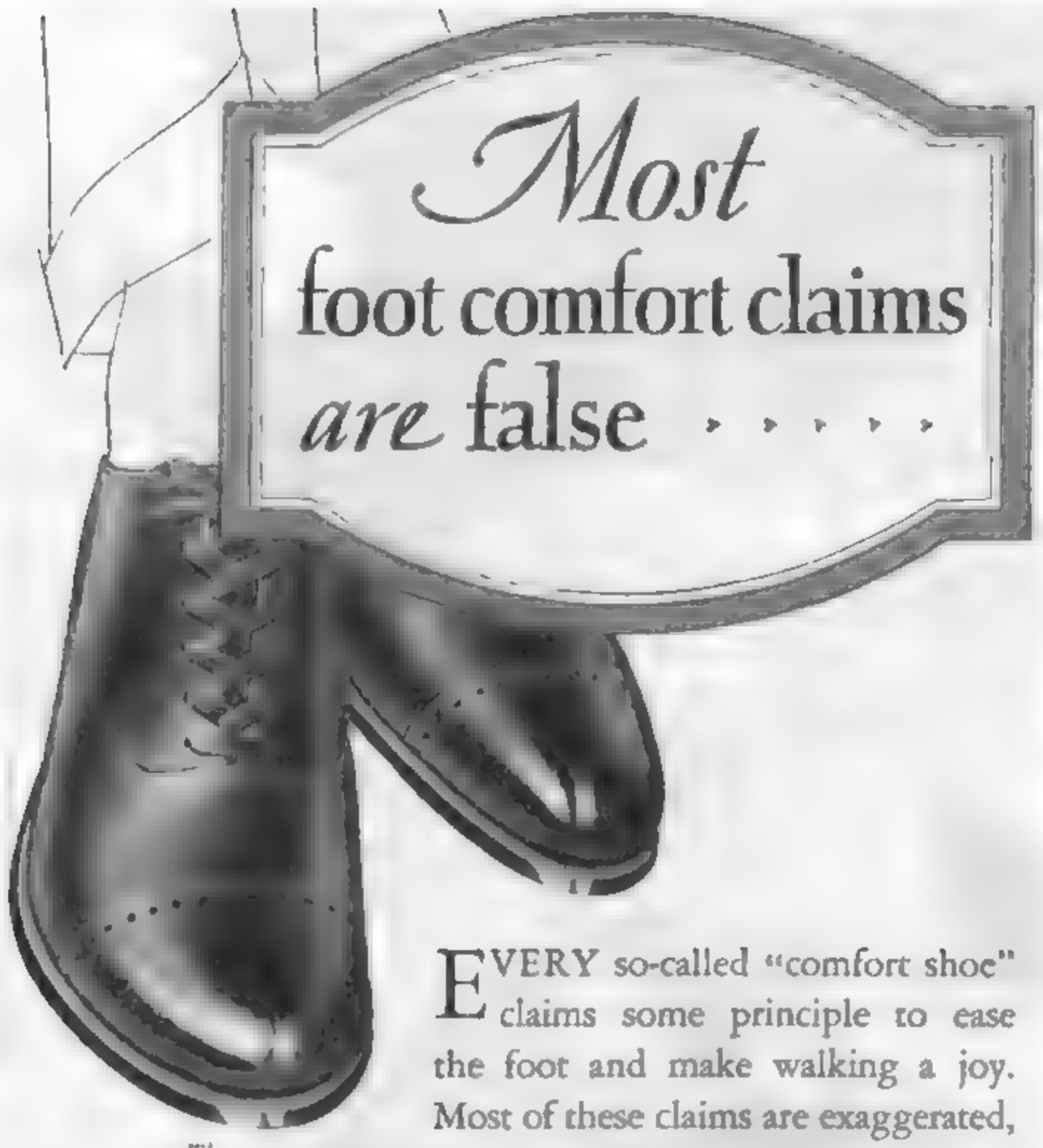
Pig-skin Case—25c Value $1

Insurance Service Free

A pig-skin key case worth about $1 will be sent upon receipt of this coupon and 25c. Each case is numbered, and contains a card offering a reward if the finder returns it to the Michelin Tire Co. (who, of course, will forward it to the owner). Thus your identity is not exposed. No charge is made for this service. There is no advertising on the case. Send this coupon and 25c to the Michelin Tire Co., Milltown, N. J

Name

Address



The Ground Gripper Modified Corrective

EVERY so-called "comfort shoe" claims some principle to ease the foot and make walking a joy. Most of these claims are exaggerated, as thousands of disappointed wearers can testify.

In Ground Grippers—and in Ground Grippers alone—are found the three scientific principles that give support, exercise and relaxation to every arch, muscle, nerve and tendon. Hundreds of thousands of Ground Gripper wearers have found complete comfort and relief from all foot discomforts.

The Flexible Arch of Ground Grippers allows the foot muscles to exercise with every step; the Straight Inner Line allows the toes to function with a free, strong, gripping action, and the patented Rotor Heel makes you "toe straight ahead"—the normal, natural way.

Ground Grippers come in two types for men and women.

Corrective — guards against and corrects foot troubles.

Modified Corrective — embodying the same features but with a modified outer swing. Marvelously comfortable.

The nearest Ground Gripper dealer will gladly suggest the type most suited to your comfort. Write for name of nearest dealer.

A NEW FEATURE for Women

To the famous Ground Gripper shoes for shopping and walking we have added the new DRESS LINE for more formal wear. These new shoes are beautifully designed, stylish in appearance and far more comfortable than the ordinary style shoe. Available in a wide variety of models and leathers. The style shown above is THE BETSY.

Ground Gripper

The Most Comfortable Shoe in the World

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Something everyone should know

FREE for the asking. Send today for your copy of interesting booklet "What You Should Know About Your Feet"

GROUND GRIPPER SHOE CO., INC.
90 Linden Park St., Boston, Mass.
Please send me your booklet on care of the feet.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____

(Continued from Page 154)

he took care to acquire all the airs and graces of a man about town. He wore his clothes in natty fashion, talked glibly of football and frats, and could order a dollar dinner with all the aplomb of a Broadway rounder. Besides, he danced divinely.

Within a few weeks I had given him a twenty-cent enlargement of myself formally inscribed:

To Mr. James Woods Morrison
With Best Wishes From Norma Talmadge

Two days later the picture disappeared from the wall of his dressing room, where it had been thumb-tacked over the mirror. He begged for another, so the following week I inscribed on a duplicate:

To Dearest Jimmie
With Love From Norma

Love affairs progress rapidly at the adolescent age, and although there were numerous violent yet harmless fancies among the players, it is one of the most beautiful memories of all who belonged to the happy Vitagraph clan that these youthful attractions were always innocent and clean. Messrs. Smith and Blackton would have thrown any man off the lot who did not show proper respect to the female members of their big family. Our two chiefs paralleled the old woman who lived in a shoe, only with all their children they *did* know what to do. I cannot remember a single scandal that ever emanated from the Vitagraph Studios, remarkable as that may seem in these days of sensational headlines regarding the private lives of picture folk.

Jim and I used to clown a lot when working together. It was one of our pet stunts to push each other violently through the doors when called into a scene. Consequently we would land with a little jerk to regain our balance. Once the critics, in commenting on a picture we played in together, remarked that both the hero and heroine had a tendency to rush into their scenes, which gave the picture a jumpy effect. After that we received a call-down from Mr. Smith, who reminded us that we were engaged as dramatic artists, not circus performers.

A Knife in the Back

This is not really my debut in The Saturday Evening Post, for it was with James Morrison that I made my first appearance in this publication in 1915. A jewelry concern wanted some young people to pose for certain watch advertisements in the Post and selected James and me. It would never have occurred to us to ask for any compensation, nor were our names used, but the manufacturer, in token of appreciation, presented Jim with a massive gold-plated watch chain and me with a gold-filled wrist watch. We were as proud as peacocks. James was constantly finding some excuse for spreading his coat, displaying the gold links which stretched from pocket to pocket across his chest; while I cultivated the habit of nonchalantly leaning on my elbow so as to push the sleeve back from my wrist.

I was so pleased to hear the other day that Mr. Morrison has become a successful author, with several magazine stories to his credit, and that his first novel has been accepted for publication.

In thinking over the list of some of the other players I knew best in the early teens of the twentieth century, Rose Tapley comes prominently to mind. She was so genial and kindly that, despite the fact she was only a few years our senior, we always called her Mother Rose. She was the type who shoulders everybody's burdens, and when problems arose we flocked to her for help and advice.

Perhaps nothing could better illustrate Rose's sportsmanship and protective instinct than her attitude toward me when I played one of my beastly tricks on her. It was during the taking of a picture wherein Rose was seated at a restaurant table, with me standing back of her balancing a tray in the rôle of a waitress. Being full of the old Nick, as I approached Rose from behind I dropped a steel knife hurriedly and as if by accident down the back of her V-shaped evening gown. The camera was grinding and Miss Tapley was in the midst of a very tragic scene, sobbing her heart out at the table. As the icy-cold metal touched her flesh she bit her lip not to scream, but shuddered and gave an involuntary jump that was not in the scenario. Needless to say, the waitress was the picture of innocence itself, but Rose knew perfectly well that I played the trick deliberately. It was winter and the studio was very cold, so she pretended to the director that she had been seized with an involuntary chill.

Another time, when Mother Rose and I were invited to visit some friends and had to take a train trip, I let my curls down and, by wearing one of Constance's dresses, appeared to the casual eye as a girl of ten. When the conductor came around I paid only half fare, much to Rose's astonishment and disapproval. However, later I righted the deception. It was not that I wanted to cheat, but that I took an extraordinary delight in playing these pranks. In her good-natured way Rose often remarked that I made up in dramatic sense what I lacked in common sense.

A Good Team in a Small Space

An equally easy-going disposition acquired for Anne Brody the appropriate nickname of Sunshine. This bubbling, witty colleen had a way of spreading cheer wherever she went. When the studio was cold and damp, the players depressed, or the director in a blue funk, Stuart Blackton would say, "Send for Anne Sunshine Brody." She would pep things up and promote laughter immediately. Her blunt honesty made her very popular at Vitagraph. Perhaps the only time in her life Anne ever appeared "under false colors" was with me in a Van Dyke Brooke picture of that name, wherein we were both supposed to masquerade as maids, with Antonio Moreno playing the lead.

Anne Brody has long since transferred herself and her sunshine from Flatbush to the studios in Hollywood, where Rose Tapley, too, is still active in the profession.

Among the comedy players Flora Finch was our first character comédienne. She was tall and thin and when Peg labeled her "the upholstered toothpick" Flora laughed as loudly as anyone.

When pictures were made at nine feet from the camera it was always difficult to get more than two persons into a space three feet wide. Three of us could, by squeezing closely together, crowd into a scene, but often when the takes were shown someone on the end was cut in half, as if a perpendicular line had been measured from the forehead to the feet. There would be one eye, half a smile and a gesticulation of one hand showing; so with fat John Bunny's pictures Smith and Blackton faced quite a problem. Who could ever fit into the limited span of the camera with him? He was wide enough to occupy the entire foreground by himself. Flora Finch, however, proved a solution. She was not only a finished actress but she took up hardly more space than a long darning needle. Consequently she and Bunny made a great team.

Miss Finch is an Englishwoman who came to America to visit her sister. Flora had been a member of the William and Ben Greet players on the other side, touring Great Britain in the first road company of The Sign of the Cross. In The Worst Woman in London she played the rôle of an old drunk, with James Kirkwood, who was also to find his way to screen fame in the States at a later period.

Flo naturally went back to the stage in this country. She joined the company of The Missourians, with Cecil B. DeMille, when the future producer-director of The King of Kings and many famous screen spectacles had the small part of an 'ostler

and acted as stage manager. DeMille's wife, Constance Maid, had the leading rôle.

There were two horses in the play, and while the company was on tour both these carefully trained animals were dashed to death when the cable of the elevator in which they were being hoisted to their stalls broke. There was great consternation on the part of the entire company, but DeMille could not see returning money at the box office, so the play went on that night with two strange horses rented for the occasion, and Flora often relates how the whole company came near being killed by these untutored mares.

Flora's rôle was that of a very pious maiden lady who moved about with great precision, but at this particular performance the old maid stepped pretty lively and was as spry as any young girl whenever the strange horses came within her vicinity.

Flora's daughter, Veronica, had occasional bits at the Vitagraph. The Finches moved to a small apartment right near the studio, and whenever they gave a party they borrowed Florence Turner's oil stove to warm up the place for their guests.

No Place to be Funny

After The New Stenographer, with John Bunny, Flora, who had started at the regular twenty-five a week for members of the stock company, was given a fifteen-dollar raise and did fifty-two pictures a year with Bunny thereafter, finally receiving the topnotch salary of those days—one hundred and fifty dollars a week.

As I write Flora is now playing a maiden aunt in The Cat and the Canary, at the Universal Studio. She has remained true to the type of rôle which first brought her into prominence and has never deviated from character comedy.

I always think of Flora at the Vitagraph with a little group of players around her waiting their turns to have their palms read. I can remember her insisting that the star in the center of my right hand was a sure indication that I would be wealthy and famous some day. Probably my interest in fortune tellers, crystal readers, vibration theorists, horoscope and palm readers, who always hold the greatest fascination for me, can be directly traced to Flora's influence. She urged me to regard that star in my hand as more precious than any star in heaven, and I determined to live up to the wonderful things prophesied. Perhaps that was just one more reason why I took my work so seriously. With me it was a life career from the very beginning. I poked my nose into everything. When not acting I was observing the directors, the cameramen and the other players, even the electricians and property men, always eagerly seeking inside information and breathing in studio atmosphere as one absorbs oxygen.

I remember Flora particularly in a picture where she had to go up in a balloon and come down with the parachute. Those were the days before aeroplanes were a common occurrence, and the greatest excitement prevailed when poor Flo had to be funny in the air. The whole company assembled to watch the ascent and descent. We were tremendously proud of this "phenomenal feat," as the advertising material described it.

Annual Mardi Gras used to be held at Coney Island, and the Vitagraph Company frequently contributed several floats to the parades. Flora scored a great hit one year, perched on a high, gold dais, made up to represent a burlesque of Anita Stewart in The Goddess, one of the first serials, to be presented in eighteen episodes. Tremendous mobs recognized and followed the popular comédienne. The rest of us borrowed all the miscellaneous finery we could lay our hands on from the wardrobe department, and sat in state in these tinseled floats, arrayed in all the colors of Joseph's coat, throwing confetti and little hand bills to the crowds about coming Vitagraph releases.

Sometimes we borrowed clothes from the wardrobe department without permission. If we were going to a party or had engagements with our youthful sweethearts we would sneak in, select a becoming evening dress and cover it up with a long coat, walking with seeming indifference past the gateman, with whom we took good care to become friendly. Next morning we would each appear unusually early with a large brown-paper package tucked under one arm, and shortly the evening gowns would again hang innocently in their places on the racks. Once I inveigled Lillian Walker to let me wear all her diamonds—Lil was known for having the finest jewelry of anyone on the screen—and with a bright pink surreptitiously borrowed party dress I sallied forth in all my splendor to have an ice-cream soda with Jimmie Morrison.

On Sundays, Lillian, Dorothy Kelley and I would go to Brighton Beach in appropriated, if not appropriate, finery. Often we took our families and treated them to peanuts, pop corn and cantaloupe. Alas, no elaborate ten-course dinners, no midnight suppers served by thirty-thousand-dollar chefs, no champagne breakfasts in gay Paree will ever taste as good or stir the same enthusiasm as those indigestible paper-bag meals at Brighton.

As the old stock company grew from a hundred to more than two hundred members, Mrs. Clinton and Jane Lewis, whom we always called Lady Jane, succeeded Mrs. Turner and Florence with the wardrobe department, and designed and executed many of the costumes. Frequently Anita Stewart was called in to help trim hats. Both Mrs. Lewis and her daughter Kathleen played in the pictures too.

It was not at all unusual for two or three players each to wear the same dress in their respective pictures during the same day. But there was always the keenest competition as to who would be the first to don a new creation. One day a very handsome and conspicuous black-and-white-striped satin high-neck dinner gown, with a row of huge white pearl buttons all the way down the back, appeared on the rack and all the feminine hearts began to flutter. Each of us made a mad dash for it.

Featuring a Dinner Gown

Some weeks later, when the Flatbush Theater devoted one of its special evenings, known as Vitagraph night, to the showing of our pictures exclusively, five leading ladies - Anita Stewart, Lillian Walker, Edith Storey, Clara Kimball Young and myself—each appeared in one of the five different pictures that made up the program, wearing this same unforgettable black-and-white costume. There was wild hilarity in the audience, because this particular dress was of such distinctive type that there was no possibility of its not being recognized in each successive film. Notwithstanding this fact, we went right on taking turns wearing that snaky costume for three years. Helen Gardner, who was our chief vamp, almost wept when the boa constrictor's double was entirely worn out, and Leah Baird outwitted us all by having it copied in another color combination for her own use.

It was to play a lead in a picture with Wally Reid, John Bunny and Marshall P. Wilder that Leah Baird forsook the stage to join Vitagraph. Leah and I had many pictures together. In The Extension Table, Leah married Harry Morey and I married Leo Delaney. As Leah's husband accumulated wealth and social position her dining-room table was extended with extra leaves to bear the delicacies and costly decorations, while Leo's and my table extended as our family increased. The story left it to the audience to decide whether wealth or children were the more conducive to happiness.

Another time we were both in The Sepoy Rebellion, in which the climax was a rescue from a burning building. We stood at a window on the second floor as the flames crept up and around us, registering fear.

(Continued on Page 161)

COME OUT OF THE ATTIC

Don't let the attic swallow up your old furniture. You can make it new and more attractive than ever with Murphy Brushing Lacquer.

It is the easiest thing in the world to apply. Just brush on the Lacquer yourself. It will flow quickly and smoothly over the surface, covering up scratches and worn places. It will dry almost immediately to a glossy, fine finish. You'll be delighted with your lovely *new* furniture—that came right out of your own attic.

P. S. Murphy Da-Cote Enamel will renew the youth of your good-acting but bad-looking old car. You brush it on yourself. It's dry next day.

Murphy BRUSHING Lacquer

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY · NEWARK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · MONTREAL

THIS PHENOMENAL ENGINE PERFORMANCE

an exclusive achievement of

Chrysler

STANDARDIZED QUALITY

It is perfectly obvious that the amazing advance of Chrysler in public esteem has been inseparably associated with the growing appreciation of the speed, dash and endurance of the Chrysler engine.

Consider that public opinion, in three years' time, has lifted Chrysler over the heads of twenty-three long established cars—from twenty-seventh to fourth place.

The significance of this is almost too plain to require analysis. The public has found the virtues of Chrysler products transcending and lasting. The public has itself characterized Chrysler engine performance as phenomenal.

It has been conclusively demonstrated, that the wealth of power and speed peculiar to the Chrysler engine is provided not just for short intervals, but for long, sustained driving—for a thousand miles or a thousand hours of miles.

The design of the Chrysler engine gives you, at all times, complete mastery of this smooth, sweet, silent flow of power—immediate responsiveness to your slightest driving wish or need.

The public appreciates the significance of Chrysler's unique engineering and manufacturing principle of Standardized Quality.

It realizes that these achievements in engine performance are possible only by virtue of that principle.

That is why Chrysler is being awarded preference not merely in one market but in four.

And in these four markets people are demonstrating their preference for Chrysler to long established cars of both lower and higher price, sensing in Chrysler elements of quality and value which have inspired them to invest in Chrysler products the staggering total of five hundred and thirty million dollars—$530,000,000—in three years' time.

Precision never before attained in the design and building of motor cars both in machinery and men, is the foundation upon which Chrysler's unique plan of Standardized Quality is based.

Obviously it is impossible accurately to characterize Chrysler engine performance other than *phenomenal* when it has been accorded this tribute by public judgment and public investment.

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS

CHRYS

"50" "60" "70"

COACH
$1145
F. O. B. DETROIT

Sixty Miles Plus

Wins Ever-greater Public Preference for the Six-Cylinder Chrysler "60"

Chrysler "60" is one of the four great Chrysler cars responsible for Chrysler's dramatic rise from 27th to 4th place.

People have singled it out as the one great value in its field.

Never before in the lower priced six-cylinder field has the public been offered such all-compelling value, because it includes typical Chrysler features, which necessarily give typical Chrysler performance—speed of 60 and more miles an hour with matchless smoothness, pick-up of 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7¾ seconds, economy of 22 miles to the gallon and the inimitable handling facility of every Chrysler.

See the Chrysler "60"—try it out—you'll realize the reasons for its overwhelming success.

* * *

Chrysler "60" prices—Touring Car, $1075; Club Coupe, $1125; Coach, $1145; Roadster, (*with Rumble Seat*), $1175; Coupe, (*with Rumble Seat*), $1245; Sedan, $1245. *F.O.B. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.*

All Chrysler cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System.

Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

Features That Make Chrysler "60" Inimitable

- 6-cylinder motor.
- 7 bearing crankshaft.
- 60 miles and more an hour.
- 5 to 25 miles in 7¾ seconds.
- 22 miles to the gallon.
- Aluminum alloy pistons, with invar steel struts.
- Impulse neutralizer.
- Oil-filter and air-cleaner.
- Chrysler beauty.
- Luxurious mohair upholstery.
- Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes.
- Levelizers, front and rear.

MEAN MILES PER HOUR

L E R "60"

IMPERIAL "80"

DILL

Standard Tire Valves and Valve Parts

1 Cap *instead of* 2

ONLY one cap to remove or replace when you inflate your tires. Just half the time—half the effort—half the bother.

Instant-On is dust-and-valve-cap combined in one convenient unit. Not only is it easy to use but it's a protection, too, because it actually seals the tip of the valve stem and prevents leaks.

If your car is not one of the three or four million that are equipped with Instant-Ons get a set from any good dealer—$1.00 for a box of 5.

And, of course, if your valve insides and complete tire valves are made by Dill you cannot ride on safer or better tire valve equipment.

THE DILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio
Manufactured in Canada by the Dill Manufacturing Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

These sturdy valve insides hold air. The spring and stem are protected by a metal barrel to prevent jamming. Sold by tire dealers everywhere in boxes containing 5 valve insides—30c per box.

(Continued from Page 157)

The street below was empty, and the hero of the hour was Jumbo, the company elephant. He was to raise his trunk to the window while we straddled it one at a time, then he was to lower us to safety. Leah climbed on first, but the elephant, ignoring instructions, kept raising his trunk higher, at the same time rearing up on his haunches. While Leah was suspended in midair I also spent a few exciting moments as the flames crept closer and closer, until the elephant was brought to terms and came back to rescue me. Perhaps we never again registered fear so well.

After Leah Baird attained stardom she went abroad. She had become interested in the writing end of the industry even then, and now she and her husband, Arthur Beck, are producing their own pictures independently.

I have referred before to the special Vitagraph nights, when the five weekly Smith and Blackton releases were shown in a single evening. These gala nights were held once a week in various theaters and there gradually arose a demand to see the players in the flesh. With true business acumen, A. E. Smith and J. Stuart Blackton began to introduce personal appearances on Vitagraph nights, and so great was the curiosity about picture folk, even then, that the theaters were crowded to the doors throughout continuous performances.

We received fifteen dollars for each appearance, and occasionally added thirty dollars to our weekly stipend by afternoon and evening performances. The first time a manager made a request for me was at a little theater in New Jersey. The picture, with Tony Moreno playing opposite me, was Good-by, Summer. It came near being Good-by, Norma. I was so terrified at seeing a sea of faces out front and hearing tremendous applause ringing in my ears for the first time in my life, that I couldn't get my carefully rehearsed speech out above a whisper. The manager stood in the wings yelling, "Louder, Norma—much louder." But to save my soul I couldn't make myself heard beyond the third row. When the curtain came down someone handed me twenty dollars, instead of the thirty agreed upon, and told me not to return for the next performance. I hollered so loudly then for the other ten that they could have heard me in New York.

Welcome to Our City

The very first personal appearance of a screen player on record was made by Francis X. Bushman, at Alliance, Ohio. This was way back in 1911, when the former bicycle racer, artists' model, wrestler and sculptor was with the Essanay Company in Chicago. Beverly Bayne started at Essanay too. There was a prominent governor on the same train with Bushman, and as the latter alighted and a big brass band in uniform began to play and a huge mob crowded around him, he thought he had been mistaken for the governor. He was deeply embarrassed, and raising his hand for silence was about to explain, when he noticed several wide banners decorating the railroad station, heralding his own coming. Throwing out his chest the handsome ex-sculptor's model changed his apologies into a speech of thanks. Bushman's early personal appearances increased his popularity to such an extent that he was given an eight months' leave of absence from his studio to tour the country and deliver three-minute speeches four times a day at the principal theaters showing his pictures.

In each town Francis would rent a flashy limousine by the hour and decorate it with banners and posters of himself. Women by the scores followed the car and almost tore him to pieces fighting through the crowds to kiss their hero. Mothers even brought their babies to be blessed by their idol, and so many sentimental families named their young sons after him that little Francis Bushman Smiths and Francis Bushman Rosensteins began to crop up in every city. In Chicago a police official called at Bushman's hotel to request him not to walk in the streets, as the mounted cops were not sufficient in number to handle the crowds and traffic was impeded. As a result of this tour Francis' salary shot to five hundred dollars a week, the largest received by any individual screen actor of his time. Later, Fred Balshofer started the 101 Ranch Company and lured Bushman away at two thousand five hundred a week, as a third partner in the new company. Francis X. Bushman was the very first motion-picture actor I met when I came to Hollywood to join another company.

Vitagraph had a West Coast unit in charge of Rollin S. Sturgeon, a Harvard graduate, and one of the first college men to enter the film world. This studio was organized about the year 1910, located in Santa Monica, approximately twenty miles from the present-day Hollywood. But though the Eastern studios would sometimes lend stars to California, during my five years with Vitagraph all my pictures were made in the East.

Variety is the Spice of Movies

Alma Rubens' first screen rôle was with the Western Vitagraph Company. Mr. Sturgeon, who, in addition to directing, had charge of the West Coast scenario department, was looking for someone for the lead in his story of the South Seas, The Lorelei Madonna. It was a difficult rôle to cast, as the girl must look half French and half Spanish. Alma, a San Francisco girl, then about nineteen, was playing in a musical comedy. Sturgeon chanced to wander into the show one night and engaged Alma straightway. She was starred with no previous experience and afterward accepted a good offer from Triangle.

This Western plant was operated on a very small scale. They had only one open studio, with sheeting stretched across the top to act as diffuses. There was one typewriter borrowed by the different offices, and it was sometimes taken away and used as a prop for office sets. The scenes had to be written to order around the small amount of furniture they possessed, which was used over and over and constantly shifted about, with a change of draperies and accessories to help the disguise.

Mary O'Connor, a newspaper, magazine and novel writer, and Manager Sturgeon wrote most of the stories. Mary helped in all departments, even to playing various parts for the sake of ascertaining each scene's approximate footage, although she loathed acting as much as her sister Loyola loved it.

When Loyola joined Vitagraph she was ecstatic at the thought of assuming a different rôle almost every day, because for seven years on the speaking stage she had played the same part in Way Down East, continued in the one rôle three seasons in Ben-Hur, and served three seasons in Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. No wonder she loved the screen! It is the thought of the deadly monotony of playing one part eight performances a week for a long season, or perhaps several seasons, that has always prevented me from accepting offers to go on the speaking stage. Recently I was invited to play the nun in Morris Gest's production of The Miracle, and although the part is pantomime and closely related to screen work, I could not bear the idea of doing the same thing over and over. Variety is the spice of screen life. David Belasco has also encouraged me to try the legitimate stage under his management, and though I would love nothing better than an association with so great a genius, I have always declined for the same reason.

After a year on the Coast with Vitagraph, Mary O'Connor joined D. W. Griffith and wrote many original plays for Bessie Love, Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh and others. It was at this time, also, that Douglas Fairbanks made his sensational debut in pictures, and the first play prepared for him made scenario history. Douglas had left New York to begin his

To the one woman in ten thousand —this Easter Gift

Candy—The Universal Gift—Appropriate and Appreciated Always—BUNTE BROTHERS

WHEN perfection alone will do—make Mi Choice your Easter gift offering.

Each piece proved perfection. Creamy fillings—true fruit flavors. Crispy nuts and a dozen other delights. And over all a superb chocolate coating—possible only by the fourteen day Bunte process of preparation.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us $1.50 and we will mail you the one pound Mi Choice package, postage prepaid. Also two, three and five pound packages.

BUNTE BROTHERS
Established 1876 · CHICAGO
Makers of Diana "Stuft" Confections

Vary your gifts of candy with these three packages of distinction—"Home Made Sweets," "Tri-Assortment" and Bunte Milk Chocolates. Bunte quality in both candy and package.

1200 KINDS FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

Bunte WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES

"The doors in this house are *Laminex* ...they will not warp"

WHEN you see a Laminex identification card hanging in the house you consider buying, you know you'll never have any trouble with doors in that house. And the chances are that the rest of the house is correspondingly well built

Notice how smoothly these Laminex doors operate. They open easily without sticking; they close with a satisfying click; and they will never shrink, swell or warp, no matter how damp or how hot and dry your house may get.

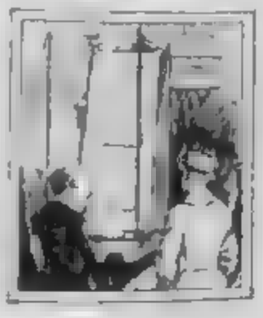
In Laminex doors the stiles and cross-rails are built on a core of stress-balancing blocks. Any attempt of one block to warp, swell or shrink is immediately counterbalanced by forces in the opposite direction exerted by neighboring blocks. All parts of a Laminex door, including the plywood panels, are held together firmly by Laminex cement, which is absolutely waterproof and actually stronger than wood

Progressive millwork and lumber dealers carry ample stocks of Laminex doors in popular designs. They'll gladly point out the replacement guarantee label and the name "LAMINEX" on the bottom of genuine Laminex doors. Fill out and mail the coupon for illustrated literature about doors and a sample of Laminex wood to test.

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY, Tacoma, Washington
Gentlemen: Please send illustrated literature and sample of Laminex wood to test. (A5E1)
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE
I am a Home-owner ☐ Architect ☐ Contractor ☐ Dealer ☐ Realtor ☐

Warped doors often spoil a sale

The famous Laminex door soaking test, that you see published made in all parts of the country, proves that dampness can never make a Laminex door warp, split or come apart. Thousands of people, knowing this, insist on Laminex doors.



LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

three years' contract with the Fine Arts Film Company, of which Mr. Griffith was the head. The day before Doug arrived in Hollywood, Mr. Griffith gathered his writing staff, headed by Frank E. Woods, about him and told them that, as Doug had been under salary since he left New York, he would have to begin production at once upon Fairbanks' arrival. There followed a session in which Griffith told stories until he hit upon a characterization that all agreed would fit Douglas, and a plot that promised well. Mr. Woods designated Mary O'Connor as the one to handle the scenario. It was well past midnight when the order was given and at eight the next morning the master scenes of the feature Blood Will Tell, which later became The Lamb, went through the studio typewriters and the script was given to Christy Cabanne, the director. That afternoon Douglas and Seena Owen were rehearsing the opening scenes of the first Fairbanks starring vehicle.

Frank E. Woods was more than Mr. Griffith's studio manager and supervisor. He was his closest friend and adviser. Mr. Woods was formerly the critic of the Dramatic Mirror, who, over the signature of The Spectator, created a column that gave motion pictures the dignity of their first professional criticism.

By the Sweat of His Frau

Both men were always on the lookout for talent—writers, actors and cameramen, and most generous in their help. Stories had been coming in from a girl in San Diego which showed decided originality, and the author, Anita Loos, was invited to visit the studio.

She proved to be a tiny girl with long braids and short skirts, who took to playwrighting with a vivacity that delighted her sponsors. She studied Fairbanks' particular brand of comedy, and one night at a story-telling session told the plot that stuck in Mr. Woods' memory, so that later, when in need of Doug's third starring vehicle, he asked Mary O'Connor to get that kid and have her tell the story to John Emerson, who was directing Wallace Reid in Old Heidelberg, and who had been chosen to direct Fairbanks.

Miss O'Connor called Anita to her office and explained that she must sell her idea to this great New York stage director, and went to round up Mr. Emerson. Mary has always been under the impression that she introduced Anita and John, though she can't remember anything except seeing the two of them cornered in one end of her big office giggling their heads off over the antics of Anita's hero in His Pictures in the Papers. Formally introduced or not, Anita and John became man and wife and have proved a wonderful team professionally as well as domestically. He used to call her Peanut. Together they wrote many successes for Douglas Fairbanks and at least eight or ten delightful comedies for my sister Constance.

Likewise Mary O'Connor's editorial work has carried her far. Today she is an acknowledged authority on screen story material, for her career, which began with Vitagraph and Griffith, was followed with eight years at the Lasky studio, where she was at first assistant to the supervisor of productions, and ultimately occupied every editorial position in the company's gift, even being sent to Europe to interest noted authors to turn their literary attention toward Hollywood.

Anita Loos and my mother have always been fast friends, and took a trip abroad together a few years ago. Anita returned home first, and some of Peg's amusing letters from Europe suggested numerous incidents incorporated in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Anita says that many of the clever remarks she put into the mouth of the character Dorothy originated from the dry wit perpetually on the tongue of Peg Talmadge.

The House that Jack Built is nothing to compare with the beautiful home Anita is building in Rye Beach on the royalties of her book. Not long ago, when she came to Hollywood, where she attended the opening of her play out here, she spread the plans of the new home on a table and said gayly, "Not so bad for me by the sweat of my brow, eh, Norma?" John, who was proudly leaning over her shoulder, added: "Not so bad for *me* by the sweat of my *frau*, eh, Norma?" John, however, has perspired many successes of his own as an actor, author, stage and screen director.

As picture making progressed, J. Stuart Blackton, always a pioneer, founded the Motion Picture Magazine.

Mrs. L. Case Russell was engaged to fictionize the Vitagraph pictures. She had been receiving two or three dollars each for an occasional poem in various magazines, so that fifteen dollars for a three-thousand-word novelization looked very good to her. The first picture ever transferred from the screen to a magazine was The Eye of Conscience, featuring Edith Storey. From this humble start Mrs. Russell, the would-be poet from Yankton, South Dakota, became the author of more than two hundred produced photoplays, some of which were Vitagraph releases.

She was also a director with The Blazed Trail Productions, an appropriate title, since she herself blazed a trail for future women directors.

The successful screen writers were then paid anywhere from twenty-five to one hundred dollars a week. Today recognized writers who make treatments and adaptations or prepare continuities receive as much as five hundred to one thousand dollars a week.

The topnotchers, such as Frances Marion, June Mathis and Madame Fred de Grassac, receive from fifteen to twenty-five thousand for each story.

Raw Material for Pictures

As interest in the photoplay gained headway—the old five and ten dollar ideas having been written mostly in simple narrative fashion and transcribed into action by the director as he jogged along haphazardly with his picture—the writing of silent drama began to shape itself into a definite craft, as well as an art.

This science has progressed greatly, until today the technic and construction of the photoplay are quite as important in their way as is the building of a play for the legitimate stage, and many of the most celebrated names in modern literature have brought their genius to the screen.

The process of marketing "scripts," as stories for the screen are referred to in motion-picture parlance, is often more difficult by far than the layman realizes. When submitted a story is first passed upon by a member of the reading staff. If considered good it is synopsized for the scenario editor.

If this synopsis appeals to the editor he or she reads the entire manuscript and sends it along, with the synopsis, to the managing director or company executive. Then, if it is O.K.'d, it is presented to the producer himself.

The first reader passes upon a manuscript solely upon its merit, the editor upon its dramatic possibilities as a story, plus its suitability for one of the stars on that particular company's list.

The general manager or supervisor of production is interested in its plot or the characterizations it suggests, its adaptability to the certain star considered, and its photographic feasibility. The producer adds to all this his particular policy, depending upon the type of stories for which his productions stand, the story's exploitation value, its popular appeal and the estimated expense of production. Expense is the last consideration in these days of prodigality, but was the first consideration in early motion-picture history.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Miss Talmadge. The next will appear in an early issue.

Silk shod is the man who would be always properly dressed; but Phoenix shod he is sure to be if he is both properly and *economically* equipped.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

Hit your *stride with a* 988!

FRESH—fast—a flying start—hurdling all obstacles! This ball-pointed pen fairly races *with your message! Nine eighty-eight is a pen that wins!*

Rough paper cannot make it falter. Freely, clearly, it speeds your thought onward. It has the special Radio finish which insures smooth action and long wear. Like every other Esterbrook, it's made of finest, truest steel under the exacting Esterbrook standards.

Not just "any old pen" can make your writing so clearly, unmistakably *you*. To write your best you need a *fresh* pen—a fresh Esterbrook!

Among the many Esterbrook styles, there's one to suit *your* hand. Let the coupon below help you find it.

TRUE ECONOMY:
ALWAYS A *FRESH* ESTERBROOK

Esterbrook PENS

FREE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Dept. S-4, CAMDEN, N. J.

☐ Please send me, free, "The Book of 100 Famous Signatures," showing the autographs of illustrious men and women—and a sample of Radio Pen No. 988.

☐ Please send me, free, the Esterbrook Chart of Handwriting to help me find the pen best suited to my hand—also a sample of Radio Pen No. 988

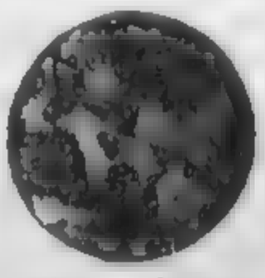
☐ I enclose 10 cents, for which please send me an assortment of the most popular Esterbrooks.

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS IN THE MARGIN BELOW

Using a fresh pen avoids:

1—Recopying
2—Illegibility
3—Spoiled Letters
4—Mistakes in figuring
5—Misunderstanding
6—Bad Impressions
7—Defaced Documents
8—Lost Letters

Startling differences in pens revealed by the microscope!



Steel in an ordinary pen (enlarged 400 times

The black areas (ferrite) and the white spots (cementite) are large and irregular. That makes it easy for the acid in ink to attack the ferrite. In a few months it forms rust (eats away) and thus the fibers and cementite is left. The pen is jagged, scratchy. You have to throw it away—costly, pen false economy

Esterbrook Steel (enlarged 400 times)

See how fine, how evenly distributed the particles are! It is this close amalgamation of ferrite and cementite in Esterbrook steel that so strongly resists the acids in ink. That is why an Esterbrook pen is smooth and flexible all through its service. "Esterbrook" Pen Co.

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

(Continued from Page 23

bows and feathered new arrows for the already well-filled quivers.

Formidably tall and strong-armed though were these burly warriors, their long fair beards descending upon their tunics of sewn skins, their legs incased in those long ragged-fringed trousers which made them an object of derision to the bare-legged Romans, they toiled not now with their usual fierce exultation in this prelude to battle, but with a desperate haste where many even of the Christianized Visigoths muttered the old heathen weapon spells which for a generation had been forbidden. At the tent of Fritigern, their leader, dusty messengers at every moment leaped down from hard-ridden, foam-flecked horses; at every moment other messengers, their faces frowning with the urgency of their missions, mounted and dashed away through those openings in the great laager where the wagons had been temporarily pulled out of the circle to permit of entrance and egress.

More than half the warriors, and the majority of them mailed horsemen, were away raiding under Alhthius and Safrax, could not possibly return until late in the next day for that battle which—despite Fritigern's repeated crafty overtures to the Roman emperor himself—was now, by the report of their spies and of the many barbarian sympathizers in the Roman camp, inescapable. And even if that cavalry returned in time, what chance was there? Not now had they to deal with a mere handful of legions under generals hampered by jealous intrigues at the imperial court. The full might of the Roman power, in all its ancient and still terrible prestige, was gathering against them. Even the half of it was surely irresistible. Here, surely, was the end to that vast and tragic adventure of the past three years.

It had been an adventure full of ominous presage for that unparalleled empire whose walled and garrisoned frontiers, commencing in the north of Britain, stretched from the mouth of the Rhine to the Lake of Constance, ran eastward along the Danube from its source to the Black Sea, began again on its southeastern shore, with the Caucasus as a rampart to the north, dropped thence southward across the Upper Euphrates along the border of the Arabian Desert to the Red Sea, crossed over into Egypt, bestrode the Nile at Assouan, and curved northward and westward in a complete inclosure of the whole strip of fertile North African coastland until they reached the Atlantic where now is Casablanca.

Within those strategically perfect frontiers—comprising as they did the whole of Spain, the whole of Gaul, all but the whole of Britain, the southern half of Central Europe, the whole of the Balkan Peninsula, Asia Minor, the provinces of Mesopotamia, Palestine, Egypt, Tunisia and Morocco, with a greedy Italy in the center sucking tribute from them all—a now centuries-old Pax Romana, only occasionally and locally broken by the conflicts of rival emperors and would-be emperors, had produced a civilization such as the world had never seen and was not soon to see again. Within those frontiers a man might journey where he would in a security and comfort not again to be recovered for fifteen hundred years, nor completely even then; everywhere a network of excellent roads with public vehicles linked city to city and fed the great postal highways leading with grandiose directness from the confines of the empire to the capital, while regular lines of passenger ships maintained a frequent service between the Mediterranean ports in complete confidence that piracy had long ago ceased to be possible; everywhere he would be at home amid a community of language and a community of law and custom.

Within those frontiers a myriad cities adorned with marvels of architecture housed swarming populations where every race mingled in a busy activity of trade and manufacture, and colossally vast agricultural estates produced incomes without modern parallel, for aristocratic landowners to convert into a fantastic domestic luxury or to squander in an incredible extravagance. Within those frontiers was splendidly displayed an accumulated treasure of art, a magnificence of commodities intrinsically precious, no later age was ever to rival.

Menacingly more important, although a danger by contemporary men unrealized, within those frontiers there were no longer nations; for centuries the victories of the Roman armies had poured captives beyond computation into the Roman slave markets and the slave markets of the constantly extending empire. Now, in a broad division not without localized exceptions, there were only slave owners, slaves, and a brutalized idle gratuitously fed proletariat—to give it the Roman name—turbulently exempt from the labor it was a degradation for a free man to perform.

If yet there remained a sprinkling of small farmers in the more distant provinces, almost everywhere the soil was owned in monstrous monopolies by immensely wealthy capitalists, and tilled either by serfs bound to the soil or by multitudes of barrack-housed slaves for whom death, or sometimes the now triumphantly spreading Christian religion, was the only hope; while in the cities every trade and every profession, from the scribe to the shoemaker, from the physician who healed to the gladiators who slew each other in the arena, was exercised by slaves alone. If the pampered proletariat performed any public service at all it was to contribute a small Roman quota to the armies, in majority recruited from the semicivilized barbarians on both sides of the frontiers; an army that, for the defense of so vast an area, so gigantic accumulation of wealth, was not more than four hundred thousand men. What wonder that the hungry swarming outer barbarians hurled themselves ceaselessly, now here, now there, against the barriers shutting them out from a loot beyond imagination?

Yet it was not easy to break through those barriers where, linking post to post, the frontier legions—the *riparienses*—cultivated their vegetable plots behind wall and earthwork. In rear of that cordon were the mobile armies that Diocletian had created and Constantine had reorganized—the legions known as the *palatini* and the *comitatenses*, with their greatly increased attendant cavalry—ready to swoop upon and crush whatever undisciplined invaders should burst an entrance. More than a century earlier these same Goths, not long previously come in a great migration from the Baltic to the Black Sea, had indeed temporarily succeeded, had even for a while ravaged victoriously not only Dacia but Asia Minor and Greece. Pushing onward toward Italy, they had met the inevitable, had been at last utterly destroyed by the Emperor Claudius II, whose successor, Aurelian, prudently withdrew the dangerously advanced Roman frontier behind the obstacle of the Danube, leaving the lands north of it to the wild Goths still swarming in from the northeast.

There, for a hundred years, they had dwelt more or less peacefully, and there, less than half a century since, they had become converted to Christianity by the great Arian missionary Ulfila whose Gothic Bible was, fifteen hundred years later, to permit the rediscovery of the forgotten Gothic language. Latterly, however, they had themselves experienced what formerly they had joyously caused to others, had found themselves irresistibly pressed upon by yet other barbarians in that great stirring of the peoples which had commenced long since and was not to cease until a thousand years after the Roman Empire had fallen into ruins.

From the eastward had emerged, mounted upon fiery little long-tailed horses, swarming in hosts that were beyond number, a never-yet-seen race of warriors whose dwarfish ugliness, immense physical strength and demoniac ferocity filled even these formidable Gothic foemen with semi-superstitious terror—the Huns, who, hurled back from the frontiers of China, had swept across Asia in wild hordes that left a desert behind them, and were now savagely pushing away their Teutonic predecessors from the northern shores of the Black Sea, were seventy years later under Attila, the Scourge of God, to pour in a devastating torrent over the wreck of the Roman world. Three years previously, in 375 A.D., those intruders had completely conquered the Ostrogoths, two of whose leaders—Alhthius and Safrax—had fled with thousands of their warriors to Fritigern, the judge of the Christian Visigoths north of the Danube. And soon thereafter had commenced the great adventure which now had come to its climax on the Thracian plain near Hadrianopolis.

Between the hammer and the anvil, in utter despair of resisting the invincible Huns, Fritigern had sent an embassy to the Emperor Valens, begging to be allowed to bring his people over the Danube within the Roman frontiers, and promising that they should become loyal and obedient Roman subjects. Reluctantly, after long hesitation, Valens had consented on condition that all the Gothic boys near military age should be given up as hostages and that every Gothic warrior should surrender his arms before he crossed. The hostages had been duly given, but thanks to the venal rapacity of Lupicinus and Maximus, the Roman governors of Thrace, they had kept, at the price of wholesale bribery, the weapons even more dear to them.

Then had followed the dreadful starvation of those wretched hordes, deliberately provoked by Lupicinus and Maximus in cynical profit from that vast distress—and finally, after Lupicinus had treacherously tried to murder Fritigern at a banquet, the great revolt. For two years, despite sanguinary battles with Roman generals, Thrace had been at the mercy of those fierce fair-bearded warriors, moving from place to place with the immense train of wagons in which their wives and children sat on the heaps of spoil.

Now, however, there was not man, woman or child in the great laager some eight miles to the east of Hadrianopolis who was not despairfully certain that the day of reckoning was upon them.

Within his tent, magnificently furnished with Roman loot, Fritigern sat frowning and biting his lip under the long fair mustaches that drooped to mingle with his fair beard. Yet again he had dispatched messengers to Valens in a desperate last effort to avert the catastrophe. Plainly not possible was it for them to return to the Hun-ravaged lands across the Danube. If Valens would grant to the Goths the now depopulated and devastated Thrace, as Aurelian had previously granted them Dacia, then would they vow a perpetual peace and friendship with Rome. He had sent also a second messenger with a secret letter from himself to Valens in which he had begged the emperor not to accede too readily to this proposition, but first to make some show of force, for otherwise certainly he would on his side be unable to persuade his battle-eager warriors to renounce their dreams of further conquest.

Thus, it seemed to his crafty barbarian mind, the notoriously muddle-headed Valens might be bluffed into granting terms none knew better than Fritigern were ludicrously beyond his power to enforce and Gratian would arrive too late, with peace concluded. It was a last cunningly impudent move in the game that might retrieve everything. But as he sat brooding in the Roman stool draped with Roman stuffs he had but little confidence that it would succeed. Too well he knew that Richomer was with Valens, representing Gratian, and already he had had more than sufficient experience of that shrewd and skillful soldier. If only Alhthius and Safrax would return! Courier after courier had he dispatched to find and recall that far-roaming cavalry. With them was distant the only chance of anything like equally matched conflict on the morrow.

The sun had long ago sunk, and the innumerable cooking fires crouched over by the women were redly visible through the opening of his tent, when the messengers, at last returned from the Roman camp, stood before the man who in all but name was king of the Visigoths.

He looked up at them, his face haggard in the glare of the torch held by a mail-clad warrior of his bodyguard, his fingers trembling as they played in his long fair beard.

"What says the emperor?"

They shrank from the fierce glare of his gaze, answered stammeringly:

"The emperor refuses, O Fritigern!"

He rose, clutched at the hilt of his sword as though about to slay them for their unsuccess—mastered himself to a ghastly smile.

"It is well. Tomorrow shall we utterly destroy the Romans. Go around the camp and bid the warriors rejoice!"

They stared at him in amazement.

"Do ye not hear?" he thundered at them. "Bid the warriors rejoice! Bid the priests sing their hymns! Valens fights without Gratian! To this have I provoked him! Do ye understand, O fools? Spread the tidings through the camp—bid the warriors sing the battle songs of their fathers while they prepare their arms! Alhthius and Safrax are galloping through the night to be with us in the great fight tomorrow! Begone—and rejoice!"

They hastened from him, marveling bewilderedly at their leader.

He sank back into his stool to brood in solitude—while outside, in a suddenly spreading naïvely wild enthusiasm that came mockingly to his ears, the ancient Gothic war songs were roared in chorus under the stars—upon yet some other crafty device which should hold back the stupid Valens until at least he should hear the thundering hoof beats of Safrax and Alhthius in return, to brood upon some possible plan of action for the battle now certainly inevitable on the morrow. First, certainly, he must allow the Romans to expend their strength in an attack upon the *corrago*, the closely linked circle of wagons—not easily would they effect entrance against the Gothic swordsmen and the Gothic archers—and then—and then—if only Safrax and Alhthius could arrive with their fierce horsemen when the Roman host was fully engaged!

He leaned forward on his stool, his bearded chin gripped in his hand, frowning in an intensity of thought where he no longer heard those roaring heathen choruses, no longer heard the chants of the warriors and the women around the Christian priests. Yes—he began dimly and fragmentarily to visualize that almost incredible possibility at which the blood throbbed quicker in his head, his heart beat with a sudden vehemence in his breast—at all costs—somehow—somehow the Romans must be delayed until Alhthius and Safrax drew near.

It was high noon on that fifth day of the ides of August, when the Roman army, topping a swelling rise in the plain, came in sight of the colossal wagon laager of the Goths. No enemy was discernible. Empty of any living thing was the immense stretch of yellowed herbage around those thousands of wagons, set circularly end to end, their tilts removed in ominous prevision of incendiary arrows, which inclosed a shimmering glitter of steel just visible above their timberwork. The thousands of oxen which normally drew them had been driven off to safety during the night. Remote in the background a chain of mountains was lofty in a sky of clearest blue.

In the center of the Roman host, shoulder high in a purple-canopied litter with poles of silver gilt, his pasty face dwarfed

(Continued on Page 169)

Hide That Unsightly Floor forever with *Kyanize* Floor Enamel

IT matters not how badly it is scratched, stained or worn—give that old floor a coat of KYANIZE Floor Enamel. Overnight, a new, permanently bright, clean, spotless floor—proof against water, weather, wear—even acid! Won't crack, crumble, chip or peel. Equally effective on floors of all kinds—indoor or outdoor—cement, wood, or old pattern-worn linoleum. Nine solid colors enable you not only to *paint* old floors but to *decorate* them as well in varying patterns.

For a transparent finish use—

Kyanize Floor Finish

This famous KYANIZE product stains as it varnishes. Ideal for floors whose wood grain you wish to preserve and enhance. Transparent as glass and almost as hard. It comes in several beautiful shades, from Light Oak to Dark Mahogany, as well as in the "clear" or natural. Ready for instant use. Dry overnight. Used also on furniture and woodwork where a hard, brilliant, transparent staining-varnish is needed. Waterproof, of course, and it *wears*.

Send 10 cents for our newest book, illustrated in colors, "The Charm of Painted Things." Tells how to accomplish delightful finishing effects at home.

$1.00 Trial Offer

If your dealer does not carry Kyanize Floor Enamel send us his name and ONE DOLLAR and we will forward to you postpaid, a full pint can of this master enamel for old floors, including brush to apply it and the "Charm" book. Mention color you desire: Dust Drab, Light Yellow, Warm Gray, Navy Gray, Dark Yellow, Rich Red, Nile Green, Golden Brown, Mahogany Red.

BOSTON VARNISH CO.
712 Everett Station
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Simply brush it on!

Kyanize

VARNISHES & ENAMELS *for Floors-Furniture-Woodwork*

Portable Electric 27½ pounds

$225

FULLY EQUIPPED
Slightly higher west of Rockies

Add-Index goes to the work

Machine Illustrated is
Add-Index—9 Bank Model # 1099

Capacity $9,999,999.99

Add-Index- announces the

1st *and only* portable electric adding-listing machine

$225

FULLY EQUIPPED

(Slightly higher west of the Rockies)

NO STAND REQUIRED

• FOUR MODELS •

Now you can have the long proved Add-Index dependability and portability—with self-contained electric operation.

With such a combination—the first of its kind in the world—Add-Index leads the way to new fields of usefulness. Here is a perfect adding machine—with every feature essential to accuracy—time saving—and operating economy—that can be quickly, easily carried to the work—wherever it is.

In the cashier's cage—on the counter—on a barrel top in the stock-room—at the loading platform—on the bookkeeper's desk—on the desk of the executive—anywhere. It *goes* to the work.

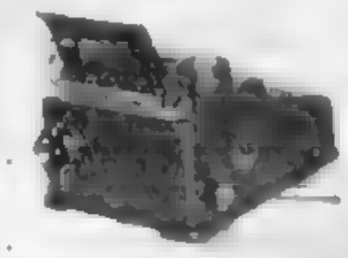
Plugs into any light socket—on either Direct or Alternating Current. Unobtrusive where space is at a premium. At your elbow—yet never in the way.

And because of its marked simplicity—easy quiet operation—and freedom from eye tiring glare made possible by its dull finish—it is preferred by both men and girl operators.

Add-Index does everything that an adding-listing machine should do—does it quickly—with little effort. It *goes* to the work.

Add-Index offers every feature you look for when you buy an adding machine—plus *8* new, outstanding, exclusive, advantages found in no other adding-listing machine—at any price.

Truly a revolutionary machine. Revolutionary in its efficiency—in the economies of time and effort it will effect in your office—and revolutionary in price—$225. Fully equipped.



Self-contained Add-Index Motor—special construction—placed for both convenience and efficiency. Easily accessible—yet out in the way.

Send for descriptive circular today. Better still—ask your office appliance dealer for a demonstration. If he does not have an Add-Index for your examination we will arrange a demonstration for you.

ADD-INDEX CORPORATION
Grand Rapids, Michigan

COAST TO COAST SERVICE—60 COMPLETE SERVICE STATIONS CONVENIENTLY LOCATED

We recommend this new money-time-effort-saving Add-Index to the many concerns who now have Add-Index equipment. We mention a few:

United States Steel Corporation
Standard Oil Company
Radio Corporation of America
United States Rubber Co.
New York Central Railroad
Equitable Trust Company of N. Y.

ADD-INDEX CORPORATION
Grand Rapids, Mich.

____ Tell us something more about the new Portable Electric Add-Index.

Arrange demonstration. We want to see Add-Index perform.

Name

Company

Street No.

City

Add-Index offers Distributors and Dealers the best proposition in the adding machine field today. Write us.

ROSS STEERING

"The Ross Steering Gear means new ease, control and safety—
for me, and you!"

DON'T think of steering, *now*, as a hard job. *That's* steering as it *used* to be . . . *Modern* steering—Ross Cam and Lever Steering—is entirely different . . . . Ross *doubles* your ability to handle your car—brings new ease and freedom from fatigue and further, gives you *control* that means increased safety . . . . Drive a Ross-equipped car just once and you will understand *easily* before . . . . The secret of all these advantages lies in the long lever arm and variable pitch of the cam—*exclusive* with Ross. Already, thirty-nine automobile manufacturers use Ross as standard equipment. Mail coupon below for roster of Ross-equipped cars, buses and trucks, and an interesting free booklet on steering.

. . . . Try a heavily graveled road—or one that is rutted and pitted—or a rough railroad crossing. *You will find that your car holds true in its course and the wheel remains firm and steady in your hands!* Road-shock almost vanishes—and with it, fatigue and other hazards . . . . Then for another surprise, just try *parking* your Ross-equipped car. You never parked as

ROSS GEAR AND TOOL CO., Lafayette, Ind.
Please send me your free booklet "Efficiency in Steering."

Name _____

Address _____

Put a check after name of car if you are interested in the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear for replacement on
Ford ☐ Dodge ☐ Overland ☐ Chevrolet ☐

ROSS
Cam and Lever Steering Gears
EASIER STEERING--LESS ROAD SHOCK

(Continued from Page 165)

under a great casque of gold, the squint-eyed Valens sat and toyed nervously with the golden chain that went round the neck of his purple mantle and clinked against his magnificently embossed gilded armor. Around him, marching with the conscious precision of men under the imperial eye, their spears at an identical angle, their shields exactly aligned from front to rear, their equally spaced helmets brilliant in the sun, his bodyguard was formidably splendid in its gilt cuirasses over tunics of conspicuous white.

Inclosed within that bodyguard, riding close behind the imperial litter on head-tossing richly caparisoned chargers, the bearded Richomer, Count of the Household to the Emperor Gratian, followed side by side with Sebastian, commander of the army before Valens had personally superseded him, a general who had caught and annihilated a large detachment of Goths earlier that year and had boasted overmuch of doing so. Yesterday at the council of war these two had almost quarreled, Richomer pleading for delay until Gratian should arrive, Sebastian ridiculing this excessive caution, vehemently urging his new master—he had but recently left the service of Gratian for that of Valens—to snatch the independent laurels now within his grasp. Behind them came the numerous cavalcade of scarf-fluttering patrician aides-de-camp ready to gallop their thoroughbreds with the headquarters' commands.

Valens leaned from his litter to glance over the mighty host far to right and left of him, turned to give a quick insincere smile to the counselor who had persuaded him to this decisive action, gazed again earnestly over this magnificent army which owned allegiance to him alone. Surely it was sufficient for any task! Never perhaps had the Eastern Empire put such an array in the field as this which spread over the Thracian plain in a flashing splendor of accouterments, a forest of proudly carried insignia. Never had so many legions, each with its imperial eagle, each with its regimental standard recording its past glory of achievement by carved symbols set one above the other on the pole, been gathered together for a new emulation in jealously compared traditional prowess. Never had so many cavalry regiments, each with its ensign of horizontally hanging brightly colored cloth—the *vexillum* which gave to the cavalry unit its name of *vexillatio*—ridden in such dust-raising, armor-glittering masses, one behind another. Never had so many engines of war accompanied a Roman army which contemplated no siege, for these were up-to-date days when a formidable field artillery of light catapults and ballistæ, dragged by horses that could gallop into position, had become an integral part of the line of battle. And in that host there was not a man who was not confident of victory.

Simultaneously with the great sudden shout which broke from the marching army, Valens, shading his eyes with his hand as he leaned forward under the purple canopy, perceived the Gothic laager on the bare plain ahead of him. He turned abruptly, beckoned Sebastian to approach. The general trotted level with him, halted in a brief acquiescent exchange of words. A moment later, while the headquarters trumpets sounded a thrillingly familiar call, the aides-de-camp were spurring madly to right and left.

In a blaring of trumpets, a shrill whistling of fifes, an immense scintillation of arms, the Roman army deployed for battle. Legion by legion—each regulation group of one "palatine" legion, three "comitatensian" legions, and three cohorts of auxiliaries, acting as a brigade unit—the infantry broadened out from its column of route. The strength of that unit, five thousand five hundred men in all, was the exact strength of the ancient legion broken up and reorganized by the great Constantine, but not now was it arrayed in the formation of old times. Not now were there ten cohorts in triple line of intervals, the maniples of the second and third lines covering the intervals of those in front. The Roman citizen had been replaced by the barbarian mercenary or the slum-bred proletarian, and no longer was the individual legionary disciplined enough and self-reliant enough to fight in those small mutually supporting bodies with which the Rome of the Republic and the early emperors had won her countless victories.

The Roman legion had become practically the ancient Greek phalanx in its last degenerate phase, its two cohorts of five hundred men each standing without interval between them in a solid mass. Now, mass behind mass, a cohort of *auxilia* in front and one on each flank, the *comitatenses* ranked legion by legion behind the *palatini*, it formed itself into a long array of demarcated brigades. Between the intervals of those brigades the horse-drawn war engines posted themselves, the mounted engineers in charge of them shouting sharp preparatory commands to the men at the winches which wound the skeins of sinew, to the men in the carts containing the javelins and great stones.

Out on the flanks swarms of barbarian light troops clamorously got themselves into approximate formation, and farther out still the cavalry masses were trotting to take up the covering positions assigned to them. Each unit, as it got into line, halted in a jostled brief dressing of ranks, stood firm. The entire host became stationary. There was a short ominous pause. Then again the trumpets blared, and the whole moved forward.

At that moment Valens, anxiously scrutinizing from his litter that great silent circle of wagons across the plain, perceived a horseman emerge from behind it, come furiously spurring toward them, waving as he approached a spear to which was affixed a fluttering white cloth.

In front of the Herculiani Juniores, old Priscus removed his helmet and mopped his streaming brow. Already more than two interminable hours was it since, startlingly, inexplicably, the trumpets had blared, countermanding that march to the attack, since they had halted. Behind him, distressed with shadeless immobility in that blistering heat, the men cursed and grumbled, while Metellus and Crispinus had left their posts to walk together in exasperated conversation. What was happening?

Long ago the first rumors had spread through that restlessly waiting army. The Goths had offered complete submission, had demanded that a senior officer should go to their camp to settle the terms. All those whom Valens had nominated had refused—who did not know the treachery of the Goths?—and then at last Richomer had offered himself. Had he departed? None knew. What vitally important game was being played beyond their knowledge? Was it peace? The army, thwarted in its first flush of martial ardor, relaxed into a wearied impatience, a murmurous discontent that was almost insubordination.

Old Priscus cursed savagely and comprehensively, invoking a formidable list of pagan deities. It was sheer imbecility thus to arrest an army in midcareer! If they did not attack soon they would not be able to attack at all. And surely they would have eventually to attack—surely those crafty treacherous Goths were but trifling with them to gain time in that absence of their cavalry, which the Roman scouts had reported. Not for nothing had they suddenly set alight the grass to windward on the plain in a long blaze whose smoke reached even to this center of the host. Roma Dea! If only Gratian were here! After this he would exchange into the Western service, where generals knew their business.

Surely now! No, they were only imperial staff officers cantering with a belated and now unnecessary permission for the men to seat themselves on the hot ground. For yet an endless time—broken at intervals by similar exasperatingly deceptive false alarms of general movement—that demoralizing wait continued, now under stifling drifts of smoke, now under a sun so fierce that one could scarcely lay a finger on one's armor. Men went down disconcertingly in abrupt collapse, and there were urgent calls for water that was no longer obtainable. It had been impossible to prevent the men from draining their gourds.

Suddenly, when they had almost become resigned to wait there thus forever, from the front linea of the host there arose a shout. Richomer had ridden up to the enemy, had wheeled his horse and was returning! Simultaneously there was another vociferation—the familiar thrilling Roman battle cry, answered on the instant by a wild defiant yelling from the wagon circle. Unendurably provoked, perhaps, by the taunts of the Goths, a cohort of Iberian auxiliaries had prematurely hurled themselves upon the enemy camp. For the entire army those angry shouts, that sudden noise of conflict, had but one interpretation—the negotiations were at an end. In a moment, while the officers barked their sharp commands, the entire host was on its feet, was jostling in a rapid re-formation of its ranks. In another moment, while the trumpets blared and the fifes shrilled almost without orders, the infantry brigades were moving forward in a great converging semicircle upon the ring of wagons.

In front of him Priscus saw the covering cohort of *auxilia* straighten its spear-bristling ranks, go smartly onward with a deafening battle shout—half heard amid the din the brigade commander's trumpet call for the general advance.

He turned to his legionaries, ranged ten deep on a front of a hundred, their shields a wall, their spears ready in their right hands, their faces sun red and excited under their deep helmets, filled his chest for his stentorian harshly hoarse command:

"Herculiani Juniores! By the right—forward!"

Like one man, uttering like one man its formidable battle cry, its fifes shrieking the cadence of the pace, the legion stepped out. He ran diagonally from its path as it approached, took up his regulation post on the right flank. A little to the right of him an engineer commanding a detachment of *onagers*—wild asses; the nickname for the light field catapults—was striving desperately to clear an opening for his engines in the masses of infantry that automatically drew together as they headed for their circular objective. Priscus grinned at him, unsympathetically amused at the embarrassment of this artillery which, as a veteran legion officer of the traditional old school, he despised and detested. Foot to foot, hand to hand, push with the shield and stab—that was the way to win battles. He glanced again, proudly, along that level front line of his steadily striding legion; few there were in that army which could rival its sternly maintained and now grimly perfect discipline. He loved it, loved every one of those men who had long ago learned to jump into rigidity at his approach, exultantly added his voice to its battle cry as he jerked his bright sword from its sheath.

The next moment an immense long-continuing, strangely horrible barbarian yell came from beyond the thin dust cloud ahead, and with it a storm of viciously swishing arrows, of sling bullets that struck in ringing impact upon armor and headpiece. The cohort of auxiliaries had broken into a sharp trot, was running—leaving behind prostrate men who here and there half reared themselves, clutching at the mortal shaft—in that final dangerous stretch between them and the wagon laager. There was a sudden fierce anger in its vehemently renewed shout. Priscus looked along his men, held up his arm to steady their pace. The auxiliaries in front must be given time to make their initial assault.

In a vociferation that blended with the roar of voices to right and left they rushed to it. While not only arrows and sling bullets but hand-thrown darts now fell upon his own deliberate advance, Priscus

Foot-Joy

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Shoe that's Different

SOME men still cling to the notion that ultra smartness in shoes is achieved at the expense of comfort.

It is true that no hint of the comfort of Foot-Joy shoes is shown in the smart exterior. It's in the foundation. The shoe is designed to enable a man to walk in comfort all day on the concrete, tile and marble floors of this cement age of ours, and at five o'clock in the afternoon, be able to say "I wouldn't know I had feet".

The expression is not ours. It has been repeated hundreds of times in the thousands of letters men write us acknowledging the comfort of Foot-Joy Shoes.

Ask us to send you the Foot-Joy booklet showing smart shoe styles for all occasions for sport, street, and formal wear.

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.

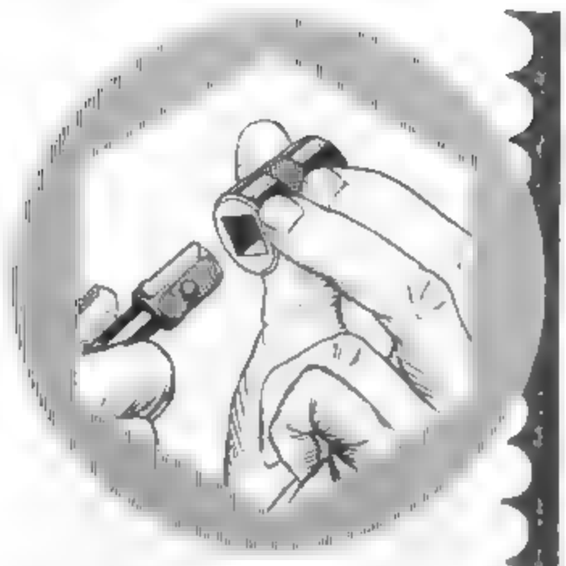
Also makers of

The famous Anatomic Shoes for Men

Name

Address

SEP'28



Use Socket Wrenches and Save Time!

BLACKHAWK Detachable Socket Wrenches make every bolt and nut on your car easily accessible. There is a socket to fit every job without ever slipping, and a businesslike handle that gives just the right reach and proper leverage for quick, sure work.

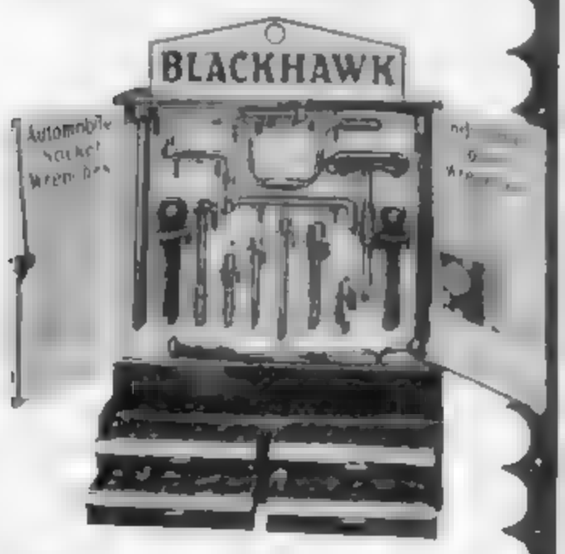
Click the right socket and handle together, and you have a socket wrench that's a joy to use. Blackhawk sockets, with special taper, grip nuts in close quarters. Special analysis steel, heat treated for hardness and strength. Remember the name—

BLACKHAWK
SOCKET WRENCHES

Look for the handsome yellow, red and black Blackhawk Display Cabinet of sockets and handles at the dealer's store where you buy good tools.

Let him show you a complete set of sockets and handles in just the correct assortment for your car—a wrench kit that will soon repay its cost in time, temper and labor saved.

BLACKHAWK MFG. CO.
DEPT. P-4 MILWAUKEE, WIS.



Buy from this Cabinet

watched them with narrowed eyes as their front rank clambered furiously on the wheels of the wagons, watched them as—in a confusion of arms that waved or smote or were suddenly upflung, in a sun-glittering darting to and fro of weapons that scintillated in the thin haze—they were hurled back from them in an appalling clamor of shrieks and shouts and screams. To right and left a similar battle was already engaged, while here and there a catapult that had managed to find space sent its great stone soaring overhead or a ballista discharged its heavy irresistible javelin into the camp. Priscus held up his hand again, shouted an order to the trumpeter behind him. Halt! There was no sense in pressing too closely upon the rear of that still savagely fighting advance guard, which unslung its bows and hurled its darts in support of its front ranks struggling hand to hand.

Stolidly immobile, grimly closing up over its occasional casualties, the legion waited. In front, trampling upon their own heaped dead, the auxiliaries strove desperately to scale that wall of wagons fiercely defended by huge fair-bearded Goths who yelled horribly as they thrust with their spears or smote with their long swords, by long-haired women who shrieked like furies as side by side with their men they released skillfully sped arrows into the mass that assailed them. Soon, however, it became apparent to the intently watching Priscus that the assault of that first five hundred men had spent itself. Their officers were down, their ranks thinned. Individuals came irresolutely back, averting their heads from those who yet urged them forward. It was a moment normally to be expected. Now was the time for the auxiliaries to retire upon the flanks, to make way for the legion!

Simultaneously he perceived that that retirement had become impossible. There were no flanks between those closely jammed infantry units that had converged upon the great ring of wagons. So much the worse for the auxiliaries! Old Priscus cursed profanely at incompetent generalship as, obedient to the brigade commander's trumpet call, he shouted once more the order to advance.

A moment later he countermanded it. Another legion, belonging to the brigade on his right, had moved off before him, had suddenly spread obliquely into the small space which should have been his territory, had cut him off from the auxiliaries of his own brigade. Halt! He raged impotently, used such language that Crispinus, who had been near to him, moved away in thin-lipped disapproval. Unless he wanted to get himself inextricably mixed up with that other legion he had no option but to halt. In front, the fight at the wagons was renewed more furiously than ever—and now, more than ever, he was shut away from it, had all he could do, indeed, to preserve the alignment of the legion in that constantly increasing pressure of the units on both sides of it.

Thus, while the dust cloud thickened in front and around them, while the uproar of conflict became more and more violent in its increasing fury of passions at their frenzied climax, they remained in exasperating inactivity, ever more tightly hemmed in by the masses of men on either side of them. Along their now constantly jostled front Crispinus and Metellus ran to and fro with angrily reiterated shouts of "Keep your ranks! Keep your ranks! Herculiani, keep your ranks!" while Priscus, his old face grim set with wrathfully stern determination at all costs to hold his legion free for action, sent messenger after messenger to the commanders of the legions on his flanks, begging them to ease off from him. They replied that they were equally pressed upon.

What was that? Away to the right flank there was a sudden and quite different sound in the deafening noise of battle, a new though still far away outburst of fierce yells, of shrieks and shouts. Priscus glanced round. It was impossible to see what was happening in that thick pall of floating dust. Indubitably, however, it was something serious; his long-trained ear, alert with the ever-underlying anxiety of the soldier, had instantly detected the note of panic in those distant cries. They continued, became louder, nearer. Then, suddenly, demoralizingly, there was a wild surge of men from the right which filled up the yet intervening space between him and the legion in his front, a wild clamor where one shrieked phrase was dominant, was everywhere repeated in an alarm that disturbed one strangely to the depths: "Cavalry! Cavalry on the flank!" Priscus used language even more unfit for the chaste ears of Crispinus. This was no situation in which to be caught by cavalry. He shouted an order to the right-about.

Impossible! Behind him, immediately ranked against his rear, stood the three "comitatensian" legions of the brigade, and behind them were yet other masses of troops. The legion could move in no direction. It could but stand fast, striving desperately to keep its ranks intact in that vast close-packed mass of men screaming to one another the panic cry of "Cavalry! Cavalry on the flank!" Priscus cursed in bitter anger, in exasperated mystification. What had happened to their own cavalry—posted on the flanks to ward off precisely this disaster? He could not know that under the first headlong charge of Alhthius and Safrax, furiously galloping at the head of thousands of mail-clad horsemen in an unexpected emergence from the smoke of the burning grass, the Roman cavalry had broken and fled in a vast and disgraceful rout that none could rally.

Closer and closer became the press in which those scores of thousands were jammed. Under the panic push, tremendous though still distant, of those most nearly menaced, units lost their identity, were whelmed and merged in one colossal crush where organization and leadership ceased to be, where men fought chokingly for breathing space in that stifling heat. It became impossible to move, became impossible to raise an arm. No longer could a man draw his sword. Spears snapped in the shaft as their bearers tried to extricate them. Through the dense dust cloud hurtled the suddenly increased and deadly discharges of arrows, sling bullets and darts from the Gothic laager. Those they struck remained horribly upright, unable to collapse between those wedged against them. And then, vaguely gigantic in the all-pervading haze of dust, their sword arms rising and falling in a dreadful regularity, yelling a savage exultation loud above the despairing shrieks, the fierce fair-bearded Gothic horsemen became visible over the intervening serried multitude of heads. Startlingly, terrifyingly, from both sides they came, penning between them this helpless mass that could but screamingly await the slaughter.

Unable to move a limb, gasping for breath in that terrible pressure which crushed his armor upon his chest, old Priscus agonized for the legion that had been his life. With an immense effort he half wrenched himself round, achieved a glimpse of the eagle, of the regimental standard, still erect above that close-packed mob, lost it again despairfully in a sudden irresistible swirl of the even tighter press. The huge Gothic riders were now appallingly close. He saw their blood-maddened horses bare their teeth as they plunged among men whose arms were suddenly freed for an instinctively upward protective gesture by the fall of those adjacent, saw their fierce bearded faces in unhuman laughter above their mail-clad bodies as their red-dripping swords came up for yet another ferocious slash. There were now not more than four—not more than three victims between him and them—were only two ——

The pressure was suddenly relaxed. He could breathe. There would be just time. He shrieked with all his lungs: "The Eagle! Break the Eagle!" The next instant he was staring up into the insanely laughing face of a young Goth who reared his horse over the just-fallen corpse—saw, in a paroxysmic revulsion of all his nerves, the gleam of the descending blade. There was not the shock he had expected—he whirled into darkness and a dulled confusion of sounds—found himself looking at a picture of that garden surrounding his villa outside distant Antioch, looking at a peculiarly vivid picture of his daughter Pulcheria moving with white robe among the flowers ——

That fatal ninth of August, A.D. 378, when, with its emperor and nearly all its generals, more than three-quarters of the Roman army perished, marked the end of an epoch and the beginning of another. Though it was yet nominally to linger for a century, with that disaster the old Roman legion virtually passed forever from the world, and infantry itself was deposed from its ancient domination of the battlefield. A new fashion had emphatically been set. Theodosius, the energetic soldier whom Gratian selected to replace Valens as Augustus of the Eastern Empire, hastened to recruit a new army—largely from among those Gothic victors themselves—where was immensely preponderant that new mailed cavalry which could charge home upon an infantry that had henceforth lost faith in itself. And thereafter for a thousand years, while infantry declined into a rabble of unhappy peasants, the mailed horseman was the only soldier that counted in the innumerable wars that were yet to bring desolation upon the earth.

Valley Forge, Pennsylvania

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Mr Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

Little dramas in the life of a great newspaper system

"You kill that story—

Or I'll run you out of the state!"

In a Southwestern city, a Scripps-Howard editor heard whisperings of a plot to misuse the public lands for private interest.

He promptly printed an editorial, promising to sift out the conspiracy and give the facts a public airing.

Next morning, the political czar of the state called at the editor's office. He demanded that the editor lay off the land inquiry—threatening to ruin his advertising revenue and run him out of the state if he printed another land story.

The editor accepted the challenge. Braving the pressure of unfriendly courts and banks, he not only exposed the local land grabs, but he trailed the chief conspirator through his subsequent term of office in Washington. And so helped to uncover the most amazing series of public land scandals in the history of political jobbery.

Every Scripps-Howard editor is the supreme sovereign of his newspaper. He edits his columns, free of all influence, save the public interest. This Scripps-Howard policy is not a policy of fine idealism alone, but of sound business, as well.

A newspaper attains its greatest usefulness to its advertisers, only when it is steadfastly faithful to its readers. When it sacrifices its independence to other interests, it sacrifices its readers' trust in the integrity of its columns—and thus kills the thing that profits the advertiser most.

NEW YORK . . *Telegram* · SAN FRANCISCO . *News* · DENVER . *Rocky Mt. News*
CLEVELAND . . . *Press* · WASHINGTON . . *News* · DENVER . . *Evening News*
BALTIMORE . . . *Post* · CINCINNATI . . . *Post* · TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press* · INDIANAPOLIS . *Times* · COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
COVINGTON . . *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*

AKRON . . . *Times-Press* · YOUNGSTOWN . *Telegram* · KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post* · FORT WORTH . . *Press* · EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS . *Press-Scimitar* · OKLAHOMA CITY . *News* · SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
HOUSTON . . . . *Press* · EVANSVILLE . . . *Press* · TERRE HAUTE . . *Post*
ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS
MEMBERS AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS

ALLIED NEWSPAPERS, INC., *National Representatives*
250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SEATTLE · SAN FRANCISCO
CLEVELAND · DETROIT · LOS ANGELES

Guard against thinning hair and dandruff

HAIR thinning a little at your temples?

Dandruff is probably responsible for it. Specialists find it is the most common cause of baldness. Poor circulation, they say, is another source of serious hair troubles.

You can overcome both ills this way:

EVERY MORNING moisten the hair and scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction. Move your scalp, not your fingers. After working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp, comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

Kept up regularly, this treatment banishes dandruff and makes the hair strong, healthy, vigorous.

For Pinaud's Eau de Quinine does the two things needed to promote hair health—destroys dandruff infection and stimulates active circulation.

Start this simple nourishing care *today!* You can get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

JERRY GUMS THE GAME

(Continued from Page 44)

Gossip about Paul and Emilee did not come to Jerry Fairchild quickly, but it came to him at last. Jerry was pleased by it. Here then was the solution. The fortune that would never come to Paul from his Great-Uncle Ayling, never, certainly, from architecture, would come to him through marriage. Once Paul was married to Emilee Pemberton, Jerry could strike out for himself.

A courtship, however—particularly an Emilee Pemberton courtship—is horribly expensive. Jerry began to work nights. Mrs. Fairchild sold her house, turned over the proceeds to Paul and went to live with Mary, proud possessor of Peter Farthing and Great-Aunt Mary Ayling Sprott's gift of pearls. Paul took an apartment in the city. Jerry took a room farther out, with a stove in it that he could set smoking in the winter and a mirror covered with pockmarks.

It was to this room one night that Paul came to call on his brother Jerry. There was a little awkwardness over it, because he had never called before.

"Quite snug here, aren't you?" he said, trying to seem at ease and not thoroughly succeeding.

"Quite," said Jerry. He squeezed himself between the bureau and the cot to take a seat upon the window sill, while Paul had the chair. "You couldn't ask for anything snugger, some of these hot nights."

So much Jerry could not quite deny himself. Then he relented, seeing Paul's discomfort. Paul, he knew, had come for money. He made it easy for him.

"Sure," he said. "Don't worry. I guess we can manage it." He hesitated, holding down the urgency that underlay his words. "How—how are things coming with Miss Pemberton?"

"I think they're coming," said Paul. "Tomorrow I'm taking her out to the Chelmscott links for the tournament. She was going to play herself, but she sprained her wrist today at the last minute. She just telephoned me. Tough." His voice rose out of the pitch of confidence into the pitch of elation. "All the same, that way I'll have her to myself more. If I can manage it, I think tomorrow I'll ask her."

They were both silent over this, busy with separate hopes.

"Trouble is," said Paul presently, "about a car. I can hire a decent one for the day—must have it, if I'm to get Emilee alone—but so late I can't find a man to drive. I hate to drive myself; you know—one hand on the wheel all the time. Distracting."

Jerry grinned, sobered, grinned again. "Tell you what," he said at last. "McCurdie owes me some time off. I'll drive for you."

"You?"

"Yes. Why not? She'd never notice me. Not a chance that she'd find out I was your brother."

"That's so," said Paul. "Of course." And there was that in his tone, the readiness of his agreement, that brought the color up in Jerry's face.

All the same, that night the idea rather amused him. But the next morning, sitting in the gray velours chauffeur's seat in the Pemberton drive, with the big car purring under him like some prehistoric tabby replete after the little dinosaur that she had caught for breakfast, and Miss Emilee Pemberton herself running down the steps to join Paul, the thing seemed, suddenly, not amusing in the least. He had had to drive absurdly fast to get Paul there in time after a late start. And now he felt a vast disinclination to climb down and hold the door for Miss Pemberton and touch his cap, as Paul suggested was the custom. He sat still, looking straight ahead.

How he knew that Emilee wore a scrap of a white silk sports dress with a blue tie down to her knees, and a pert blue hat not half so blue as her eyes, is a matter for conjecture.

The round had already started when they reached the club, and Emilee suggested that they drive down South Road, which ran near the third green, and join the others there. Paul went to the clubhouse to order luncheon against their return, and she waited alone with Jerry in the car, impatiently kicking white buck pumps against the foot rail. Emilee was restless. Emilee was hot. Emilee was not used to being left to entertain herself. Emilee ——

Frankly, Emilee was bored. Dozens of young men before Paul had brought her to this very clubhouse in dozens of large gray cars and had ordered for her dozens of expensive luncheons such as Paul was ordering for her now. She wanted—she didn't know what she wanted, exactly. But she wanted something different. And with the thought, her eye fell upon Jerry.

"I say, what's your name?" inquired Emilee.

Jerry jumped as if he had been shot—more really than he had jumped that time he was shot.

"Jerry."

"Jerry what?"

"Jeremiah."

"Jerry Myer," she repeated after him. "Jerry Myer." It had always been the sorrow of those placed in authority over Emilee Pemberton that she never noticed the picket fence between impulse and propriety. She was intrigued now by the extreme redness of the back of Jerry's neck. "Turn round," she commanded. "I want to look at you in front."

"My back," said Jerry, not moving, "has always been more admired."

He raised his eyes, cautious, inquiring, to the small mirror above the windshield and looked, to his confusion and hers, straight into the inquiring, cautious eyes of Emilee Pemberton.

There was an instant. Then Emilee's mouth quirked up. Then Jerry's nose puckered. Each in his proper place, chauffeur and heiress, they sat one before the other in the big car, gazing straight ahead, and laughed into each other's faces.

Jerry was not fully conscious again until they stopped in the South Road near the third green. It was Paul who roused him.

"Take the car back to the club and wait for us there. Perhaps you'd like a drink." His voice was jaunty.

Jerry spoke without premeditation. "Damn your drink!" he said clearly. "I'll wait here."

Paul glanced over his shoulder to see if Emilee had heard; gentlemen's chauffeurs do not address gentlemen in these terms.

"Perhaps," Emilee was saying, "Mr. Myer would like to watch the play too."

"Who?"

"Mr. Myer." Emilee waved an indicating hand. "Jerry Myer."

"Oh, I guess not," said Paul quickly.

"Should you like to watch the play, Mr. Myer?"

"Thanks," replied Jerry; and to the abounding horror of Paul Fairchild, he climbed down and joined the two at the edge of the third green.

Paul was alarmed—bewildered too. Ladies do not take an interest in the preferences of gentlemen's chauffeurs. But afterward things were better than he had feared

They walked up and down in the relation of two to one while they waited for the tournament players to come up, and Jerry showed a gratifying willingness to heel like an obedient dog. He was by Paul but little noted, and indeed not very long remembered. Emilee, however, did not forget him. She glanced back from time to time across her shoulder to see if he was coming.

Paul, walking at Emilee's right and holding her hand to keep her wrist from being jarred, expanded visibly. His smile had never been so flashing, his gestures never so quick. He talked constantly and well, mentioning, not without favor, himself, his pursuits, his business, his offices.

"I tell you what," he said, "I'd like a chance to plan a decent clubhouse for this place." He waved a condemning hand at the little two-hundred-thousand-dollar shack with which the club now managed.

"I suppose you've built ever so many clubhouses," Emilee suggested, taking a gratifying interest in his work—and glancing back again over her shoulder.

"Well," said Paul modestly—"well, of course one builds a certain number."

"And what are you working on now?"

"Well, right now"—Paul hesitated, torn between the Pickenthaw bungalow and the Trinity Farm poultry houses—"well, right now I'm working on the Trinity—Apartments."

"Something big?"

"Hundred suites," said Paul, deprecating. "Of its kind, nothing better."

"Of its kind?"

"Small apartments, I mean," Paul explained hastily. "One-room suites."

They swung about, turning to walk back—and found Jerry, who had somehow failed to make his turn also, stock-still before them. Jerry himself would have found it difficult to explain his action. He was aware that he was not working for Paul's best interests—nor his own. And yet, suddenly, the last thing he desired was to leave Paul alone with Emilee Pemberton. He fell disturbingly into step beside them. Paul gave him a furious nudge behind Emilee's back. If looks could have killed, there would have been a fratricide.

"What say?" inquired Jerry.

"Hot," Paul mumbled.

"And growing hotter every minute," Jerry remarked affably—and smiled at Emilee.

Emilee Pemberton smiled back. No girl, however many her millions, is ever annoyed by the honest admiration of a nice young man. And this young man seemed very nice indeed. Besides, Emilee was never one to clear the stumblingblocks from a suitor's path. She gave Paul a glance, rather irritating, and smiled again at Jerry.

"Look!" cried Paul. "There they come!"

Immediately there was an uproar. The tournament crowd was all about them; Jerry found himself in the backwash of a dozen groups eddying about Emilee Pemberton. From riding the crest of rather a high wave, Jerry plunged, gasping, to the trough.

"Perfectly putrid luck about your wrist."

"If you'd been playing, you would have wiped them out—simply wiped them out, my dear."

"That bandage is too tight, girl. My grandfather was a doctor; I guess I ought to know."

Young Chester Paragon, that was. He had come racing up the hill from town, his horse black with sweat save for the white foam spots on her chest; a high-strung creature, nerves on edge already from a touch of spur and being overridden in the heat, she held back against the jerking bridle rein as Paragon hurried up to join Emilee. A caddie snapped his fingers under her nose and she plunged a little, snorting. Paragon's eyes swept the crowd—came to rest upon Jerry, conspicuous in his hot gray trousers, ankle length in a gathering of universal legs. Jerry found the rein in his hand.

"Here, my man," said Paragon, jingling a handful of change in his imported pocket, "lead my horse up to the stable."

His tone, more than his words, made Jerry angry. For an instant red lights danced before his eyes; they steadied, were still; became the two red spots that showed in the mare's nostrils. Jerry liked horses. For his life he could not help putting a hand against that soft wet neck. . . . He went into the saddle lightly.

(Continued on Page 174)

Vague thoughts that cloud the mind—these are Everyman's barrier to success. Pull your idea down out of the sky. Shape it to a plan. Make it clear, graphic, workable. . .
PUT IT ON PAPER
$3.00
New model—oversize; standard lead; long, Grecian border; engine-turned
$3.50
Lovely new model for ladies—green jade—favorite nib in Wahl 14-K solid gold
$5.00
Another new model—oversize—gold—Grecian border—uses standard Eversharp Red Top lead
$7.00
Handsome oversize pen for work or school—holds more ink—14-K solid gold nib
$3.00
Jumbo-long—green jade—new quick release—uses standard Red Top lead
$5.00
Everyhand writing point, Wahl 14-K solid gold; all-service; soldier clip

"—but it doesn't mean anything"

A man might guarantee a rubber boot not to short circuit, or a motor car to stay crisp in milk or cream.

This is all very well, but, as Goldberg says—"It doesn't mean anything."

On the other hand, we guarantee the Wahl pen to write—and to write *well.*

That, it seems to us, is more the purpose of a fountain pen than to withstand a triphammer or to serve as an heirloom for generations yet unborn.

Maybe you agree with us, and want the pen you buy to *write*—and write well.

If you do, just try the Wahl pen.

And try it by the only test of a pen that means anything:

PUT IT ON PAPER

At any Wahl-Eversharp counter you'll find your choice of color, size or price in the pen that's "right as write can be"

WAHL PEN *Eversharp's write-hand companion*

EVERSHARP *the name is on the pencil*

(Continued from Page 172)

Instantly he was surrounded by a hundred faces two hundred; he saw them multiply as they turned toward him.

"Here, you," young Paragon was shouting, "I didn't tell you to ride her up."

"You didn't have to." Jerry looked down at them. If looks could have killed, there would have been a massacre.

And then suddenly he was not angry at all—only very miserable. Suddenly he did not see the other faces—only Emilee Pemberton's. He sensed that she was trying to be kind to him. It was that need for her kindness that marked the gulf between them.

"After all, he can ride," she was saying. "Where did you learn to ride so well, Mr. Myer?"

Jerry reached the bottom of the trough. "Army mule," he said gloomily.

He turned toward the club stables and gave the mare her head.

III

JERRY saw Emilee Pemberton only once more before he acted as usher at her wedding. No meeting, for Jerry, could have been more unlucky. It was Saturday afternoon, and he was at the office toting up his sales and trying to imagine how he should raise the rest of the thousand that he had promised Paul, when McCurdie's telephone rang.

"Does Jerry Myer work here?" a clear voice asked.

"Huh? Who?" said McCurdie. "Oh, yes—Jeremiah. Yes, he works here."

"I'm out in the waiting room," said the voice, "and I want to hire an apartment. Could he ——"

"Sure thing," agreed McCurdie. "Send him right out."

Jerry went with no enthusiasm. If he had had his way, McCurdie would never have taken apartment-house agencies. He slammed past into the outer office. In the middle of it, very smart in her white wool dress and her crimson coat with the white fur collar, her blue eyes never so blue, her fair hair never so bright under her small hat, stood Emilee Pemberton. Lovely she looked; self-possessed; very, very expensive—but her blue eyes were still wistful.

Jerry never knew afterward exactly what happened. At the time he was sure only that his hair was rumpled, all on end, that the creases in his trousers were all in the wrong place. He believed that they shook hands.

He believed he held the door. From afar off he heard Emilee's voice explaining that she had a friend coming East to study music, and she wanted to find a small apartment—say a one-room suite.

"Do you like working here," she said, "better than—driving?"

"I—I drive a good deal here," said Jerry miserably. They were in the elevator now, and he was fumbling distractedly with the button for the subcellar and the furnaces. "Got your car, Miss Pemberton?"

"No."

"This way then," said Jerry, and they went out.

Jerry's car was, in a way, a good car. When it would go at all, no car could go better, though some might go more quietly. When it stood, it stood efficiently and well. It stood now, sagging a little toward the curb, with that curious sidewise air of dejection seen sometimes in very old horses or very old hounds—as if all its joints were sprung a little.

Its mud guards, both loose, drooped forward like two long flapping ears; there was an irregular dripping from the radiator, as if it lacked the energy to keep its mouth shut.

An imp of perversity seized upon Emilee Pemberton. She loved teasing.

"Goodness!" she cried. "What is it?"

"A car," replied Jerry.

She bent forward, peering. "Sure enough! I knew it reminded me of something, but I couldn't think what. Does it go?"

"Sometimes." Jerry picked up the buttonhook and the crank.

"Oh, you button it up!"

"And wind it," said Jerry. "They make wonderful mechanical toys now, don't they?"

He took it rather well. Emilee liked that. But she only said, "Where are we going first—the Trinity Apartments?"

Jerry, climbing in beside her, stole a quick, alarmed look at Emilee—and saw an unbetraying curve of cheek above a high white collar.

"The Appledore," he said shortly.

They went to the Appledore. They went to the Queen. They went to the Beaumont, the Fletcher, the Essex, the Sussex, the Annex. He did not care now if Emilee Pemberton chose to look at every apartment house in greater Boston. For him it was enough that he should ride beside her, seeing that soft curve of cheek with the fair little lappet of hair curling out against it. He was keenly aware of her nearness, the touch of her shoulder as she swayed toward him at the turns. A madness came to him, as it came that day on the links. They were alone together in the world. There was no Paul; only a Jerry and an Emilee.

"The Trinity Apartments were to be ready in October, weren't they?" Emilee asked.

And at once there was the world again, and they were bumping over cobbles. They made a left-hand turn and she was flung away from him into the opposite corner of the seat. The engine was skipping.

"Here's Compton Court," he said. "I think that you'll like this."

But Emilee did not. "I don't like the window sills," she said firmly. "And now, please, the Trinity Apartments."

Jerry was fairly caught. Impossible to let her know the truth—give Paul away.

"I—I guess I can't take you there tonight," he said.

"Why can't you?"

"Too far. Too dark. Too ——" He blundered. "Anyway, I can't."

"Won't, you mean."

"Well," agreed Jerry hopelessly, "won't"

It was just Jerry's luck that as they came out again through the court they should meet old McCurdie, down to settle with the fourth-floor Gills, who threatened to break their lease unless the fireplace stopped smoking. He caught sight of them.

"How d'do," he called out, genial, with his customer manner. "Find something you like, Miss ah "

" Pemberton," Emilee supplied. "No. I was just ——"

"I was just taking her to Claverley." Jerry cut her short before she could mention the Trinity Apartments.

"That's right! That's right!" cried old McCurdie, bubbling with kindness and good humor at mention of the great name of Pemberton. "Mr. Fairchild can fix you up. Been with us for years, Mr. Fairchild has. Show you as well's I could myself "

"Who?" Emilee interrupted.

"Why, Mr. Fairchild," said McCurdie with a gesture. "Jeremiah. I guess"—he puckered his red face, proud of knowing the gossip—"I guess from what I hear you're better acquainted with his brother Paul than you are with Jeremiah."

Emilee Pemberton looked at Jerry, mute before her, and knew that it was true; but she did not speak until McCurdie had bowed away and they had gone out together through the twisted iron gate. There was a coldness at the pit of Jerry's stomach, unconnected with the motion of apartment-house elevators. Emilee walked beside him, lovely and remote—and secretly very much amused. She could not resist so excellent an opportunity to tease him further.

"I suppose," she said, "that you thought it all a fine joke—on me."

"No," said Jerry miserably. "No, not on you."

He picked up the crank. Under his hand the engine was heavy and inert. He spun it; it sighed, was still again. Emilee saw that her teasing had been successful. She pressed her advantage further.

"I know what's the matter with you!" she cried with mock severity. "You're jealous of Paul! Trying to put him in a false position that day at the club, and now refusing to rent one of the Trinity Apartments just because he built them. I can't stand jealous people!"

She broke off suddenly. Jerry had straightened and turned toward her. For an instant there were no reserves in his face. No concealing grin lifted the corners of his mouth or quirked his ridiculous nose. He raised his hands a little, let them drop. He was not a Paul; only a Jeremiah.

"Yes," he said. His voice was oddly flat. "I'm jealous of him. I—I guess a man's always jealous of the one who's going to marry the girl he loves." The universe crashed round him. "I—I'll get you a taxi," Jerry said.

Emilee Pemberton sat very straight in the taxi as it rolled away, and strange tears of anger ran down her cheeks and hid in her smart white collar. Emilee tried to think that she was angry with Jerry for what he had done. And all the time she knew that she was angry with herself.

"Well, anyway," said Emilee with a frank sob—"anyway, he needn't have taken everything I said so darned s-seriously."

Jerry Fairchild watched the taxi till it was out of sight. Then he left his own car standing by the curb—the key was in the lock, the crank was on the shaft, on the drooping mud guard, conveniently to hand, lay the buttonhook. He went in search of McCurdie.

"I'm through," he said to old McCurdie. "I'm going to strike out for myself."

IV

IT WAS Emilee's own idea that her marriage to Paul should take place at 8:30 on the evening of her twenty-third birthday; everybody nodded and winked over the invitations. It was just like Emilee Pemberton, they said, to dangle a fortune at the end of a half-hour leash. She teased Paul unmercifully about it.

"It will keep you from being late," she told him.

Jerry was to be an usher. That was Emilee's idea too; Paul's idea was that poor relations should be hidden under a bushel where their clothes would not be noticed. When the time came, however, Jerry appeared, respectable—in the best that could be hired.

The last month had not gone well for Jerry. Striking out for himself had proved a tedious business. Every day he went deeper in debt for himself and Paul—who had not been too angry with him to continue their financial relations and every night he lay in his snug quarters, kicking the iron foot rail on his cot and cursing the day that a man such as he should have fallen in love with a girl such as Emilee Pemberton. When he set out late that afternoon for the rehearsal of the wedding ceremony, he had in his pockets exactly nothing at all. He had not lunched that day because Paul had borrowed his luncheon quarter to tip a taxi man. He walked the four miles to the church because he had no car fare.

Strictly speaking, of course, it was not necessary for an usher to attend the rehearsal. Jerry went because he wanted to see Emilee Pemberton.

Paddy Todd went with him. Pad was an army friend of Jerry's—the kind of man that you could depend on in a pinch. Jerry had called Emilee up at the last minute and asked if he might bring Todd along to usher with him.

"I'm not much used to this kind of thing," he said, "and I'd like to have him there to—sort of help me."

"There'll be lots of other ushers," Emilee said. "But of course if you want him ——"

"Got the book, Pad?" Jerry asked him now lugubriously.

"Right here," said Todd, and they went up the steps together.

Inside, the church was dim and echoing as empty churches are, and Todd and Jerry sat alone together in a creaking pew. Nobody noticed them. People rushed past, excited and high-pitched, laughing over Emilee's last unmarried escapade, exclaiming over the decorations, over the bridesmaids' dresses.

"My dear, all mist gray and haze purple and russet. Mine's that funny old orange just before it turns brown."

Carter Lane marched by, smoking a cigarette. "I'm the incense." He was keenly aware that he was also the best man, and that this rehearsal had been postponed until his train was in from the West.

Emilee came then, in a slim gray dress as simple as a breath. Her laugh was impudent, her step was impatient rather than quick. She was everywhere at once, talking to everyone. Jerry held himself against rushing up to her, against seizing her hands, against ——

"Oh, hello, Jerry! Where's Paul?"

"How should I know?" said Jerry shortly.

One by one, the others straggled in. The maid of honor came, very pretty and fretful over the shape of her hat; the flower girl came, with a hot little fistful of rose petals to practice with; even the Rev. Dr. Phidias Hammermill came, in creaking boots—everyone came, indeed, but Paul.

Doctor Hammermill was impatient. A wedding, with a fee, was one thing; a rehearsal, where everyone giggled and made jokes about his leaving out "obey," was quite another. He would not have come, of course, for anyone except a Pemberton. Jerry had met Doctor Hammermill once before, and he went over now and shook hands with him.

"Waiting at the church," someone hummed. "Waiting at the church ——"

"Cheer up! They say if the last rehearsal's a flop, the show is always good."

"No penalty, is there, for being late this afternoon?"

Emilee laughed with them, merrily enough, but a faint annoyed color sprang in her cheeks.

"Run out, someone, do, and telephone to him."

"Doesn't answer," Carter Lane reported after an interval.

"He's started then. Five minutes—ten at the most."

They waited for ten minutes, while Doctor Hammermill held his watch in his hand and spoke of an appointment.

"We'll run through it without him," Emilee said then. "You learn what Paul has to do, Carter, and teach it to him. That's what a best man's for, isn't it?"

Doctor Hammermill herded them up the aisle at a brisk walk. "Now you stand here, Miss Pemberton, and the groom there. Best man—yes, that's right. Now I say, 'Dearly beloved, we are gathered together—m-m-m—so long as ye both shall live,' and the man says 'I will.' Then I repeat, and you say 'I will,' Miss Pemberton. M-m-m—that part will take care of itself. Then your right hands. . . . The man repeats after me; I can skip that; then you repeat after me—you won't need to go over that, Miss Pemberton, there's nothing to learn. Then the ring. M-m—prayer—m-m—'man and wife'—m-m—'amen.' It's very simple. I'm sure you won't have any trouble."

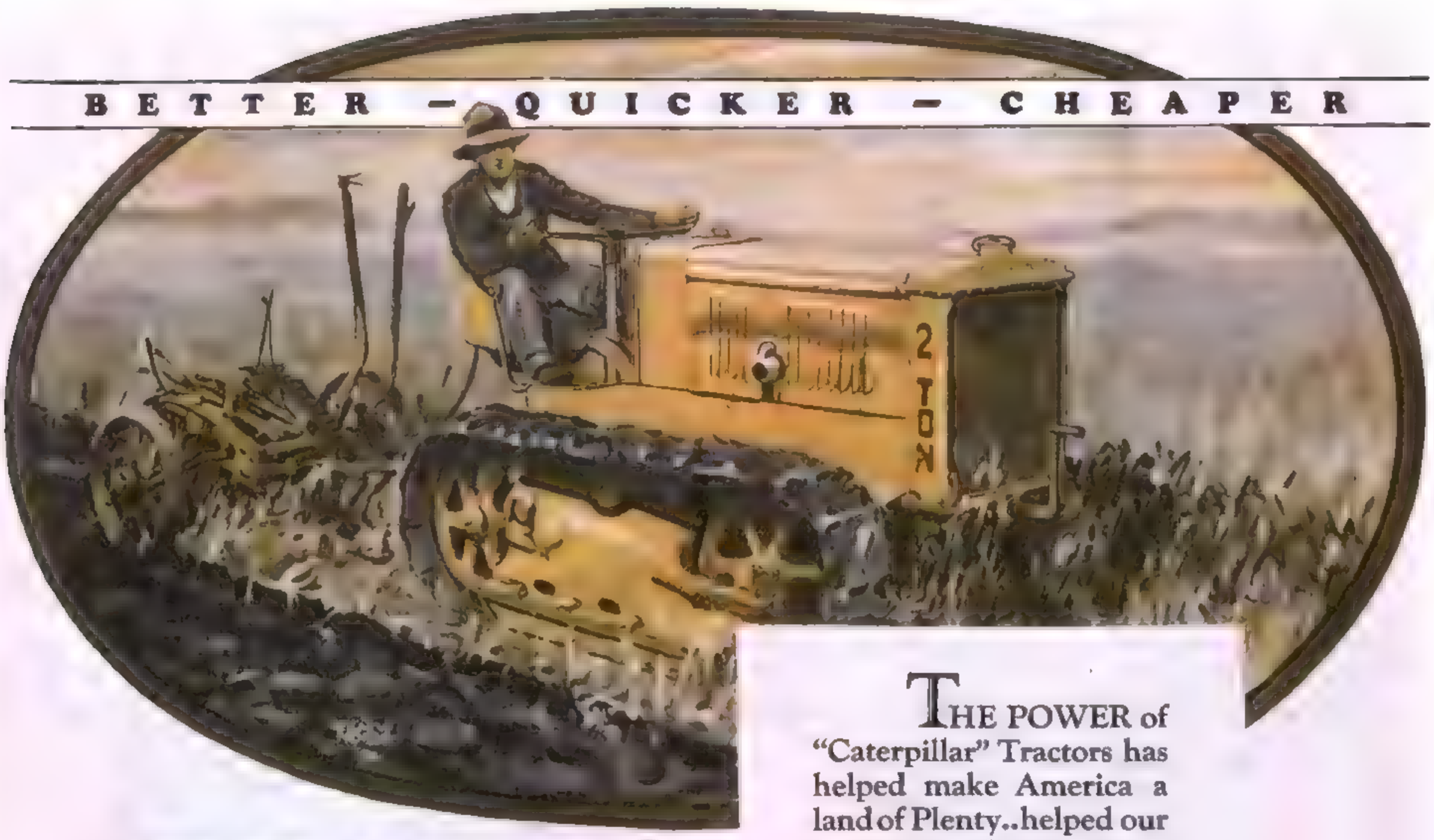
Doctor Hammermill creaked out and they all looked at one another in dismay.

"My word!" exclaimed Emilee. "I hope somebody knows what to do when. I don't. Carter, old dear, give me that book. I want to see what it says really. It's awfully strainful being a bride and a groom too "

From his place at the rear of the church, Jerry felt himself rising and stumbling down the aisle.

"If you want to go over it again," he heard himself saying, "I—I'm not doing anything special. I—I'd just as soon take the part of the groom."

(Continued on Page 179)



POWER AND PLENTY

THE POWER of "Caterpillar" Tractors has helped make America a land of Plenty..helped our farms to produce more *per man* than those of any other nation.

ANY FARM..large or small..that supports its owner deserves a "Caterpillar" Tractor...The "Caterpillar" has the surplus power to shatter stubborn soil in dry seasons; the positive traction to work when fields are wet.

THIS POWER, this traction, combined with inbuilt stamina for years of dependable service, makes a "Caterpillar's" *first* cost the *last* consideration. "Caterpillar" power means ... *Plenty.*

"CATERPILLAR"
Tractor Prices

2-TON . . $1850
Peoria, Illinois

THIRTY . $3000
Peoria or San Leandro

SIXTY . . $5000
Peoria or San Leandro

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO.
Executive Offices: San Leandro, California, U. S. A.
Sales Offices and Factories:
Peoria, Illinois San Leandro, California
Distributing Warehouse: Albany, N. Y.
New York Office: 50 Church Street
Successor to
BEST (C. L. Best Tractor Co.) (The Holt Manufacturing Company) HOLT

There is a "Caterpillar" Dealer Near You

CATERPILLAR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TAILORED AT
BROADWAY

FASHION PARK
BLUNTS

Made for the thrifty housewife's market basket

67 million rolls of ScotTissue Products were bought over the retail counters in 1926

—Because they are

Soothingly soft
therefore cannot harm the most delicate skin

Hygienically clean
therefore absolutely safe, even for children

Quickly absorbent
therefore the most economical tissues to use

Uniform texture
therefore never varying in quality or appearance

EVERY WOMAN knows that price alone does not determine the worth of a product, whether it be food, clothing, furniture or household supplies.

What determines toilet paper value? Not the *size* of the roll, not the *number of sheets*, not the *price*—but these essential qualities which you'll find in ScotTissue products: *soothing softness* that's kind to the most sensitive skin; *quick absorbency* that assures economy; *hygienic purity* that makes it absolutely safe, even for children; *uniform texture* that never varies in excellence.

Because you get *all* these qualities in ScotTissue products, you get more for your money. That's why they have won a place in thousands upon thousands of homes, so that last year, housewives purchased more than 67 million rolls of ScotTissue products over the retail counters of America.

ScotTissue products belong in *every* well-appointed bathroom. The comfort and well-being of your family—your pride in the home appointments—your concern for economy—demand ScotTissue products.

2 rolls 25c
ScotTissue—the health toilet paper

3 rolls 25c
Waldorf—also a ScotTissue product

The safe way to buy toilet paper is to ask either for ScotTissue or Waldorf. Then you *know* you are getting *all the qualities* doctors recommend in toilet paper, at a most reasonable cost.

Next time say "ScotTissue" or "Waldorf" to your dealer. You will receive a big, economical roll that fits the standard built-in fixture. Health toilet paper that comes to you untouched and untainted—the utmost in toilet paper value.

Our offer—If your dealer does not have ScotTissue or Waldorf toilet paper, send 25 cents with your name and address and we'll send you whichever brand you prefer.
Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

© S. P. Co.

(Continued from Page 174)

They shouted at him, all. But Emilee saw that he was trying to help her.

"That's a good idea," she said quickly. "If only we had someone to read the stuff off "

"Here—here's Paddy Todd," Jerry suggested diffidently.

They went over it again from the beginning, and if there was tittering among the bridesmaids, then Jerry was serious enough to make up. Standing there beside Emilee, her bright head at his shoulder, he was at once exalted and terrified. Had the whole thing been real, his heart could not have thudded more loudly against his ribs; his hand shook over hers. Everyone smiled at the heartiness of his "I will."

Momentarily, at the end, they stood there still together. Emilee looked up. In her eyes there was a warmth and shining, a look that as he met it turned Jerry's heart right over.

For an instant—just for a bare instant he thought that look was for him. And then—and then, of course, Paul came.

Paul hurried forward, bustling, taking possession of Emilee. Jerry found himself thrust aside again into his empty pew; sitting there hunched forward, elbows on knees, he caught only scraps of talk as the others drifted past him.

"My dear, horribly sorry. Clock stopped. Watch too. Never knew it to happen. . . . No, the telephone didn't ring—I was right there. Don't worry. I'll be on time tonight."

"You bet he will."

"Emilee's furious—hates being laughed at."

"Crazy about him, though. Never thought I'd live to see that girl in love with any man."

"She is, then?"

"Oh-h, is she? Did you see the look in her eyes as he came in?"

Jerry put his head down in his hands to hear no more.

It was evening. The great church, that had been echoing and dim that afternoon, was alive now with light and color and a thousand smothered whispers, while guests, never so unfashionably on time, craned respectable but very curious necks across their shoulders. In the loft, the organ crooned. The organist waited for the signal, to burst, triumphant, into the wedding march.

Outside, extending through the vestibule and down the steps under the porte-cochère that led to the parish house, the wedding procession waited too; the little flower girl, who from time to time started prematurely down the aisle and had to be withdrawn again by the slack of her brief pants; the bridesmaids, lovely in their radiant gowns; the maid of honor, giving a last tilt to her hat before a pocket mirror; Carter Lane, having a rehearsal in his mind—"Sure you got the ring, old man?" Paul himself was pacing up and down near by and running a furtive finger round the edge of his collar to see if it was wilting. Everyone was there. Everyone was ready—everyone, that is, but Emilee.

It was twenty-five minutes to nine.

"Somebody telephone the house again."

"Silly! I tell you she wasn't there."

"She's right here in the church. I say, let's all have a look."

"Good Lord, get back there in line, can't you? We want to be ready when she comes."

"She's getting even with you, Fairchild—paying you back in your own coin."

"If she doesn't hurry, there'll be no coin to pay him in. I tell you, boy, this is where time is money."

"Sh-h! He'll hear you."

Paul drew out a folded silk handkerchief and tidied his hot face.

"There's such a thing," he said thickly, "as carrying a joke too far."

It was twenty minutes to nine then. Emilee's father, at the head of the procession, shook his watch testily and put it back in his pocket.

"I don't know where she is. She came down with me, I tell you, and went over to the parish house to fix her veil. Seems as if some of you might find her."

Upon that there was a fresh dash of ushers to the parish house, which had already been thoroughly gone over. They were searching everywhere now, without much order, peering about outside, haphazard, where the bushes rustled in the shadow of the porte-cochère. Someone rushed up into the belfry. Someone else asked the organist to play more loudly to drown the sound of hurrying feet and calling, urgent voices.

At a quarter to nine a messenger came, stolidly producing a telegram from his cap.

"Mr. Fairchild," he said. Paul stumbled forward, snatching. The boy held the envelope away from him while he read off the name. "Mr. Jeremiah Fairchild. You Mr. Jeremiah Fairchild, sir?"

In the reaction there was a great deal of nervous laughter, and the talking began again.

"Do you remember that terrible story about the bride who got shut into the chest?"

"My watch is faster than yours."

"How long does it take, anyway, to put a wedding through?"

Paul stood quite still beside his wedding procession. No one joked with him any more. He stood as if he were alone among them, his eyes staring; from time to time he mopped his forehead with the silk handkerchief, sodden now.

Those who were near could see the muscles spring in his cheeks with the setting of his teeth. They no longer looked openly at their watches, but everyone there knew exactly what time it was. It was five minutes to nine.

It was three minutes to nine.

It was

Paul gripped Carter Lane's arm. His voice was loud in the stillness. "I can't marry a poor girl. I haven't a cent. Lane, if she should come this minute, it would be too late!"

Jerry slipped outside again as the broken procession crowded forward through the open doors. No one had searched so long and thoroughly as he, and he knew that Emilee was not inside the church; he strained his eyes into the darkness, in him an urgent need for finding her beyond the need of others.

"Jerry!"

A small breath of a voice it was, but Jerry was down the steps in an instant, parting the bushes where they rustled by the high pillar of the porte-cochère. Through the open windows of the vestibule, voices sounded clearly, but Jerry did not hear them. He heard nothing but Emilee's whisper; saw nothing but Emilee's face, uplifted, as she stepped forward in the streaming church lights. Above the huddled collar of her cape her eyes had warmth in them and shining—the look that he had seen there that afternoon in the church. And now, at last, Jerry knew that that look was for him.

"Jerry," Emilee whispered, "take me away. I can't help it. I love you."

Explanations came slowly that night, a little at a time, because they did not seem to matter; the car sped forward in the darkness and the white road unrolled like a curled tape. The city twinkled behind them. Before them the wind flew in their faces.

"I wouldn't have done it, Jerry," Emilee said once, "if he had loved me. He was marrying me for my money. I took that way to make sure. . . .

"Jerry, I thought it was too late when I found I could really be in love. . . .

"Jerry, I do love you. I want to marry you more than anything. I'm not afraid of being poor—I guess. Only, do you suppose you can ever eat my cooking?"

It was then that he told her all about Uncle Jeremiah and the lucky bank and showed her the crumpled telegram that had come that evening. It read:

"Nickel spent to good advantage. Glad you gummed the game. Business opening here. Come at once. Bring wife.

"JEREMIAH AYLING."

"What does he mean?" cried Emilee. "'Bring wife'?"

"You," replied Jerry. And then—"You see, strictly speaking, I—I guess we were married this afternoon. About five, it was. Church. Cloud of witnesses. Padre Todd's a minister."

They rushed on. Below them a black river wore proudly on its bosom the gold studs of the reflected arc lamps. Far off the lights of a town tittered and went out one by one like stars before a storm.

"You see," lied Jerry calmly, "I knew. . . . Only afterward, when I'd done it—and he came in—I wasn't so sure. And then I couldn't find you."

It was long after.

"And what did you spend the nickel for?" asked Emilee Fairchild.

"Gum," replied Jerry. He looked down at her. He grinned. And with the grin, Jerry's nose puckered into such an outright figure of fun, so mirthful, so whimsical, so irresistibly hilarious, that Emilee laughed with him before ever she knew what she was laughing at. "You see," he said, "I needed to have Paul late for that rehearsal—while I was marrying you. He went up to his apartment for a nap. And I put gum in his alarm clock and gum in his watch and gum in his telephone bell."

Mt. Leconte, the Giant of the Great Smokies, in the Great Smoky Mountains in East Tennessee and Western North Carolina

Get this FREE Sample!

"...that white spot disappeared as if by magic!"

Gentlemen:—

About a month ago a guest at my home spilled some toilet water on the top of a very lovely old dresser. It left an unsightly white spot. For two weeks I tried different things to remove this spot and gave it up as a bad job.

A few days ago I tried a bottle of Woodtone which my husband uses to polish our car. To my great joy, that white spot just disappeared as if by magic! I mean it sincerely!

Woodtone polishes so quickly and *really is greaseless.* I told my husband of my experience and he said that neighbors of ours who never thought of polishing their cars before were now making them look new with Woodtone because it was the only *easy-working* polish they had ever found that *didn't pick up dust afterward.*

I think Woodtone is the most important addition to my "housekeeping helps" since the advent of the vacuum cleaner.

(Name on request)

Woodtone
TRADE MARK

A new greaseless polish for furniture and automobiles

How would you like to test Woodtone right beside your present polish? Put both on the same table and see the vast difference. Try Woodtone on one of those white spots you haven't been able to remove. Watch it disappear! Try Woodtone on the automobile once and you'll never use anything else!

Ask your druggist for this greaseless, quick-working polish. Also sold at department stores and furniture stores.

FREE TRIAL

We will supply enough Woodtone to do a dining room table or a piano. Jot down your name on the coupon and send 6c for postage and packing. Make up your mind to try the finest polish in the world on one piece of furniture. You'll be glad you did.

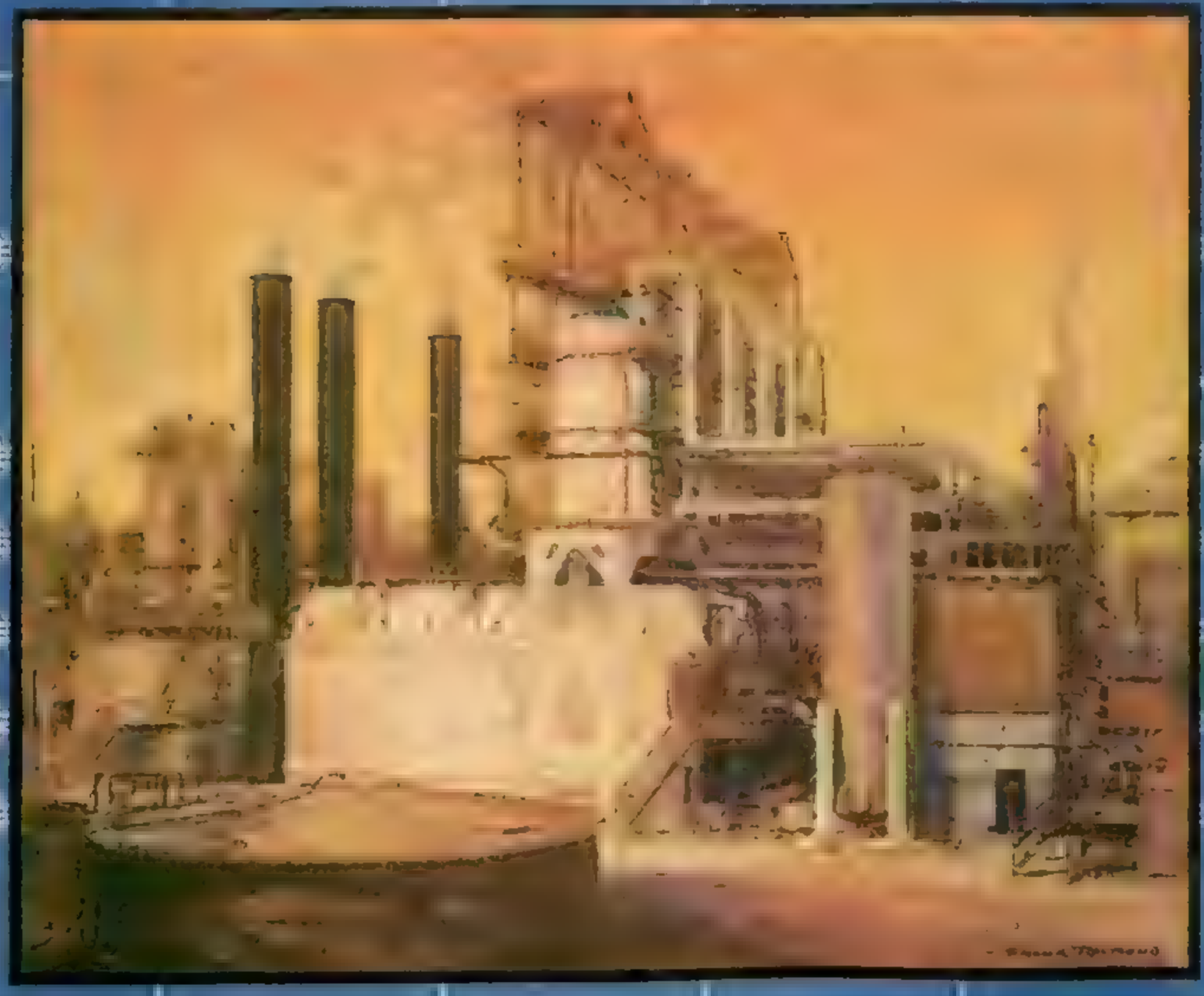
GIRARD & CO., INC., Dept. S-7
FAIRFIELD, CONN.

☐ Enclosed find 6c for a trial bottle of Woodtone.

Name.....

Address.....

150 Pounds Pressure CRANE VALVES 2500 Pounds Pressure



Modern crude stills for topping and re-running crude oil, TIDE WATER OIL COMPANY, *Bayonne, N. J. Designed and erected by* TIDE WATER *engineers. Equipped throughout with* CRANE *cast steel valves, fittings, and fabricated piping.*

When 12 barrels a day broke the oil market

In any chemist's shop or drug store, your grandfather might have picked up in 1855 a little circular made to look like a greenback. It advertised the "wonderful medical virtues" of Kier's Petroleum Panacea, ". . . pumped up with Salt Water, flows into Cystern, bottled in its Natural State without any Preparation or Admixture."

On July 4th of that same year, R.T. Crane poured the first metal in his modest brass foundry. There was then no oil industry. The first well was yet to be drilled. Petroleum was merely a cure-all.

Then in 1859, the pioneer Drake well "came in" with twelve barrels a day, promptly breaking the market. Now, daily production averages well over 2,000,000 barrels, and only cracking prevents a serious shortage of motor fuel. The oil industry has traveled far since the "rock oil medicine" days.

So, too, has Crane. Always abreast of changing requirements, Crane today supplies valves, fittings, and piping materials, in a range of metals and alloys to serve every need from well to filling station.

Your piping problem may be as difficult as handling highly explosive and corrosive vapors, or as simple as controlling running water. In either case, you can benefit from Crane experience and research which have made Crane a synonym for safety, dependability, and economy.

CRANE

PIPING MATERIALS TO CONVEY AND CONTROL OIL, GAS, STEAM, AND LIQUID

WRITE CRANE CO., GENERAL OFFICES, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Fifty-five Cities

National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco, and Montreal

Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Trenton, Montreal, and St. Johns, Que

CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, MEXICO CITY, HAVANA
CRANE LIMITED: CRANE BUILDING, 386 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL
CRANE-BENNETT, Ltd., LONDON
Cie CRANE, PARIS, BRUSSELS

THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS DEPART

(Continued from Page 19)

kinder to him in the end than any land of his adoption.

Mr. Milligan roused himself and went to get his tea. As he did so he saw that the postman had visited him at his private address also that morning. There was another envelope lying on the hall floor. He picked it up and noted with a sinking heart that it bore an English stamp. Without doubt another tale of woe from some member of his most woeful family. He put it on the table.

"I'll have my tea first," thought Mr. Milligan. "I've had enough for one day in the way of worries, I have."

He had his tea, washed his plate and cup, opened the tin of sausages which was to provide him with dinner tonight and breakfast tomorrow, lit the oil stove and put the sausages in to stew. Then he took up the letter. Might as well open it and get it done with. He read:

Dear Sir: As sole beneficiary under the will of Mrs. Millicent Milligan, deceased, we have to inform you that the estate of Mr. John Morgan, left to Mrs. Millicent Milligan, will be paid in due course to you as residuary legatee, bringing in an income of approximately £200 a year.

It was signed by Milly's solicitors in Glasgow.

For the second time that evening two tears slid down Milligan's thin face. But these were out of a different font. He went out and bought a packet of cigarettes and smoked four straight off. He had to walk about. He could not believe it. He could go home now and live somewhere quite happily, in a room, in Tooting. There'd even be a little something over to help the children and have fun with, the way he meant to live. A vast kindliness engulfed Mr. Milligan. Perhaps, after all, everything was for the best and a great divine hand guiding it all. Mr. Milligan liked to believe that. It saved one such a lot of trouble.

And it really looked like it, when all this came through his marrying Milly, years and years before, without any idea of the good turn he was doing himself.

Mr. Milligan went out early next morning to book his passage, feeling ridiculously light-hearted. "The next boat home, please. I don't mind where you put me."

The clerk in the shipping office put on horn-rimmed glasses and began to look in books. "She's a crowded boat. But we can get you in if you don't mind a three-berther, though you may not be very comfortable."

Mr. Milligan was used to being uncomfortable. It was child's play to him.

"The governor's going home on her; but I expect you know that."

"The governor?"

"Yes. He retires this month. Time's up. New governor comes out on the next boat—Sir Hillyard Fayre. Never heard of him, have you?"

Mr. Milligan never had, and thanked his stars that he never would. He was done with splendor and with sunshine and with the glamour of uniforms and the pantomime of processions going on which he did not want to watch, for ever and ever, amen. He wished Sir Hector McKean was not going back on the same boat. Sir Hector McKean roused feelings in Mr. Milligan that Mr. Milligan had never known he possessed.

"It would be so awful if I did something desperate," mused Mr. Milligan, "just when things look as though they were coming right."

But he could not change his boat because he had not enough money to wait about in Rangoon for another fortnight. He would arrive in England practically penniless as it was, and it might be some time before he actually got any of that money. He would go and face it out.

"We shan't see much of each other," said Mr. Milligan. "And a man can always control his feelings."

He decided to make the best of a bad business. This was perhaps the one accomplishment Mr. Milligan had managed to bring to a fine art.

The Banffshire lay out in the stream, like a lovely white bird on the water. She was due to sail at noon, and launches left the jetty at nine A. M. There were awnings out on the quay, and a red carpet. The band arrived, unpacking its brass instruments. A company of the local regiment marched down to line the last piece of the route. Early in the morning a crowd began to gather to see the governor depart—pretty ladies in chiffon dresses, with silken parasols; people waiting with bouquets; Indians waiting with garlands and addresses; flags flying in the cool of the morning breeze that blew from the river.

Mr. Milligan arrived with his suitcase. He could not get anyone to carry it for him, they were all so busy looking for the governor. He could not make his way through the crowd to the launch. He got hustled and was told to stand back. Presently he found himself jammed against some railings, his suitcase bruising the backs of his knees.

"Wherever I go!" thought Mr. Milligan. "Wherever I go!"

With a clatter of hoofs on the macadam the bodyguard flashed into the square, pennants a-flutter as they came. In an open carriage came the governor. Now from the distant forts the guns began to boom the salute to the passing of a governor. As he went round, shaking hands with those who had come to see him off, he was followed by his private secretary, his A. D. C. They looked blank and carried swords. All this was nothing to them. A governor departed on one boat, another governor arrived on the next, and so the old world wagged.

The band played For He's a Jolly Good Fellow; the band played politely Will Ye No Come Back Again? although they knew he never would. The pretty ladies waved their handkerchiefs. The private launch gave three sad blasts upon its siren and moved out into the stream. His Excellency the Governor was gone, the public departure was over. Someone knocked Mr. Milligan's glasses off with an elbow and trod upon them.

Crushed, hot and disgruntled, Mr. Milligan picked them up, bent them as nearly straight as they would go and put them on again. They were only cracked. The crowd cleared. The band packed up its brass instruments. The company of the local regiment marched, whistling, back to barracks through the hot and dusty streets. Mr. Milligan tried in vain to get a coolie to take his bag. All the coolies had run away to listen to the band.

Mr. Milligan arrived on board exhausted at a quarter to twelve, carrying his own bag. All the way up the gangway it bumped and banged into the back of his knees, bruising them black and blue.

They were off at last, riding like a white gull over the waves out to sea. The golden pagoda that brooded over the township, the tangle of masts in the harbor and the mosques and minarets of the Eastern city all faded forever in the distance and the soft heat haze of the morning. From the upper deck Sir Hector McKean watched them, and thought regretfully, "The days that are no more."

On the lower deck Mr. Milligan was thinking he had three weeks of certain luncheons and dinners ahead of him, without any effort on his part.

The governor's chair had a corner to itself, and a large amount of free deck space left all round it. No one spoke to him. No one was quite sure what the etiquette was about speaking to an ex-governor. No one was taking any risks. He paced the decks alone, splendid and remote.

At Colombo there were awnings on the quay. Crimson carpets were laid there and flags were flying. There was a band playing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow and Will Ye No Come Back Again? There were crowds, and pretty ladies with chiffon frocks and silk parasols, to bid farewell to a nobleman who had been traveling the world to investigate financial conditions in the East. Sir Hector McKean got hustled in the crowd that stood at the ship's rail to catch a glimpse of this important person coming on board.

Two hundred other passengers came on board with him. There was no longer any deck space to spare. No one knew who Sir Hector was. He wore no uniform. He had no private secretary to explain him. Someone asked him to move his chair nearer to the wall and make more room for others. Now he was merely a sallow, red-haired man with a stoop who sat reading alone on the deck. When he went to the smoking room after dinner he could no longer get a seat.

Mr. Milligan could not get a seat either; but life had never had any seats for Mr. Milligan. He was almost more comfortable standing. Twice, emerging from the bathroom, Mr. Milligan came upon Sir Hector in bath robe, complete with sponge, taking his place in the queue. The star of Sir Hector had begun to wane, and its failing beams were now barely noticeable on the horizon.

"What a mutt I should have been if I'd gone Bolshy and shot at him like I might have done," said Mr. Milligan to himself as he shaved his chin in as much of the cabin as his two companions left for him. They were both stout men. "That's the way things happen. And it would not have been worth while. People get so excited about things."

It was a gray day when the Banffshire berthed at Marseilles—gray, with a thin rain falling on the blue-clad porters and the barrels of cement on the quay side, and the little old church on the hill, and on rich and poor alike, with the lovely impartiality of rain. Sir Hector had had a miserable morning. He had been endeavoring to pack a bag that had been done for him by a master hand in Rangoon, and he had been unable to make it retain more than half of that which it had disgorged. He had gone out hopefully into the alleyway and held up his hand for attention. He had never had to do more than hold up his hand. But now nobody noticed that compelling gesture. His demands for aid, and finally his pitiful prayers for assistance, all met with the same fate. Everyone was busy and distracted with the bustle of arrival. Stewards, tourist agents, French agents, they all walked upon Sir Hector, but none of them saw him.

Eventually he returned alone and in despair to his cabin and put one dress suit and three pairs of boots into his dirty-clothes bag, knelt on his suitcase and closed it himself, ruining thereby the crease in his going-ashore trousers. Then, carrying his own bag, he went on deck to try to get a porter. He had been unable to obtain a sleeping berth on the train. Unless he got to the station quickly the chances were he would not get a seat. So he had to have a porter at once.

There was nobody to call him a porter. He could see the bulk of the passengers already ashore, bargaining with the bus drivers, making contracts with voluble French taxi men, all amongst the customs buildings on the quay side. He still had to get through the customs. Bitterly it came home to the ex-governor that life was more difficult than he had realized, that things were not going to be all jolliness and fun.

Then his spirits lifted. Up the gangway came a porter, a loosely put together, blue-clad, bewhiskered Frenchman, with a peak to his cap and raindrops in his mustache. Sir Hector held up his hand, then put his suitcase down and waited for the porter to come and take it.

Come!
this Summer
to the
"CHARMED LAND"

A summer day at Mt. Baker, six hours from the heart of Seattle

A Thrilling Vacation!

SPORTS? Your favorite recreation is here. Motoring, mountain-climbing, alpine snow sports, surf-bathing, yachting, lake, stream or ocean fishing, golf! Make Seattle your vacation headquarters.

PLACES TO GO? Interesting sister cities, like Victoria and Vancouver, "just across the border" . . . Mt. Rainier . . . Mt. Baker . . . Monte Cristo . . . Hood Canal . . . San Juan Archipelago . . . Puget Sound.

COMFORT? Average summer temperature 62 degrees . . . up each morning refreshed.

"Seattle, upon a spot the gods could envy. In all the cities I have visited I found none so beautiful as Seattle."—Queen Marie of Rumania, in an interview.

PACIFIC COAST EMPIRE TOUR
Washington—Oregon—California
To make your vacation complete come West over one of four northern transcontinental lines. See Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Portland then by rail or water to Oakland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego. Or, reverse the route—come north to Seattle by train or steamship. Ask about trips to Alaska, Hawaii and the Orient.

Special low round-trip, summer excursion fares on sale daily, May 15 to Sept. 30; return limit Oct. 31; stopovers at will.

Start planning today. Fill in the coupon below and receive your copy of a booklet which will answer your vacation problems.

Seattle
Metropolis of The Pacific Northwest

Chamber of Commerce, Room 101
Seattle, Washington
Mail me (free) your 36-page illustrated booklet describing Seattle and "The Charmed Land."
Name
Address

YALE MONO-CELLS *for your* Flashlight

YALE originated the *Mono-Cell* that enables your Dealer to supply you with factory-fresh refills for your flashlight—*always!*

YALE created the exclusive *Safety Seal* that *protects* the tremendous energy packed into each Mono-Cell. YALE is responsible for the many notable advancements in flashlight battery construction that make the YALE Mono-Cell the most dependable flashlight power-plant of them all!

Demand the original YALE Mono-Cells! They fit all tubular cases, make any flashlight better—and YALE Flashlights *best!*

YALE Focusing Spot Light No. 2201. $1.50, complete with 2 YALE Mono-Cells

YALE ELECTRIC CORPORATION

Chicago BROOKLYN, N.Y. San Francisco

Manufacturers of

FLASHLIGHTS ✦ MONO-CELLS ✦ RADIO "A", "B" and "C" BATTERIES ✦ STORAGE BATTERIES ✦ DRY BATTERIES

"There's a YALE Battery for Every Battery Need"

This is Bassick DRB Diamond Velvet Caster —easy swiveling, quiet in operation and soft as to both furniture and floors. The special fibre wheel needs no oil and is particularly suited for use over rugs. Dirt and lint proof. Special construction prevents caster from falling or slipping out of the socket.
BASSICK
How easily it rolls on Bassicks
Your heaviest furniture—will roll as smoothly—as quietly—as safely as your tea cart—on Bassicks.
Roll easily—without straining your precious furniture—without marking your well-kept floors—
Surely you want the convenience—the protection both to furniture and floors that Bassicks so generously afford.
Bassick Casters
The BASSICK CO
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN
For thirty-one years leading makers of Better Casters for home, office, hospital, hotel, warehouse and factory

As he stood there, he became aware of a small man; a little insignificant man in a shabby overcoat; a man whom with an effort Sir Hector realized he had seen before. It was Mr. Milligan. Mr. Milligan went past the governor right up to the advancing porter, gave him a shilling and grandly handed him his own suitcase. On the quay side at Marseilles one man's shilling is as good as another man's shilling. The porter forgot about the waiting Sir Hector farther along the deck—who knew? That man might have represented merely sixpence. The porter put Mr. Milligan's shabby suitcase on his shoulder. They went off down the gangway together. Mr. Milligan could not afford that shilling. It was almost the last spare one he had. But it was worth while. Mr. Milligan purchased more than a French porter with that shilling. He purchased freedom of the soul.

At the foot of the gangway he turned and looked back. The star of the ex-governor had set forever. He was standing on the deck, looking helplessly round him. Presently he picked up his own bag unhandily and commenced to carry it down the gangway himself. It banged and bumped into the back of his knees as he came. Mr Milligan knew exactly what it felt like.

Mr. Milligan straightened his shoulders. He did not know what he felt, but he felt taller, possibly also broader. This wasn't the East any more, and life wasn't so bad. Come to look at it, things worked out fairly evenly in the long run, said Mr. Milligan, if only a man had the patience to wait.

Mr. Milligan began to whistle.

THE MAKING OF A MERCHANT

(Continued from Page 29)

of New York, one of the jobbing houses Alfred had cut off my buying list. I had explained to Birch frankly why I couldn't give him any business, so we were still very friendly. I told him I was thinking of quitting, and asked him if he knew of a job on his territory that I might fit into. He said he could not think of anything just then. A moment later he added:

"Why don't you buy out the Stewart store?"

I laughed and said it would be a fine idea if I could buy it for $500, which was the amount I had saved out of my twenty-five dollars a week managership salary. But Birch was serious; he had not been getting much business out of Centreton since he lost the Stewart account, and saw a chance to recoup himself. He asked me how much our stock invoiced and I told him about $25,000.

"If you could scrape $2000 or $3000 together," he said, "I believe it could be arranged. Alfred is well fixed and won't want to bother with the store much longer. I'm going in to New York next week, and I'll talk to the firm about it. I know they'll give you a good line of credit on my recommendation, and we need an account here in Centreton."

That was about all the conversation we had on the subject, and I thought little more about it until ten days later, when I received a letter from Ames and Crowell stating that their Mr. Birch had spoken favorably of me, and in case I acquired the Stewart store they would be pleased to extend me a line of credit amounting to $5000. Of course, I was tickled to death at such an offer from a big New York house, but supposed that would be as far as it would go; for I had no idea where I would get enough money together to tempt Alfred to sell me the business. That night I took the letter home and showed it to mother, more as a matter of pride than anything else. To my surprise she took it seriously.

"How much would you have to pay in cash to get the store?" she asked.

A Magnificent Gambler

I told her there was nothing definite, but I thought Mr. Birch was right when he said Alfred might be tempted for $2000 or $3000.

"That could be arranged easily enough," she said quickly. "If I were you I would make him the offer tomorrow."

I knew what she had in mind. We had held on to our twenty-acre farm all these years as a sort of insurance against her old age, in case anything happened to me. Only a little while before a neighboring farmer by the name of Redfield had offered to buy it for $2000, but she had turned down the offer. Much as I wanted to get into business on my own, I felt I had no right to jeopardize the only resource she had in the world. I said this. And to make it stronger, I added that even if I could buy the business, it was at best a gamble and might take years to get it on a safe footing.

She only laughed. "I took a chance on you when you left the farm," she said, "and now I'm ready to take another. I'll send word to Mr. Redfield tomorrow that I am ready to reconsider his offer."

She spoke decisively, as though the matter was all settled. Even yet I do not know whether I did right or not in taking her money. She was well past forty at the time; the farm was at least an existence; but she spoke as confidently as though she was twenty. Sometimes I wonder if I would, at my age, be as courageous. She was a magnificent gambler, tossing her fortune on the table gayly, resolutely.

Buying the Stewart business was not the simple matter I had imagined. Alfred was willing enough to sell, but wanted 100 cents on the dollar for the stock, entire payment in cash; and this, of course, was beyond me. After a few weeks, when he found he could not get a buyer on these terms, he became willing to talk more reasonably. In this, I had on my side Mr. Willis, of the First National Bank, where old Mr. Stewart had done business for many years. As Mr. Willis pointed out to Alfred, the store could not make progress under the existing conditions, and it was better to sell out, even on credit, while it was still doing a fair business, than to take the chance that it would run down to the point where no one would want it on any terms. Finally he compromised on a deal by which I agreed to take the merchandise at full cost price, making a first payment of $2500, and the balance in notes bearing 6 per cent interest. At the time the stock invoiced considerably more than $25,000, but it was arranged that before buying I should put on a sale and reduce it several thousand dollars, turning over to him the cash thus received. He agreed to give me four years in which to pay out.

When things had gone this far I wrote Ames and Crowell, and they sent their financial man out from New York to see me regarding the line of credit they had promised. Mr. Fessenden was one of the shrewdest business men I have ever met, and the various bits of advice he gave me during our talks had, I am certain, a great deal to do with whatever success I have attained. He was a middle-aged, mild-appearing man who had originally been educated as a lawyer, but who had abandoned that profession to take up credit work. I had never met a credit manager before, and supposed he would be only interested in the bare figures of assets and liabilities, but of these things he hardly spoke at all.

"I don't care especially how much or how little capital a man has," was one remark of his. "All I want to know is whether he has ability. If he has ability he will earn his capital as he goes along. If he hasn't ability, he will go broke in the long run no matter how much capital he has to start with."

Another remark of his has stuck in my mind all these years.

"Bear this in mind," he said: "There is only one thing that can make you fail in business and that is not to have the money in bank when your bills fall due. Whatever plans you make, remember there's a pay day coming!"

Mr. Fessenden stayed in town several days and helped me make final arrangements for the transfer of the business. I put on my sale and turned the cash receipts over to Alfred. Then I gave him my $2500, which represented my savings and the amount mother received for the sale of the farm. The balance was $16,000. For this I signed a series of notes, promising to pay $1000 every three months during a period of four years. If I failed to meet one of these notes Alfred had the right to demand immediate payment of the entire amount due.

We signed the papers in Mr. Willis' private office at the First National Bank. Up to that time I had been so enthusiastic over the prospect of becoming the head of my own business that I had given hardly a thought to the troubles that might be ahead; but as I signed the last one of the notes and handed it to Alfred I realized what a job I had taken on myself and the consequences that would ensue if I failed. Each ninety days I had to produce $1000 in real cash, with no excuses or alibis. I had to pay my rent and the salaries of my clerks, also in hard cash. I had to meet the bills for the goods I bought from wholesale houses. At that moment, if Alfred had expressed a desire to back out of the transaction, I am sure I would have been only too glad to accommodate him. And many a time during those four years I had moments when I remembered regretfully how easy it had been to sign those $1000 notes, as compared with the burden of paying them.

Independence on a Shoestring

I was an independent merchant, but on a shoestring. It was the first day of June, 1893, that I took formal possession of the Stewart store, and I suppose I could not have chosen a more unpropitious time if I had tried. As I have described, the negotiations with Alfred had extended over a period of several months; and during that period business conditions changed in a startling manner. The previous December the store had done a larger holiday business than at any time in its history, and things continued brisk right through until spring, when began the slump that business men still talk about. By June, the newspapers were full of reports about bank failures and shutting down of manufacturing plants. Fortunately, none of the banks in Centreton got into trouble, and we had no large factories to turn loose large numbers of employes; but you can't have hard times or good times in one part of the country without everybody everywhere feeling the effects; and in the course of that summer a good many Centreton merchants on the side streets, and some of those on Market Street who had stretched their credit too fine, got into the hands of the sheriff. We depended a good deal on the farmer trade; by fall, wheat was down to fifty cents a bushel and potatoes ten cents a bushel.

If I had known much about business I certainly wouldn't have chosen June, 1893, as a desirable time to buy a store on credit. Occasionally someone asks me if I think I could start over again on a shoestring at my present age and make a success of it. The way I figure the answer to that question is this: A man who has got up to sixty years of age or thereabouts has a lot more sense than he had at twenty-five, and ought to avoid a lot of costly mistakes the young fellow always makes while he is learning.

Physically, a man of sixty ought to stand as much work as he ever did. But where

(Continued on Page 187)

Protect *and* Beautify Your Car

With these easily attached, tailored seat covers

COMPLETELY covering the upholstery of your car they protect and do away with dust raising whisk brooms which wear out upholstery fabrics. No need now to scrub at spots with costly cleaners to keep the *inside* value of your car as great as its *outside* value. Fandango Auto Seat Covers keep cars and clothes fresh, and are easy to clean after long service.

They Fit Perfectly

As smooth fitting as the original upholstery Fandango Covers protect your car's interior, your garments and increase your car's trade-in value. They fit perfectly, because master patterns are cut for every model car listed as soon as exhibited at the shows. Remember—the serial number on your engine no longer wholly governs your car's worth. Its worth is only what your dealer thinks he can sell it for.

The beautiful Fandango striped fabrics in restful greys, and exquisite blues, with perfectly harmonizing Spanish art leatherette reinforcements at all wearing edges, improve the appearance of many *new* cars.

You Get 10 Pieces in a Set

The sets consist of covers for seats, backs, side panels, arm rests, and door covers with large pockets. The back part of the front seat cover reaches the floor, thus offering protection against the feet of the rear seat occupants in the car

Money Back Guarantee

Fandango Seat Covers must satisfy in fit, workmanship, material, and appearance—or you may return them Over 100,000 car owners adopted Fandango Covers in 1926. We are the world's largest seat cover manufacturers Many $50 to $75 made-to-order seat covers do not fit, look or wear as well as Fandangos. Our low price indicates the quantity we sell, not the quality you get

On or Off in 10 Minutes Without Harm to Upholstery

Unlike other methods the new patented Fandango Snap-on Pin, found only on Fandango Covers, leaves no marks, lies flat, and needs no sewing. This exclusive feature enables you to easily attach or remove the covers. Complete instructions come in each box.

[*Car dealers and department stores: Write at once for information about these nationally advertised auto seat covers*]

Announcing . . . 4 *Vital New* FANDANGO

1 Only FANDANGOS snap on or off in 10 minutes —by the watch.

2 Only FANDANGOS are attached with absolutely no tacking or sewing.

FANDANGO

DURANT MOTOCOVER COMPANY *Inc.*

Improvements Found Only In Auto Seat Covers

3 Only FANDANGOS leave upholstery and interior unmarred when removed.

4 Only FANDANGOS have the new patented fasteners whose features insure perfect satisfaction.

NOW

$14.50

COMPLETE

Made for

COACHES	SEDANS
COUPES	BROUGHAMS

4 or 5 passenger cars . . . **$14.50 complete**
7 passenger cars . . . . **18.50 complete**

1924, 1925, 1926, 1927 Models—

BUICK	HUPMOBILE
CADILLAC	NASH
CHANDLER	AJAX
CHEVROLET	LITTLE MARMON 8
CLEVELAND	LOCOMOBILE JR. 8
CHRYSLER	MAXWELL
DODGE	OAKLAND
ESSEX	OLDSMOBILE
FLINT	OVERLAND
JEWETT	PONTIAC
HUDSON	REO
PACKARD	STAR
PAIGE	STUDEBAKER
AUBURN	WILLYS-KNIGHT
	WHIPPET

FORDS

All models coupes and roadsters . . . **$6.75**
Tudors, Sedans, Touring Cars **9.95**

Important Reasons Why You Should Own Fandango Seat Covers

Beauty—The handsome striped seat cover materials and harmonizing Spanish art leatherette trim beautify the interior of many *new* cars as well as old ones.

Protection—Frolicking children, greasy hands, muddy feet, road dirt have no terrors for a car protected with these new Fandango Auto Seat Covers.

Higher Resale Value—The condition of the interior of your car greatly affects its resale value. Fandango Seat Covers keep the upholstery new, clean and attractive.

Sanitary—Your health and your children's health is endangered by germ-laden upholstery. Fandango Covers can be easily removed, cleaned and quickly snapped on again.

[*If your dealer cannot supply you with new Fandango Auto Seat Covers, fill out and mail coupon to us direct. Send no money.*]

AUTO SEAT COVERS

200 SIXTH AVE. *Dept B* NEW YORK

MAIL COUPON *NOW*—SEND NO MONEY

DURANT MOTOCOVER CO. Inc., 200-6th Ave., *Dept* B, New York City
Please send me one complete set of Fandango Auto Seat Covers. I will examine them and pay expressman upon delivery if satisfactory
Note Check full information. Print name and address plainly
Your name
Address
Name of Car
Model
☐ Master ☐ Standard ☐ Special ☐ Light ☐ Advanced
☐ 4 Cylinders ☐ 6 Cylinders ☐ 8 Cylinders
☐ 4 Passenger ☐ 5 Passenger
Year
☐ Passenger ☐ Coupe ☐ Coach ☐ Brougham ☐ Sedan
☐ Blue leatherette trim ☐ Grey leatherette trim

Introducing—the New

VAN WYNN

Women appreciate proper attire, and will instantly recognize in the new Van Wynn, the final touch in perfect grooming that distinguishes all Van Heusen collars.

The new Van Wynn—like all Van Heusen collars—is woven in a single curved piece in the loom. It needs no bands to make it fit, and therefore has no seams. That is why it is so smooth around the neck.

There is only one thickness of material; no lining to wrinkle, blister or buckle. The fold, *woven in*, makes a natural division in the one-piece, multi-ply fabric.

The Van Heusen is always crisp. It will never wrinkle—and starch is never used. That is why it is so smart and so comfortable.

These exclusive features are protected by basic patents. Therefore, *Van Heusen cannot be successfully imitated.* These are the features that make Van Heusen the most ECONOMICAL collar, as well as the smartest collar.

VAN HEUSEN

PATENTED

12 Styles, 50¢ each. the World's *Smartest* Collar *Phillips-Jones, N.Y.*

(Continued from Page 182

a man of my age might fall down would be in a lack of sheer awkward confidence and willingness to take chances. If I had been sixty years of age back in 1893, for instance, I should probably have considered the business situation and decided to wait until things picked up before investing my money. But being twenty-six and ignorant, I just went ahead and fought my way through. I guess that's the way it is in business generally. The old-timer keeps himself out of trouble, but misses opportunities. The young fellow constantly gets into hot water, but if he is any good he struggles a way out.

One thing I have noticed is that a lot of men fail through self-conceit; through a desire to show how important they are. The very first day I was an independent merchant I had a lesson that did me a world of good. After I left the First National Bank where I had signed the string of notes in Alfred's favor I went back to the store and announced to the help that I had bought the business, which would henceforth be known as the Peter Sherwood Company. I had worried a little how some of them would take it, especially Herbert Troop and Mary Mulvey, both of whom were much older than I and had worked along with me since my apprentice days. But these two were, if anything, more cordial than the others.

Always before, even when I was manager, Herbert Troop had called me Pete, but now he addressed me as Mr. Sherwood ar assured me that he would use his influe to secure the trade of his lodge brothers. Mary Mulvey was more free and easy in her attitude, but promised her best efforts. I suppose the congratulations and good wishes of the help swelled my ego a little, or I shouldn't have done what I did directly afterward. The telephone rang and I answered it.

"Hello," the voice said, "is this Stewart's store?"

"No, it is not Stewart's store," I answered back importantly. "It is the Peter Sherwood Company. What can I do for you?"

The party at the other end mumbled something about wanting to order some goods and hung up before I could explain. Mary Mulvey, who had listened to my conversation, smiled at me cheerfully.

"If I was running this store, Peter," she said, "I would rather sell merchandise than to tell people I was boss!"

A Slim Financial Statement

I am glad to say I had sense enough to know she was right; and from that day to this I think I have not often let my desire to appear important stand in the way of business.

Anyhow, with the job I had on my hands, I could not afford to waste effort in unproductive showing off. I was a merchant, but by the skin of my teeth, so to speak. It was lucky for me that the credit agencies weren't quite so insistent then as they are now on getting financial statements from merchants, because any statement I could give would have been a rather one-sided affair. I had considerably reduced the stock of merchandise in order to get the investment down to a point where Alfred would accept my notes; so as soon as I became actual owner I had to buy fresh stock from Ames and Crowell up to the limit of credit they were willing to extend me. Although the money that mother had raised from the sale of the farm was really a gift, I felt obligated to pay it back to her some day, and I gave her my note for the amount; so actually the way I stood was this:

ASSETS	
Stock and fixtures	$23,500
	$23,500
LIABILITIES	
Notes given A. Stewart	$16,000
Notes given Mrs. G. Sherwood	2,000
Note Acct. Ames and Crowell	5,000
	$23,000

On paper my assets were $500 more than my debts; but, as a matter of fact, I was really worth less than nothing, because Alfred had insisted on full invoice value for stock and fixtures, and naturally some of the merchandise that had been in stock a considerable time was not worth 100 cents on the dollar. I was handicapped in another way, of which Mr. Fessenden had warned me, but to which I paid little attention until I had to face it in actual practice.

As the successor of old Mr. Stewart, I naturally expected a little credit accommodation from the houses he had always patronized, and this probably would have been the case, except for the fact that Mr. Stewart had never established regular credit relations with anyone, but invariably paid spot cash for all his purchases. Once, I remember, the representative of a financial agency came in to ask him for a statement, upon which Mr. Stewart flew into one of his most violent tempers, telling the agency man that he did not owe a dollar to any man on earth and that he would have no one prying into his affairs. All the wholesale houses shipped him merchandise with the knowledge that he would send a check in payment the same day the merchandise was received; and it was this Mr. Fessenden had in mind when he warned me.

Traveling Credit Men

"You would be in a better fix," Mr. Fessenden told me, "if your predecessor in business had not been such prompt pay. As it was, no wholesaler cared whether he was worth ten cents or ten millions, because he never asked for any credit. Under ordinary conditions the wholesale houses would ship you goods in reasonable amounts simply because you are the successor of James Stewart. But here is what will happen now: You will order some stuff and ask for sixty or ninety days' time. The credit man of the house will look at the order and at once ask himself, 'I wonder what's happened to that concern in Centreton. They've never asked for terms before. There's been a change in management too. Looks a little fishy to me. I guess I'd better hold up this order until I find out all about it!'"

This prediction of Mr. Fessenden's proved literally true. I suppose the wholesalers were particularly cautious because so many failures were occurring during those hard times. Constantly it was necessary for me to place small filling-in orders for goods that Ames and Crowell did not handle, and always there was trouble and delay because of the fact that I had no established credit. If it had not been for my friendly relations with the traveling men, I am pretty sure I would not have survived my first year. A lot of merchants, I have noticed, look on the salesmen as mere order takers; but I have always held the opinion that the travelers have it in their power pretty well to make or break any retailer. When I had been going on my own for a few weeks Jim Garretson dropped in one day, representing his Philadelphia house. He had not made Centreton since his unfortunate experience with Mr. Troop, but hearing I had taken over the business, he stopped to see me and insisted that I have dinner with him at the Commercial Hotel. I told him frankly of the trouble I was having in getting goods, and showed him the statement of my assets and liabilities. He looked the latter over carefully.

"You really aren't a safe proposition from a strict dollars-and-cents basis, Peter," he said, "and that is the only way the wholesalers can afford to regard you. According to your own statement here, there is no margin of safety. Every three months one of the notes you gave Alfred will fall due, and if you fail to meet it he has the right to close you up. You know what that would mean—the wholesalers would get about fifty cents on the dollar.

"The only thing for you to do is to establish your credit on a personal basis; convince the wholesale trade that you have it in you to make a success even though you haven't any capital. You really ought to take a trip to the principal markets like New York and Philadelphia, and perhaps to Chicago, and talk personally with the people you need to buy from. Give them a chance to see what you look like and to estimate how well you know your business. That would be better than all the letters you can write."

"But I can't do that, Jim," I answered. "It would cost a couple of hundred dollars to make such a trip. I haven't the money to spare, and besides, I couldn't afford to be away from the store a week or two."

"I realize all that," he said. "I'm not criticizing, but I guess you know now that you jumped into business a bit too hastily, which was probably natural at your age. But having done it, you've got to do the best you can. If you can't go to market, your next best bet is the traveling men. Write personal letters to some of them you are on friendly terms with, and ask them to call on you. A man who has been representing his house on the road for a long time always has considerable influence with his credit department and can usually get an order through if it doesn't run into too much money. I know how it is with my house, and the others are the same. If you want to buy some goods from me right now, I think I can guarantee shipment all right."

I thanked him for his offer and said I really did need some items in his line. I added that if he thought there was any danger of the shipment being held up I could scrape enough money together to send a check along with the order.

To this he made an answer that I have remembered all these years.

"For your own sake, Peter," he said, "I wouldn't let you send money to pay for goods in advance. That would make an impression which it would take years to overcome. What you need is to build up people's confidence in you; the minute you pay for goods in advance the wholesaler sets you down as a fly-by-night concern. If you give me an order today I shall mark it ninety days' credit and write the house I believe you are entitled to such terms. But if the house ships the order, Peter—and I believe they will on my recommendation—see that you pay the bill the precise day on which it falls due, not the day after. That's the way to build up your credit. Fight for terms as hard as you please; but also be Johnny on the spot when it comes time to pay!"

Garretson was as good as his word, and his house did ship me the few hundred dollars' worth of merchandise I ordered. I paid the bill the day it fell due, though I had to borrow half the amount from Mr. Willis at the First National.

When Summer Passes Quickly

How I managed to pull through those first months of my career as a merchant back in 1893 is almost more than I can understand. Business was unbelievably dull—in fact, the only other period that I can remember to equal it for dullness was the three months following the outbreak of the European war in 1914. But in my particular case there was the difference that in 1914 I had enough surplus to stand a few months' losses, while in 1893 I had debts principally. The year before I bought the store its sales averaged around $6000 a month; during my first summer as proprietor no month ran much more than half that, and in July, I remember particularly, I took in just over $2500. My running expenses, no matter how hard I tried to hold them down, amounted to about $1200 a month, so there was not a great deal left to pay merchandise bills with; and besides, the $1000 I had to have in hand for the payment of Alfred's note on the first of September was a constant source of worry.

I often think of the old joke that runs: "If you want the summer to pass quickly, all you have to do is to give a ninety-day note the first of June!" Well, I had done

(Continued on Page 189)

Who's to BLAME

—if cracks appear in walls and ceilings—marring the beauty of your home? Avoid having to ask yourself this question by building with Herringbone Doublemesh Metal Lath.

This lath is your best insurance against cracks. It reinforces and permanently protects walls and ceilings and assures their lasting beauty. It provides stronger construction and maximum resistance to fire. And equally important—you get all these advantages with economy.

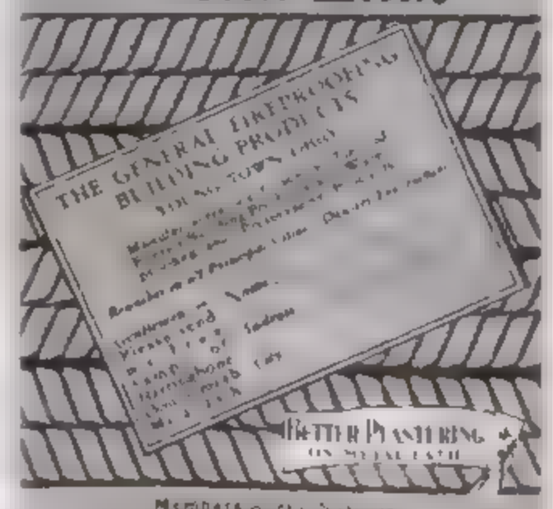
Mail the coupon now for your free sample of Herringbone—the greatest of metal laths. It is so superior to any other plaster base that we want you to see it.

Herringbone Doublemesh

ARMCO

Galvanized Ingot Iron Sheet

Metal Lath



Tantalizing

Silk Hosiery can truly be appreciated when it is being worn. Its beauty is so enhanced by the wearer's shapeliness of limb. And the wearer —her own shapeliness of limb is enhanced by the silken hose which she wears.

But there are certain kinds of silken hose which bring out natural shapeliness and grace far more than other kinds.

Sheer silk Iron Clads, which snuggle close to softly rounded curves, concealing what they *should* conceal, yet revealing in all the fullness of their beauty the lovely lines of Nature, have a fascinating way of tantalizing the eyes of those who have a love for charming things.

It really doesn't cost you much to wear such exquisite stockings. Iron Clads are neither expensive to buy, nor expensive to wear. For they *do* wear—and wear—and wear. And while they wear they hold their lustrous beauty—and their color—and their shapeliness besides.

ONE DOLLAR will buy sheer silk Iron Clad No. 806 in any of the latest lovely shades. Pure silk to the hem well above the knee, and powerful mercerised reinforcement at toe, heel, sole and top. If your dealer can't supply you with 806, send us your remittance and we'll mail your hose direct. State size (8 to 10½, $1.00 a pair), and color (black, white, atmosphere, blonde, cedar, French nude, beige, leather grey, gun metal, maize, mauve taupe, biscuit, dawn, silver grey, toast, woodland rose, dove grey, parchment, grain, champagne, peachbloom, moonlight, skin, sandust, and rose blush). We will pay the postage!

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Michigan
Mills at St. Joseph, Michigan, and Albany, Alabama

If you want a *full-fashioned* pure silk style, ask for No. 907, $1.50 a pair.

Iron Clad

Iron Clad Hosiery

(Continued from Page 187)

just that thing, and by the end of August I had only about $300 in bank to take care of my $1000 obligation to Alfred. There was not much use in putting on special sales to raise cash, because the city people were not spending their money, and with wheat bringing fifty cents a bushel the country people had none to spend. A few days before the first of September the First National mailed me a notice that the note was in their hands for payment. I didn't know what to do about it. I couldn't ask Alfred for an extension, because he had gone away somewhere on a vacation and I didn't know his address, and the bank had no right to grant me extra time without his permission. If I did not pay on time the note would have to be protested; and, as any business man knows, that would be my finish as a merchant. At closing time one evening I was sitting at my desk with the bank notice in front of me, wondering what I was going to do. All the help had left except Mary Mulvey, who busied herself clearing up some goods that still cluttered the counters, and directly she came to where I sat.

"Things are pretty quiet, Peter, aren't they?" she asked.

I admitted that things were indeed quiet. She stood a moment awkwardly, as though she didn't know what to say next, and then pointed at the bank notice on the desk.

"I guess with things like they are you're going to have trouble paying that," she went on. "I heard how you have to pay Alfred $1000 every three months, and for several days I've been thinking I might help you out a little. All these years I've worked here I've saved up a bit, and I'd consider it a favor if you'd let me lend you a few hundred dollars to see you through this tight spell."

I believe I am no more sentimental than the next man, but I am free to confess that the sight of awkward, homely Mary Mulvey, whom I had nagged when I was apprentice and quarreled with when I was a clerk, standing there with her offer of her savings, was too much for me. She saw the state of mind I was in, and rattled on in the most matter-of-fact manner, as though it was merely a part of the day's work:

"Just say how much you need, Peter, and I'll bring a bank check in the morning. Or maybe I'd better bring the cash. It'll look more swell, when you go up to the First National, to carry the real money!"

Learning Through Hard Times

A thousand times since that day I have wondered if I did right to take the $800 she brought me the next morning. I was not, certainly, too good a credit risk; and her loan represented the economies of years, for up to that time she had never earned more than ten dollars a week. Years later when I incorporated my business I arranged that one department should be independent of the others and owned by Mary Mulvey and myself; and that the arrangement should endure until the time when she cares to sell out and retire on a pension.

In one way I have always been glad that I chose the panic year of 1893 to go into business, for not only did I learn who my real friends were, but it gave me a training right at the beginning that I could not have got in years of smooth-water sailing. I like to go to a ball game occasionally, and one thing always reminds me of that first year I went through in business. When a batter waits his turn at the plate he swings a couple of clubs and then throws one of them away as he steps up to face the pitcher. He does it because one club feels so much lighter after two. Well, that is the way I feel about my early experience as a merchant. After engineering my business on a shoestring through the panic summer of 1893, anything that happened later seemed pretty easy.

At this point I should state that as this is the story of my business rather than of me as an individual, I shall have little to say of my home life. My marriage, which took place in June, 1897, has been an unfailingly happy one. My mother is still with us, no less courageous toward life than when she staked all she had in the world on the chance that I would become a successful business man.

Many a time in the early days I wished I had taken my small amount of money and started a little side-street business, instead of going head over heels in debt to buy out the Stewart store on Market Street. Even aside from the fact that I was constantly harassed from lack of capital, I was really not fitted to handle so large a proposition. To be sure, I had had more than eight years' business experience, but after all, I was only a salesman; and mere selling ability is a mighty weak reed to lean on when you are running a big show. If I had started a little one-man shop where I could do pretty much all the work myself and keep expenses down, I would have had a chance to learn as I went along; but as it was, I had to tackle problems every day that I knew nothing about, and with my limited capital I could not afford to make many mistakes.

Get it at Sherwood's

My main deficiency was that I knew absolutely nothing about financing a business, for even during my period as manager Alfred had looked out for the financial end, so all I had to do was to push the sales, without any worry as to how the merchandise bills were to be paid or where the money was to come from to meet running expenses. Like a lot of other men I have known who have been trained only in selling, the time arrived when I was doing too much business for my own good. I know such a statement will seem funny to a great many people, but anyone who has ever shouldered the responsibilities of a commercial enterprise will know what I mean.

As I have said, when I bought the Stewart store it was doing an annual business of about $75,000 and earning a clear profit of about $5000. Of course what I should have done was to maintain my sales at about the same figure and apply the profits toward paying off my debts until I should get on a solid financial basis, when it would be safe to push on to a bigger volume. But I was ambitious, and in my inexperience believed all I had to do was to sell more merchandise in order to make more money. I set my heart on doing a business of $100,000 a year, and bent all my energies toward that goal.

The term "live wire" had not been invented then, but if it had been, I guess I would have qualified, because I pushed my business in all sorts of ways. I advertised in the two Centreton newspapers, of course, which was all right and undoubtedly profitable, but I also engaged in other activities of a more speculative nature. I had signs tacked up on trees and fences all over the county telling the public to "Get it at Sherwood's"; and I used the same slogan in the programs of pretty near all the amateur entertainments that were given in town.

It got so, I guess, that whenever any society thought of putting on a show of any kind they at once planned a printed program and set me down for a ten-dollar advertisement. I must also confess that on more than one occasion I bought advertising space on elephants in circus parades.

Of course these things cost too much money for the results they brought, but in the long run they were not so expensive as another habit I acquired in my desire for a $100,000 business. I could not bear to have people come into my store and ask for things that were not in stock, and I equipped each of the clerks with a notebook in which to set down such inquiries. This was all right and what I should have done; the trouble lay in the fact that I took the inquiries too seriously for my own pocketbook. Two or three times a week I went over the clerks' lists, and when I found there was more than one inquiry for any certain line of goods I would place an order

RAYTHEON IS THE HEART OF RELIABLE RADIO POWER

LIGHT SOCKET Radio Power Snaps On Tonight

ONE MOMENT, my dear, while I amputate the B-batteries from this set forever. In five minutes I'll be ready for supper—and this family four-tube circus will be ready to entertain us from now on with light-socket B-power and plenty of it.

See this box here? Little Raytheon rectifying tube inside of it does the trick—takes ordinary light current from that base plug and changes it from alternating current to direct radio B-power—does away with B-batteries entirely and always gives peak power with plenty more in reserve. Dick has been using one of 'em for six months—says they're the best ever and guaranteed for a year.

RAYTHEON—the long life rectifying tube! Nothing to get out of order—no solutions to watch—no filaments to burn out—just top-notch, every night reception and no bother!

Reliability—no need of attention—these are some of the reasons why over twenty leading radio manufacturers decided to make Raytheon-equipped B-power units. Hundreds of thousands of them more than half the B-power units in existence today—are Raytheon-equipped.

If you would have complete enjoyment of your radio set—ample B-power for summer reception, always ready when you want it, yet without any deterioration when not in use—ask your dealer to demonstrate a Raytheon-equipped B power unit—look for the Raytheon tube.

These Better Radio Power Units are Raytheon-approved and Raytheon-equipped:

ACME B-POWER SUPPLY
ALL-AMERICAN CONSTANT-B
BOSCH NOBATTRY
BREMER-TULLY B-POWER UNIT
BURNS B-BATTERY ELIMINATOR
CORNELL VOLTAGE SUPPLY
CROSLEY A, B & C POWER
ELECTRON CURRENT B SUPPLY
ERLA HUM-FREE B ELIMINATOR
GENERAL RADIO PLATE SUPPLY
KINGSTON B-BATTERY ELIMINATOR
MAJESTIC "B" CURRENT SUPPLY
MAYOLIAN "B" SUPPLY
MODERN "B" POWER
NATIONAL POWER SUPPLY
SPARTON RADIO B-POWER
STERLING "B" POWER
VALLEY B-POWER UNIT
WEBSTER B-POWER UNITS
ZENITH A, B & C POWER

ONLY those manufacturers whose power units have been fully tested and approved by the Raytheon research laboratories are entitled to use the Raytheon rectifying tube or this symbol in connection with their products.

Raytheon

RAYTHEON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

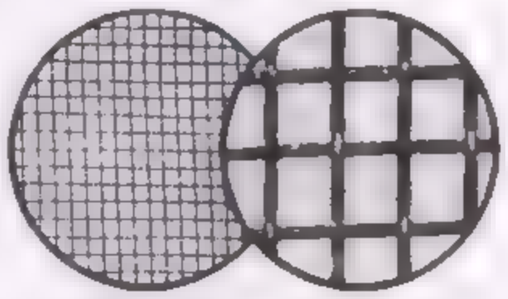
All because he didn't know

HAD he known and used Jersey Copper, he would have found his screens as good as new this spring.

Instead, they are rusted and broken — useless, after only a season's service.

Save this unnecessary replacement expense. Avoid the costly mistake of using short-lived painted and ordinary metal-coated steel screen cloths, or so-called "bronze" cloth which lacks the uniformity of pure copper.

Jersey Cloth is made of Copper 99.88% *pure*. Lasts indefinitely! With Jersey in your screens you can keep them up both summer and winter, if you like. Winter's ravages will not harm them. You can count on Jersey for years and years of service. Think of this saving in time, labor and money over cloths which require frequent replacement.



The left-hand circle is from an actual photograph of Copper Screen Cloth, heavy grade, made by The New Jersey Wire Cloth Company, which has been exposed to salt air for more than thirteen years.

The right-hand circle is the same screen cloth greatly enlarged, showing how the individual wires withstand the action of salt air.

Jersey Cloth is made of Roebling copper wire. Its extra strength and stiffness are exclusive to the special Roebling process. When properly framed it will not stretch.

Specify 16 mesh (recommended by the United States Public Health Service). Order the Dark Finish. It is non-glaring, nearly invisible in your screens, and stays that way.

Examine Jersey Copper Cloth in the roll at your hardware merchant's or screen maker's. If he does not handle it, write us, and we will tell you how to get it.

Write for free booklet which explains how to save money by avoiding mistakes when you screen your home

The New Jersey Wire Cloth Company
618 South Broad St., Trenton, N. J.
Stores and Agencies in Leading Cities

All Grades of Wire Cloth
Made of All Kinds of Wire

Jersey Copper
INSECT SCREEN CLOTH

MADE OF ROEBLING COPPER WIRE—99.88% PURE

with some wholesale house that specialized in the line.

If I had been more experienced I would have seen the complications into which this was leading; but as it was, I thought I was making wonderful progress, especially when, at the end of my third year as a merchant, my books showed that I had passed the $100,000 mark. My original intention, as I have said, was to confine my buying to as few wholesale houses as possible, making Ames and Crowell my principal source of supply; but when I began putting in so many different lines of goods it became necessary to order little lots here and there from various specialty houses, and eventually it got to the point where I was doing business with forty or fifty wholesalers.

In my time I have seen any number of ambitious business men get themselves into similar predicaments. On the surface I was making progress, because my sales were increasing all the time, and on paper I was making money, but here was the difficulty: With my limited capital I had to buy on credit, and the sensible thing would have been to confine my buying to as few wholesale houses as possible and to make my business with them valuable enough for them to help me out in case of a pinch. When you are doing business with a house right along, and in sizable amounts, it will nearly always be reasonable in the matter of collections. For instance, if you owe $1000 apiece to half a dozen different firms and on account of a temporary slump you cannot pay them all in full, you can usually satisfy them by sending each a check for half and a promise to remit the balance a little later. They can afford to be lenient because your business is worth something to them.

Unfortunately, this phase of the situation did not occur to me when I began ordering little dabs of stuff from various specialty houses; some of my orders amounted to no more than twenty-five or thirty dollars, and when an account of that size fell due the house very properly wanted its money. I could not decently offer to pay half of a thirty-dollar account and ask extra time on the balance, for the wholesaler receiving such a request would naturally believe something must be the trouble with a merchant who paid his bills in that picayunish fashion, and yet with dozens of little items on my books, I could not always meet them as they fell due. If you haven't got the money in bank, it is just as impossible to write a valid ten-dollar check as a $500 one.

Too Much Salesmanship

I had simply let my ambition run away with my judgment, which I would not have done if I had known anything about financing. The houses to whom I owed these little amounts frequently drew on me through the banks because it was not worth their while to enter into correspondence over such items, and frequently I had to let the drafts go back, which naturally hurt my standing with the local bankers. Mr. Willis, of the First National, had been in the habit of letting me have $3000 or $4000 on my thirty-day note, from time to time, whenever I needed it for some special purpose, and never objected if I asked to renew it for another thirty days, so I assumed my credit was good with him at least; and what happened on the occasion of which I am about to tell came as an especial shock, because it was unexpected.

It was directly after the first of January during my third year in business, and my books showed that I had actually done my coveted $100,000 in the previous twelve months. I had quite a little balance in bank from my December receipts, and counted on using it to pay off a number of my small debts that had been accumulating for some time. A month before I had borrowed $4000 from the First National, and on this day I went in to see Mr. Willis and to ask him to let me renew my note for another thirty days, as I had often done before. We went in his little private office and I made known my request.

"I don't know that I ought to renew your note just at this time, Peter," he said. "According to your own statement, you've had a fine year's business, and I think you ought to clean up with the bank. You have enough on deposit with us to do it, so why not take up your note without a renewal?"

I explained, as best I could, that I needed money to liquidate some merchandise accounts, and argued further that my credit ought to be at least as good as formerly in view of the fact that I had increased my sales to such an extent.

"Yes, I know you've increased your sales," he answered dryly; "in fact, I'm inclined to believe you've increased them too fast. I happen to have seen a draft go through the bank here one day last month, drawn by a New York house, and you didn't pay it when our runner presented it. If I remember correctly, the draft was for an amount less than fifty dollars. Something must be the trouble with your financial arrangements when a thing like that happens, because you certainly are selling merchandise right along. I guess you had better pay your note now. Later on, if you find yourself in a jam, probably I can see my way to let you have another loan."

Spreading Troubles

There was nothing for me to do but write out a check in payment of my note, which left my bank account practically flat. If I had thought there was a chance of credit elsewhere I would have gone to some other bank, but I was pretty sure no other institution would be more liberal than the First National and I didn't want to risk the chance of a turndown. I had the feeling, besides, that Mr. Willis was somehow right and that I had no business to be in the fix I was.

I went back to the store and spent the balance of the afternoon and evening going through my books to find out just how I stood, and for the first time I analyzed the sources of my troubles. Taking my creditors one by one, I found this: The wholesale houses like Ames and Crowell, and three or four others, from which I bought the bulk of my goods, had never crowded me in the least, but had always responded courteously when I asked for more time in which to settle my bills, and none of them had ever made draft on me. All my troubles had come from the firms where I had bought casually and in small quantities. There were more than forty of these firms to which I owed money. The highest amount was in the neighborhood of $100, and from that the sums outstanding ran down as low as ten dollars.

For the next two or three days I did a lot of worrying. Business was at its usual after-holiday slackness, so I had no prospects of getting in a great amount of cash, and I knew these small accounts would clamor for payment. In this predicament, I thought of a wholesale house that was very prominent in the trade at that time and that had the reputation of carrying along a great many retailers who were not too strongly financed. The Hartwell Company was a New York concern and its policy was that of extending extra long credits, in return for which its customers bound themselves to buy nowhere else without Hartwell's permission. In one way the merchant who tied up with Hartwell's was no longer his own master, and he had to pay the prices for merchandise that Hartwell's asked; but on the other hand, he was pretty well immune from bankruptcy unless the Hartwell Company itself chose to close him up. These long-credit wholesale houses used to be more numerous than they are today, but, unfortunately, there are still some of them left; and there are still some business men shortsighted enough to buy terms instead of merchandise.

I knew in a general way that it was an unwise thing to tie up with a house that insisted on controlling its customers; but like a lot of other people who do things in

(Continued on Page 192)

The rise of John Blick—
an epic of success in business

JOHN BLICK
of Washington, D. C.

Some of his reflections on International Trucks

"I drove my first International myself for about five years and still have it running on its route.

"I know that I never lost a customer through the fault of my trucks. I now have at least 15,000 customers and 31 trucks, all Internationals.

"I have only one mechanic to keep all my trucks running. He has taught each driver to take good care of his truck."

FROM the wheel of his first International Truck to the Presidency of three corporations rated at over $3,000,000—in nine years—that has been the rise of John Blick.

In the Spring of 1918 a young man came to the International Truck dealer in Washington, D. C., with an idea and very little money. His reputation and ambition got a favorable hearing for the idea, which was that an International Truck plus Blick (the young man's name) would make a profitable go of the ice and coal business.

John Blick at once proved his idea sound. Before the summer was gone his first International had grown to be a fleet of four. Customers multiplied and routes were extended. A year or two later his rising business became the Terminal Ice and Fuel Company, and truck followed truck until the fleet numbered thirty-one.

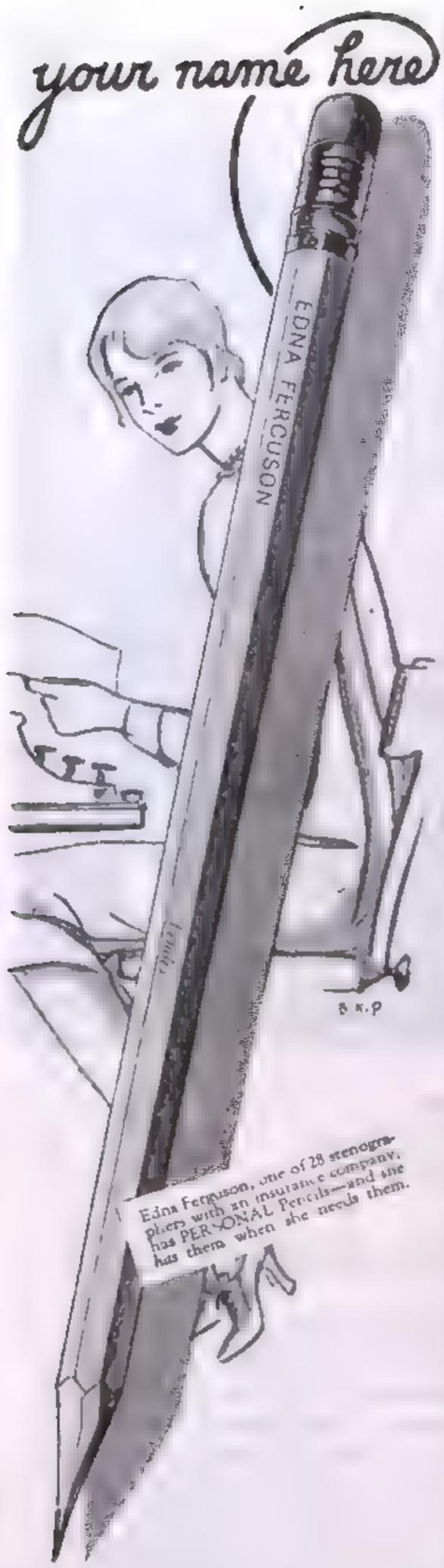
Growing up in sight of the capitol dome at Washington, John Blick knew that every boy has his chance to be President of the United States. To him that was the symbol of Opportunity. He did not expect to be the one man in a hundred million but he did expect to succeed! Born with a will to tackle the job, *and leaning heavily on International Trucks*, his rise has been rapid and inspiring. Today, after nine years, John Blick gives International Trucks a liberal share of the credit.

Over the great expanse of America are ten thousand business successes that Internationals have helped to make. Many times Opportunity has come riding at the wheel of an International Truck. Bigger opportunities are still ahead for men and trucks. Whatever your field, so long as there is *hauling* in it, International Trucks will help you on to substantial fortune and success.

The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ½ ton, 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1½-ton and 1½-ton sizes, Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 1½-ton to 5-ton sizes, Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Served by 125 Company-owned branches in the United States. Write for literature.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL
TRUCKS


your name here
EDNA FERGUSON
Edna Ferguson, one of 28 stenographers with an insurance company, has PERSONAL Pencils—and she has them when she needs them.

Your name on your *pencil* makes it last longer . . . as *your* pencil.

A store near you owns the exclusive license for the VENDEX Machine that automatically sells as fine pencils as a nickel will buy —plus your name—for 5c. Buy them by the dozen. Stenographers, school children, bankers, mechanics, clerks, accountants, professional people and others use *Personal* Pencils and save time, money and pencils.

To Store Owners—VENDEX Machines leased only to well-rated, centrally located Drug Stores in towns under 50,000. Exclusive in towns up to 10,000. Write today. We deal with store owners ONLY.

Vendex Inc.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office
28 West 44th Street New York N. Y.

(Continued from Page 190)

a jam that they would not think of doing otherwise, I decided to go to New York and see what arrangements I could make with the Hartwell Company.

I took the night train out of Centreton and arrived in New York about eight o'clock in the morning, getting off the ferry at Cortlandt Street. I had never been in the metropolis before, and some train acquaintance had recommended that I put up at a hotel on Broadway near Grace Church.

To this day I recall this traveler's exact words:

"They'll charge you a dollar a day for your room," he said impressively, "but you'll find it's worth the money!" I did not tarry long to verify my friend's statement, but left my suitcase and set out to find the Hartwell establishment, which was then in the old dry-goods district in the neighborhood of Canal Street.

Practically Bankrupt

The credit manager at Hartwell's was a man by the name of Craddock; and after considerable red tape, in the course of which I was required to give my name, the location of my business and the object of my visit, I was ushered upstairs into his office, a railed-in space at the end of a great room where were long tables piled high with merchandise, and a lot of sales people waiting on out-of-town merchants. If the object of this arrangement was to impress the applicant for credit with the importance of Hartwell's, it certainly worked in my case, for I felt decidedly small as the office boy directed me to a chair and told me to wait the attention of Mr. Craddock, who was sitting at a desk, busy with a pile of papers

He was a man of middle age with a stiff gray mustache that he pulled irritably from time to time, and although I was his only visitor, he did not look up or give the slightest intimation that he knew of my presence for a space of perhaps ten minutes, when he suddenly shoved his work aside and demanded to know what I wanted. Even then he did not wait for my answer, but waved at me the slip of paper that I had filled out in the downstairs office and that the office boy had given him when I was ushered into his presence.

"So you want to do business with the Hartwell Company, do you?" he demanded. "I've heard of you before. You bought the Stewart store in Centreton two or three years ago. Before we go any further let me see your financial statement."

Whether he really had heard of me or whether he got his information from the slip of paper the office boy gave him, I do not know; but I handed him the statement that I had prepared before leaving home and that showed the volume of business I was doing, the amount of money I owed and the names of my creditors. He studied this for a time, then suddenly slapped the sheet down on his desk and said accusingly:

"You're practically bankrupt!"

I started to refute this charge by calling attention to the fact that I had increased my business over what Mr. Stewart had ever done, but he gave me no time for explanation.

"Oh, I know you're a nice young man, a hustler and all that," he went on, "but you haven't got a Chinaman's chance the way you're going. You've got your debts spread out all over the map and one of these days some creditor will get tired of waiting for his money and sue you. Then some morning you'll go down to your store and find a bailiff sitting on your doorstep with a judgment that you can't pay. All your other creditors will hear about it and come down on you in a bunch, each one afraid he is going to be left out in the cold, and your business will blow up with a bang!"

As Mr. Craddock painted this gloomy picture he glared at me so fiercely that I had the feeling that somehow I must have wronged him personally. Suddenly his manner changed:

"You've got just one chance, and that is to tie up with a house like the Hartwell Company. We're big people, you see"—he waved his hand impressively toward the great room piled high with merchandise—"and we've got plenty of capital to take care of our customers. When we get behind a man we relieve him of all financial worries."

He went on to explain what I would have to do to secure the backing of his powerful firm. He was willing, he said, to send a man to Centreton to look into my affairs, and if the statement I had shown him proved to be correct he would grant me a practically unlimited line of credit. He would, besides, help me out of my present difficulty by writing to the firms who might possibly make trouble for me and guarantee the payment of their accounts.

"All we require in return," he concluded, "is that you buy plenty of goods from us and send us each week a report of your sales and expenses. If you find yourself cramped for money at any time and can't meet our bills as they fall due, you can give us notes bearing 6 per cent interest. Should you occasionally have to buy from other firms any merchandise that we don't handle, and should they demand references, you can refer them to us."

Certainly it was an attractive arrangement that Mr. Craddock outlined, and any business man who has ever been caught in a jam will realize how strongly tempted I was to accept it. Still I knew it meant that I would to a certain extent be under Hartwell's control, and I hesitated to place myself in a position where I would not be altogether my own master. I said I would like to sleep over it before making my decision. Mr. Craddock told me to take all the time I wanted, but warned me that delays were dangerous and he would expect my answer on the morrow.

By the next morning I had pretty well decided in the Hartwell Company's favor, for hardly any sacrifice seemed too much to be relieved of the constant nagging of a multiplicity of creditors. I stepped out of my hotel to take the Broadway cable car down to Canal Street, when I recalled that Ames and Crowell were also in that neighborhood, and I thought it only fair that I should see my old friend Mr. Fessenden to tell him of the new arrangements I was about to make. I had not seen him since he came to Centreton to help me arrange for the purchase of the Stewart store. He greeted me cordially when I found him in his office, and heard me through.

Credit With Apron Strings

"Of course we'll be sorry to lose you as a customer, Mr. Sherwood," he said, "but you know your own affairs. From what you've told me I should say you've got a case of business indigestion. You've simply done too much business for your capital. Lots of people do that and get over it."

"But with a big firm like Hartwell's back of me," I answered, "I will be relieved of worry over capital, and can push things the way I want to. In a few years I can earn enough money to pay them out and then I'll be independent of everyone."

"Perhaps so," he said dryly. "I don't make a practice of criticizing competing firms; but have you stopped to think that Hartwell's is a business house and out for profits like all the rest of us? When they do all these things for you, somebody has got to pay, and that somebody is you. I'm not betraying any business secrets when I say that extra-liberal terms and rock-bottom prices absolutely cannot go together. If Hartwell's, for instance, let you take six months or a year to pay your bills, it is natural that they charge a little more for their goods, isn't it?"

I admitted that such might be the case, but added that even though I paid 5 or 6 per cent more for my goods, I could well afford it, because I could do so much more business when I had Hartwell's tremendous stock of merchandise to draw from and practically no limit to my credit. Mr. Fessenden caught me up on this statement.

"At the end of the year, when you figure up your expenses, you find you have made about 6 per cent actual profit on your sales, don't you? That is what the average merchant makes."

I said I supposed that was so.

"All right then. Let's see how this new arrangement will work out. We'll assume that by the time you pay interest on your notes and all that, your goods cost you 6 per cent more than what your competitors are paying. But of course you have got to sell your stuff at the same prices charged by other Centreton merchants, for if you don't you will soon lose your customers. What, then, will be the result? Simply, that you will be doing business without any profit. No matter how much you sell, you will never be able to pay off your debts and get on a cash basis. The chances are that for the rest of your life you will practically be owned by the Hartwell Company."

The Next Best Thing to Money

I saw the force of the argument plainly enough, but still there was the urge to get out of my present fix and let the future take care of itself. Mainly, I suppose, to justify myself in Mr. Fessenden's eyes, I said I would not have to buy all my goods from Hartwell's, because they had promised I might use them as references whenever I needed to buy from other houses. He smiled at this.

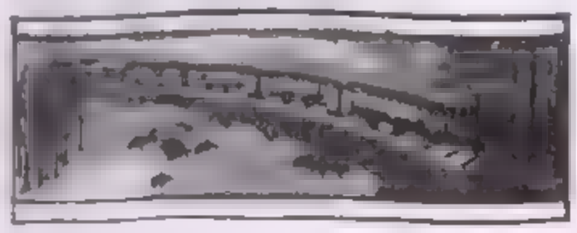
"Don't you know," he said, "that a reference from a confirmed long-credit house is worse than no reference at all? Everyone in the trade knows that the merchant who ties up with such a house does it because he is in a shaky condition; and if you decide to go in with Hartwell's you may as well make up your mind that your buying power will be pretty well confined to whatever stuff Hartwell's want to sell you."

There was no gainsaying these common-sense arguments. And the upshot of the interview was that I went back to see Mr. Craddock and told him I would struggle along without the proffered coöperation of the Hartwell Company; a decision that was received by Mr. Craddock with many gloomy predictions as to my future. At Mr. Fessenden's suggestion, I stayed in New York two or three days to call personally on the firms to which I owed past-due accounts. I have never forgotten what he said on this subject:

"So long as you have to owe money in your business, you ought, every once in a while, let your creditors have a look at you. It's a form of credit insurance. If you can't pay a man what you owe him, the next best thing is to go to see him and tell him why you can't pay and when you believe you can."

Anyhow, I was able to make arrangements that tided me over my difficulties, and I carried back to Centreton the healthy realization that good financing has a lot more to do with success than mere salesmanship, and that there is as much danger in doing too much business as there is in doing too little.

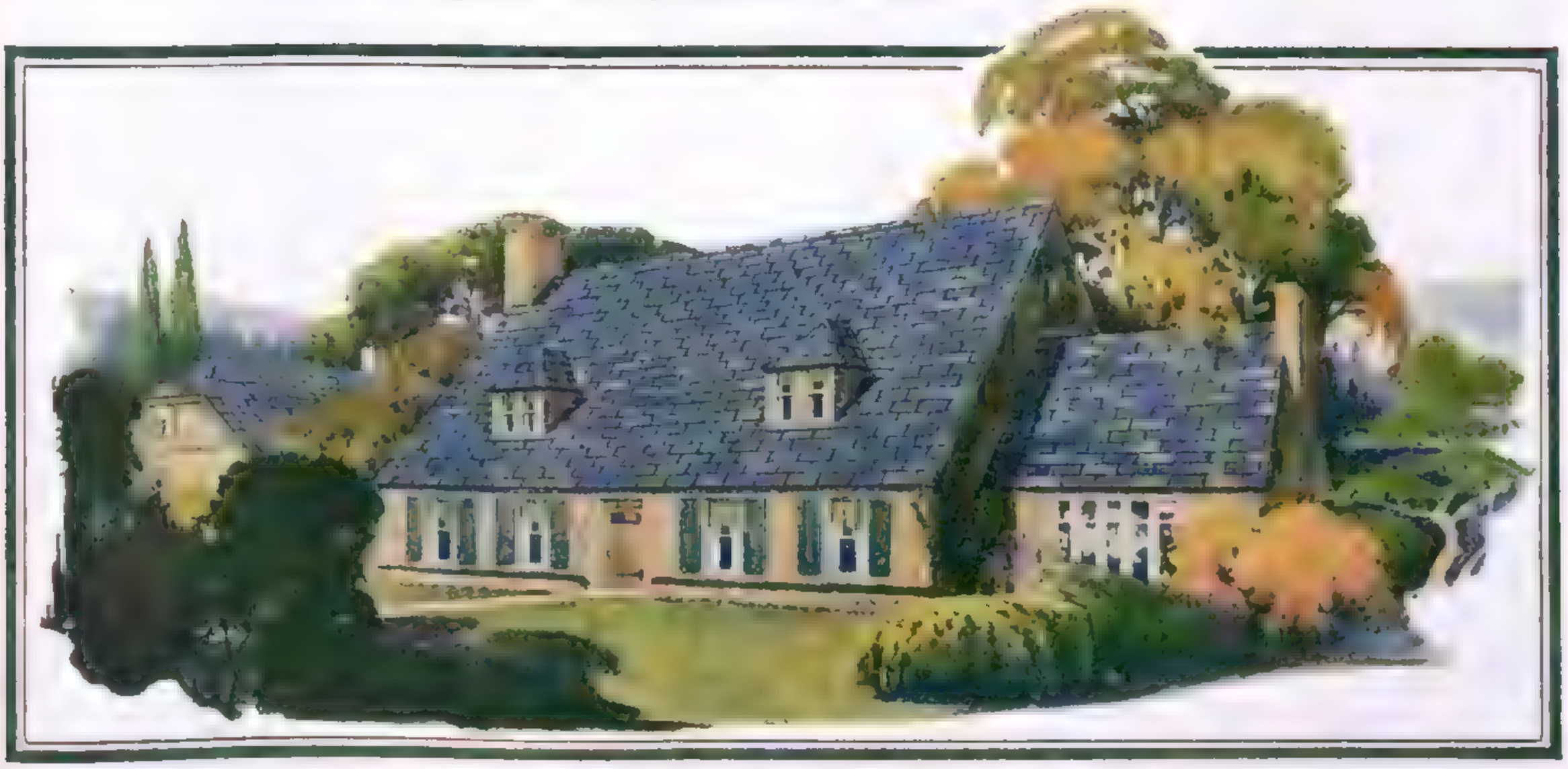
Often enough since that time I have had to worry over my affairs, but I never again considered an alliance with a wholesale firm that sold credit instead of merchandise. During the panic of 1907 the great nationally known house of Hartwell went under, pulling down with it scores of retailers throughout the country; and I was not, I am thankful to say, one of those present.



Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Sprague. The next will appear in an early issue.

2 exclusive beauty points

1 = *Richer colors in genuine natural slate*
2 = *A guide to perfect color schemes*



The soft beauty of Dusk Blue combined with Gray Green and Jade Green — a charming Multicrome effect

FOR RICHNESS—for deep and permanent beauty, there are, of course, no roof colors like those *in genuine natural slate* . . . Now you can have them—at moderate cost.

Weathered Brown, Opal, Pearl Black, Onyx, Dull Red, Tapestry Tan . . . and the other famous Multicrome effects.

Only Richardson offers them to you. Because only by the exclusive patented process owned by Richardson can they be obtained.

NOW Richardson also offers you a way to choose exactly the right roof color for your home—a guide to perfect color schemes.

More than 27,000 people have already written for the Richardson Booklet and Harmonizer. Send for them.

THE RICHARDSON MULTICROME ROOF *is 50 per cent thicker; extra large, extra heavy; built on long-fibre Richardson Felt base; waterproofed with Viskalt, 99.8 per cent pure bitumen especially vacuum processed; surfaced with genuine natural slate flakes; colors are non-fading and permanent; easy to lay; good for new or re-roof work; less expensive than slate, tile or asbestos; the maximum roof value at a moderate price*

In the booklet you will find page after page of interesting homes like the one above—every one a charming color scheme.

The Harmonizer (patent pending) enables you to make 108 combinations of roof, walls and trim—in actual colors.

It gives you a way to decide *before you buy* exactly the roof colors that will harmonize most pleasingly with *your* home.

Before you build or re-roof be sure to send for these valuable guides. They are offered to you at less than cost—25 cents for both. Please order by coupon below

THE RICHARDSON ROOFING COMPANY
Division of The Flintkote Company
Chicago, Illinois

New York City · Boston · Cincinnati
New Orleans

Pacific Coast Distributor
Zellerbach Paper Co., *San Francisco*

RICHARDSON ROOFING

MAIL THIS COUPON

THE RICHARDSON ROOFING COMPANY, *Dept. A-4, Conway Bldg., Chicago, Illinois*
ENCLOSED FIND 25 CENTS (STAMPS OR WRAPPED COIN) FOR WHICH PLEASE SEND ME THE RICHARDSON BOOKLET AND HARMONIZER.
(Write name and address below)

© The R. R. Co., 1927

THE MAD MASQUERADE

(Continued from Page 35)

right thing: "Everything is right. I have seen your aunt. I have seen the boy. I stand by everything. Rooms?" Sara nodded. "Sitting room?" She nodded. "Take me there." In his private salon of splendor he said, "Please order lunch here." Sara went to the house telephone. Lord Llanthony went to the bedroom.

"François," he said, "everything all right? Good. A cold bath, lay out a complete change, give me your Paris testimonials, then go. Return here at a quarter to five." He glanced at Sara with surprise and admiration as he heard her ordering the meal in a clear, controlled voice. When she had finished he handed her the testimonials. "Please confirm these by telephone," he said. Sara nodded. He went to change. When he came back in half an hour, lunch was on the table and Sara was just leaving the telephone. He nodded approval as he heard her say to the waiter that they would ring when he was wanted.

"You have grown up, Sara," he said, eying her. "I had not realized it." He kissed her with affection. "You have done well. Sit down; you must eat." He served her attentively. "I am very sorry. This morning has been worst of all for you." Her glance of assent held reproof. "I know—three wireless telegrams, saying always that I must see you first—I must see you first. Of course I thought them the kindly idea of an inexperienced girl who wished to prepare me for the change in your aunt. What else? A French official on board allowed me to join his special tug, to fly with him to Paris ——"

"Your man told me ——"

"He found you promptly?"

"Yes; considering your description." This a little dryly. "He had been looking for a *fillette*—a lean scraggy girl, I think, with hair down her back."

"Sorry, Sara."

"But you've been seeing me all my life; you've seen me within a month."

"I've never looked at you till today," he confessed. "A bad return for what you've done—to give you that journey back from Cherbourg, unable to get at me, fearing everything."

"Yes, yes," flamed Sara, "I saw you denying a son, and auntie lying dead from the shock. Oh, cruel egotism!" Plain, blunt words flashed out. He heard with head bent in apology, without uttering a word of defense. They had never met before as man to man, this uncle and niece, and if he was astonished at her development, at her strength, she was equally surprised at his complete understanding of her feelings. "And you and I meet," she ended by saying, "and you think to keep me from breaking down by keeping me busy with trifles. You need not have been afraid." Her lip curled.

"It hasn't kept you from breaking out," he suggested. She smiled faintly. That was the beginning of a mutual understanding which greatly surprised and pleased her as it progressed. She told him the whole story from her side, and listened with immense relief to his affectionate approval of all that she had done.

"They hope," he said, "that your aunt will live. They said that the boy's presence did it. They praised him, Sara, and you. You and he always there when wanted; so faithful, so considerate. Eat—don't stare. Of course I didn't question them nor deny him. When you are my age you will know how to listen and wait; the world will teach you that. Eat—remember that a nurse's first duty is to keep fit for the sick room. You are getting fresh courage with every mouthful. Now, this boy, what have you to criticize in him? Dig deep. You like him, you trust him. So do I. What little word has he said, what little act has he done, that you wish had not been said or done?"

"Not one."

"Good."

Sara rose and rang. Another course was brought; he talked of his valet. "A steward in the ship," he said; "they let me have him. Testimonials confirmed?"

"I got one, all right there. The other was away, but his maitre d'hôtel remembered the man and spoke well of him."

The waiters gone, the uncle's next words brought an indignant flush to Sara's cheek. "There is sacrilege in his conduct," he said, "and he has a genius for duplicity ——"

"Oh, shameful!"

Her uncle pressed her hand. "Quiet, Sara. Suppose you read of it—of a boy who deceived ——"

Sara broke in with a ringing defense. Unpremeditated—on the spur of the moment—for that one time only. Herself distraught—alone in Paris—bruised black and blue from the accident still under the shock ——

"You have convinced me," her uncle said.

"It should not have been needed," was Sara's retort.

"You forget, Sara. I have seen him but once. We must plan. He is our foundation. I must be sure."

"Sorry, uncle. You are right."

His large luminous eyes which redeemed the heavy face dwelt on her with admiration. "Had he ever heard of me?" he asked.

"Never."

"He did not know that I was very rich?"

Impulsive Sara jumped up so fiercely that she knocked her chair backward. She sat again with a glance of apology. "Go on," she said in a stifled voice.

"I search for a motive," her uncle continued. "Frankly, his conduct is incredible. He changes his whole life—for a stranger. He hides from the police under an assumed name—for a stranger. Sara, those hours at the hospital—they must be appalling."

"They are not," Sara said, marshaling all her brain. "Not easy—oh, no, not easy. But he doesn't feel guilty. Ah, you ought to have seen that. You have the key to everything: the mad blind beginning. Once begun ——" She flung out her hands. "We've had no time to think; wait for you, that was all. If you think he's doing this for money"—this scornfully—"go and try to pay him. Then"—she bent her head and her voice was almost inaudible—"go and tell auntie."

"Finish your lunch, Sara. If you don't eat I won't talk; and we must have our plans ready by five o'clock."

"You say such horrid things."

"To get the truth. Rich men learn that there are no disinterested motives. I thought, and you have confirmed my opinion—he is not mercenary. He does not think of that. But ——"

"Go on, uncle: He is not guilty of sacrilege. He has not a genius for duplicity. He is not mercenary. We are agreed—what next?"

"I believe—I have known cases—in love at first sight."

"The one thing you have said," was Sara's calm answer, "that doesn't cut." She put her two elbows on the table and cupped her chin on her hands. "Some uncles would have realized that we've had more important things to think of than that. It has never occurred to him."

"How do you know?"

"A woman always knows," said this modern girl, with calm conviction. "I see now," she continued quietly, "that if he ever should ask me to marry him I shall say yes."

Her stupefied uncle, who had been learning for the first time, through that meal, of the younger generation of girls, asked why.

"To pay the debt—your debt and mine."

"You are in love with him," he charged.

"Bah! Have I had time to think of that?"

"Sorry, Sara. Girls grow up and I forget."

"Satisfied now?" Her smile softened the rudeness of the words.

"Yes, that motive's ruled out."

"Oh; ruled out! I've told you over and over that he met a distracted girl and helped her. That was the motive—enough for him."

"Pardon, Sara. I had to know these things. I am completely satisfied. I am deeply grateful to you, to him." He quickly won her back to affectionate intimacy.

When the table had been cleared Sara asked him whether it had occurred to him that he had not told her the essential thing, the thing she had been burning to know. He did not need to reflect. Tybo, he told her was in Idaho, was doing better, could be got back inside of a month. A telegram would be sent that afternoon. There was little hope that the victim of the accident would ever see again, and she must always be more or less of an invalid. She could, perhaps, be moved within a week or two. She must not be too near Paris, where friends who knew the real Tybo might come unannounced. Climate, distance, beautiful surroundings, all pointed to the Loire district. Nurses, a doctor, if necessary, could be taken down; always there were châteaux to be let in Touraine. That must be Sara's job. Would she go down on the morrow to Tours, skirt the hillsides on the north bank of the river, rent or buy a furnished château, and get expert Paris men down to prepare a suite for an invalid?

"And if you had thought all this out," the astonished Sara exclaimed, "why did you worry me with all those questions?"

"To know you, my dear. I had already agreed, before I saw you, with everything you have since said about the boy. I see I can trust you with anything but yourself."

"Meaning?"

"That you mustn't think of paying my debts."

"I ought not to have said that," Sara flushed prettily as her uncle placed an affectionate hand on her shoulder.

"As long as you don't do it, you can say it. Remember, Sara, he's not your sort. He hasn't any family behind him. Everybody's a snob for a daughter—you are that to me, Sara. No daughter could have done more. You must marry a man of cultivation, of taste, of family. The boy will be rich of course—I can make him that—but don't let these weeks of forced intimacy end seriously."

Sara laughed for the first time that day. "A new uncle," she said; "and I thought you knew only business."

"It's all I do know," he admitted. "I've read somewhere about the death of chaperons. I don't even know if you could properly take this very efficient young man with you."

"They say chaperons are coming back," was the dry answer, "but I haven't seen any. Still, there are limits. To run about Touraine ——"

"With your cousin ——" A marked silence as they looked at each other.

"I don't want him to fall in love with me," said this candid girl. "You don't. Why, then, do you throw us together like that?"

Lord Llanthony smiled. "When I was young," he said, "girls didn't even think these things."

"And how do you know what girls thought?"

"I give in. Perhaps they did. Throwing you two together? Conditions, not I, have done that. To measure hours or days, one more, one less, what does that count? This young man is good enough for anything but your husband. I have said that. The rest is with you. You will not lose your head. He might ——"

"I wish you would not put these ideas in my head," Sara protested.

"That would be to wish me a woman," Lord Llanthony answered. "You must not expect feminine subtleties from me. The reason I want you two to go to Touraine is, of course, to give you both a change. Both of you have been under great strain. One—a stranger—must have every consideration we can show. He must have every advantage of his assumed position. That is only decent."

"Of course."

"See your aunt this afternoon. If she is as well as she was this morning you can talk. Tell her what we propose. An ambulance motor as soon as she feels well enough; a home in Touraine—she loves that country. Can she spare you and Tybo for two days? Take the auto—I engaged it by wireless for a month—take the Archers ——"

Sara's eyes glistened. "Have you met that lovely pair of monkeys?"

"No. I've heard. We owe them much. Forget the sick room. Get brightness in your mind and gayety in your heart. A difficult time ahead, my dear; keep up your spirits. Keep his up. We have to steel our hearts." Lord Llanthony became deeply serious. "A month for him, for this honest boy on whom we have no claim; and suppose he falls ill or depression comes, and he says he can't go on ——"

"Never."

"Have you thought, Sara? Your aunt getting better; more and more talk from her; more reminiscences to which he must listen and assent; more endearments and then one day he revolts. He can't carry on this fraud on a helpless blind woman. She is well enough to be told, he says. Well, I should not like to have to deal that blow."

"No—no."

"Or suppose he gets remorseful and loses heart and plays his part badly. Suspicion, questions; he confesses. Awful!"

"He has never faltered."

"A long dragging month, remember. Sara, keep him at top hole of health, energy, spirits. That, too, is your job. Touraine is a land of enchantments. Be its enchanted princess for him. Don't act a cousin; be a cousin; be a sister."

Sara clapped a silencer on laughter. "You are very, very clever, uncle," she murmured.

He nodded pleased acceptance of this tribute. "You know," he went on confidently, "you can manage this inexperienced Western lad. It must be easy for the brilliant niece I have learned to know inside this last hour to be such a friend that a young man can't and doesn't think of love."

"Oh, yes, quite simple, uncle," Sara glanced reflectively at the ceiling.

"That's settled then," he said complacently. "One final problem. How can I stuff his pockets with money? He must live up to his position. The thought even of indirect advantage will be abhorrent to him."

Sara impulsively kissed her uncle on the forehead. "You understand him, at any rate." A sly little accent rested on the pronoun. "I can't help you there. He refused money from me and I know that he needs it."

They discussed this at some length without seeing a clear way. Lord Llanthony looked at his watch. "A lot to do, Sara. I must be off. A passport for Tybo ——"

"Yes, for Tybo." They sealed by a glance the compact; even when they were together alone the young man was Tybo.

"Telegrams, some business letters—I shall wire to my London office for a secretary, and then I shall have more freedom."

"A secretary?" Sara, intensely interested, asked for particulars. She was told that an expert was not necessary, that a typist was not required; somebody responsible, who could hear three words and dictate a long letter, who could file papers

(Continued on Page 109)

Everywhere, now, Heinz Beans are known as the oven-baked beans with the oven-baked flavor. And please note this—unless beans really are baked they cannot be *labeled* baked. Read the label.

Slow, careful baking in the dry heat of real ovens gives the real *baked* flavor to Heinz Oven-Baked Beans. It is this *baked* flavor that makes Heinz Oven-Baked Beans taste so good. They are *baked* tender, *baked* mealy, *baked* golden brown, *baked* easy to digest.

Extra effort to make Heinz Oven-Baked Beans extra good begins even *before* the baking. Only A-No. 1 (the best grade) beans are selected by Heinz. Then, in the Heinz Kitchens, these full, plump beans are sorted over and over again to make sure that only perfect, whole beans go into the Heinz ovens. The taste is the test.

HEINZ
OVEN-BAKED BEANS

WHEN IN PITTSBURGH BE SURE TO VISIT THE HEINZ KITCHENS · H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

©H.J.H.CO.'27

© D. A. & S. Co., 1927

What's the *for the overwhelming* ADLER COLLEGIAN

TODAY, life sparkles with activity. Every day it's hustle, bustle, get up and go. Important engagements every hour. New acquaintances. A full, rich life which demands that you keep looking your best.

Today's active way of living makes it at once more important and more difficult to maintain the required standard of appearance. The practical way to meet the requirement is with Two-Pants Suits—Adler Collegian Tailored.

DAVID ADLER
Milwaukee,

When Appearance Counts—

ADLER *CLOTHES*

Reason

popularity of the new Two-Pants Suits?

UNEXPECTED, and constituting a radical departure from customary values, "Two-pants suits of recognized quality at one-pair prices," created a sensation when introduced to the public last season.

They established a new standard of clothing values. Meeting a fundamental need, this achievement is winning its reward in ever-increasing sales to men who demand quality and correct style in clothes economically priced. Look for the Adler Collegian label, save money on clothes of character.

& SONS CO.
Wisconsin

ADLER Collegian

COLLEGIAN

they Keep you looking your best

*M*any home-owners have laid Creo-Dipts over old side-walls... *and saved paint and fuel*

Lay Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles right over the siding of your old home. In five years, they will save enough paint to pay for themselves. In ten to twelve years, they will save their cost twice over. Creo-Dipts save fuel, too, by making a house warmer in winter, cooler in summer. And the charm of Creo-Dipt colors instantly makes your house worth more, to yourself or to a buyer.

If you are building new, ask your architect, builder or lumber dealer to tell you how genuine Creo-Dipt roof and side-walls can save you money. Building experts know that the name *Creo-Dipt* is given only to the highest-grade, selected cedar shingles, specially stained and preserved for long life.

Find out about Creo-Dipts for new roofs or re-roofing. Our portfolio of photographs shows many interesting examples of unusual Creo-Dipt roof effects, together with all types of old homes rebeautified with Creo-Dipts and new Creo-Dipt homes designed by prominent architects. It also contains a color chart showing the wide choice of Creo-Dipt colors. Why not send for it now? Use the convenient coupon below.

To Lumber Dealers

Do all the home-owners in your community know they can save from $25 to $250 a year, simply by laying Creo-Dipts over old side-walls instead of repainting? We have prepared special folders giving the facts about these Creo-Dipt savings, photographs of houses that have been rebeautified in this way, other helpful material. Write for it today. Let people know you are the lumber dealer in your town who handles Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles . . . that you are prepared to serve them.

CREO-DIPT
Stained Shingles

CREO-DIPT COMPANY, INC.
1204 Oliver Street, No Tonawanda, N Y
In Canada CREO-DIPT COMPANY, LTD., 1610 Royal Bank Building, Toronto

Sales offices in principal cities

Plants located for easy shipping at North Tonawanda, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Vancouver, B C

Leading lumber dealers carry stock.

© C-D Co., Inc., 1927

CREO-DIPT COMPANY, INC.
1204 Oliver Street, No Tonawanda, N Y

Enclosed find 25 cents for portfolio of large size photographs of Creo-Dipt homes by leading architects, and booklet of suggestions

I am interested in (check which) ☐ Covering old side-walls ☐ New roof ☐ Building new ☐ Re-roofing

Name .....

Address .....

(Continued from Page 194)

in a folder and details in his mind, who would be alert to spare his employer every possible worry about the little things.

"But why not him?" cried eager Sara. "For that he could accept a salary."

"A fine solution," her uncle said, "and it need not take him much away"; but he shook his head. "Our friend, Sara, our benefactor, how can I ask him to become a subordinate?"

"Nonsense. You're no tyrant."

"I should keep him busy."

"The busier you keep him the more you can pay him," persuaded sententious Sara. She put her hand on her uncle's shoulder. "This solves it," she said earnestly. "If he feels that he is earning money he will accept it."

"The relation is too delicate, Sara. I cannot offer it. You go to the hospital now. Afterward come to the Archers'—not before six, remember. We'll fix up, then, for Touraine."

They parted, after an affectionate embrace, with a mutual understanding which would have seemed impossible to either in the morning. As he went out of the door Sara called after him, "Don't telegraph for that secretary till tomorrow." He nodded acquiescence.

At the British Embassy the well-known name of the shipping magnate and international financier procured a prompt interview with a secretary. "My son," said Lord Llanthony, "is adventurous. Sailing out of Deal in his small half-decked fishing boat, he was blown to the French coast. He lost mast and rudder and was wrecked near Dunkerque. He swam ashore, seems to have lain exhausted all night on the beach, gets breakfast at a fisherman's house, dries his clothes, walks to the town, changes some money, buys a ticket for Paris ——"

"How lucky," said the sympathetic secretary. "I wonder I didn't see anything in print."

"He took care of that," Lord Llanthony explained. "He had promised his mother to curb his passion for the sea. He did not wish her to know. He had arranged to meet her in Paris in three days. She came ——"

"We read of the accident, Lord Llanthony. We sent to inquire. We were told of Lord Pontlottyn's presence, and that other relations were here; so we did not intrude further. Is she making progress? I hope so."

"Slowly, thank you; out of danger, we believe. The boy has no passport of course."

"Easily arranged."

"Thank you. If you could give me a line to your passport branch ——"

"With pleasure. The loss of the boat should be reported to the Board of Trade."

"You forget; she was too small to require registration. You might as well report the loss of a rowboat on a canal."

He left with the desired letter, which recited all the details which he had given—details which could never be proved false. In these days, when a traveler is docketed and registered everywhere, nearly all untrue statements are subsequently detected. But one who arrives alone in a boat which no longer exists is reasonably safe.

The bearer of this letter owed part of his popularity to a rule that he should not think in a public place; hence, never absent-minded, he recognized people always, and always responded to salutes. In this hour, however, his mind was so far away that he turned from the Faubourg St. Honoré completely blind to surroundings. He woke to a touch on the arm. A smiling Frenchman raised his hat, pointed to a policeman, and passed on. The policeman standing in the middle of the Champs-Élysées was violently blowing a whistle at him and waving him back. He had attempted to cross the broad avenue in the wrong place. He retreated, sat down on one of the many garden seats and stared unseeing at the letter in his hand. A passport—to be used for a month. Why not for life? That was the question that had put him in a daze. Did he want it that way? He thought so; else why this sudden sharp question that came from nowhere, why this inward agitation as he considered his answer? Could it be done? It seemed feasible, almost easy.

His son, the real Tybo, was dead. Only he knew that. Nobody else need ever know. He had found a substitute installed. Why disinherit this successor? Why not build anew on this foundation so firmly laid?

A woman came, asking his ticket for the chair. He thrust a hundred-franc note into her hand. She made voluble protest; of course she had no change. He waved her away. She walked backward as from a mad king; then turned and ran, lest he regain a lucid moment.

Did he want it? Yes. Could it be done? Yes. He sprang to his feet, once more himself, and hailed a taxi. He was eager as he had not been in years, eager to hear and see once more this boy who should be molded to his desires.

VII

LORD LLANTHONY entered the home of the Archers with a passionate ardor under perfect control. His greeting instantly won an embarrassed boy. He listened to a good report from the hospital. Sara had come there. They had discussed Touraine in the sick room. Lady Llanthony ——

His Lordship put a hand on the boy's shoulder. "In that house in Touraine," he said in a low voice, "you will be surrounded by servants, by highly intelligent and sharply observant nurses. You will have to do more than act a part. You will have to live it. It will not be too hard for me if you can bring yourself to it. Can you say 'Mother'?"

The boy lowered his head. "I have not, yet—even to her—since the first day."

"When you can—if you can. When you've chosen a course or one has been forced on you, half measures mean failure. And what about Touraine?"

"She wants it; thinks it great. She will spare us both for the day."

"Good! Sara for the French; you for the business end. I couldn't trust her with that."

"I think," said the boy with a little smile, "that you don't know much about Sara."

"Ah! I see that she has been talking about me. That was right. In this remarkable position the more we know about each other the better."

"She spoke of the secretaryship."

"Ah, did she? I was about to say that was almost breaking a confidence. I don't. I don't even think it. Give me a little time, my boy, to get used to this thing."

"It's hard for you. It's weird—but I feel an intruder."

"I know. And I'm a blunt man who strides through life, jostling and pushing, and offending susceptibilities, and I've been saying to myself all day that I shall hurt you or wound you. I ——"

"Cut that out," the boy interrupted with a peremptory gesture. "I've felt that hand on my head many times now, and I wouldn't keep it waiting for ten minutes—no, not if I had to fight you." He jumped up from his chair and began to walk up and down, followed always by the watchful eyes of Lord Llanthony. "My mother died when I was born," he burst out. "I was brought up by an aunt." He stopped in front of the older man. "I never knew until now what I missed. I get it under false pretenses. I get what's meant for another. But I get it. You see, it isn't all one-sided. Don't you see that you can't wound me, can't hurt me; unless you barred me from that hospital. Then, I think, I should try and sneak in." He resumed his seat, boylike, a little embarrassed by his frank confession. "You don't need to think about me," he continued more quietly. "Rich men hate obligations—I've read that somewhere. But you needn't feel any. I haven't done anything for you. I didn't for Sara. That is, you see, it was just the way she told it. It's for your wife, blind, helpless. Of course, I couldn't sink myself forever. But for a month—what's that?"

"Tell me if I am right. You feel that you've got me in a trap." The boy flushed but did not dissent. "You feel that I see that and must play up to you. You feel that when I'm out of the trap I shall be grateful and want to prove it. My boy, when nations and men owe too much they repudiate. I shall. You're going to end this thing not a dollar better off than you came into it. You're not going to be offered influence. Your path is not going to be smoothed. You'll have just one thing—my friendship and Sara's."

"You've got it," exclaimed the surprised and jubilant boy. "Everything's right now." He put out his hand and they exchanged a warm pressure.

"I don't like your cigarettes," said His Lordship. "Try one of my cigars, Tybo." The boy laughed at the sudden companionable change of manner and voice, but shook his head. "My money, what I have, is tied up in my own name. I've got to have some of course. I could take it from you if I earned it. This secretaryship ——"

"It means real work," said His Lordship doubtfully.

"If I can do it ——"

"There's little question of that. But business—well, it's business. I couldn't have a big affair muddled; but if you did muddle it—well, don't you see I—well—I've no control over you."

"A secretary to you—a son to the world," the boy argued. "If the secretary makes a break dismiss him; the son won't say a word."

"Done! The man I should send for would expect a hundred pounds, say five hundred dollars a month and a liberal expense account."

"But he wouldn't live in the house."

"Pardon me, he would do just that. I have no cheap people about me. So that's that."

Sara came, buoyant in reaction after lifted burdens. She could see that all had gone well between the two. With impetuous grace she caught the boy's hand and stood with him before her uncle. "You've been splendid, uncle," she said. "Tybo and I have had a long talk in the gardens of Salpêtrière. We think that you're wonderful to understand everything and accept everything. We are immensely relieved—you can't think what today has meant to us. We are just going ahead the best we can to do what you want us to do. I ——" Sara's voice thrilled with emotion that threatened to overwhelm her. Swiftly she changed her note. "If we're off to buy castles, tell us what we must do."

"Go over there," her uncle laughed, "and talk it all out with Tybo. I've some thinking to do."

He sat at one end of the long studio, apparently absorbed, watching through half-closed eyes the two eager talkers so deeply interested in their pleasing task, so utterly unconscious that they had become within the hour king and queen on the watcher's chessboard of life. The morning's happenings, Lord Llanthony reflected, had fallen as though in preparation for the carrying out of the newly conceived idea. He had not confessed the death of his son, lest the boy should decline to personate the dead: that vital fact could now be disclosed when the time was ripe. He had invented need for a secretary, and now the boy had an adequate allowance without feeling that he was being bribed or paid for posing as a son. He had warned Sara against love and marriage that she might begin to think about them; he had wished that this stranger, who must know all the family secrets, should be a member of the family. Now the marriage was essential, for Sara must be the final shining lure that should lead a youth to sink himself for life in riches, luxury and a peerage.

The watching, still observer saw that the boy confirmed all the impressions of the morning: a winning manner, good looks,

(Continued on Page 201)

Calm Thinking

NOT so many years ago it seemed that few people were able to think calmly and deliberately in the face of sorrow or trouble.

It was so much easier to allow the emotions full sway—to permit friends to look after things we might do so much better for ourselves.

A beloved one passes on. The anguish of soul is almost unbearable. It is unthinkable that one with such a burden should consider practical matters and yet what may transpire in future years justifies calm study in those dark hours.

The funeral approaches. Is it to be merely an occasion of respect? A display of emotion?

Or is it to be the laying away of all that is mortal of that loved one in a resting place amply protected against the ruthless elements?

That people are today thinking seriously of such matters is proven by the remarkably growing demand for the protection afforded by the Clark Grave Vault

Families that have used the Clark Vault would as soon bury a loved one without a casket as without a Clark. It is fast becoming a normal part of every interment.

Merely by asking for the Clark Grave Vault you may be certain you are providing positive and permanent protection.

This is the famous vault (sold at a very reasonable cost) that is designed according to an immutable law of Nature. It has never failed. Being made of 12 gauge Keystone copper steel, or Armco Iron with a plating of pure cadmium (applied by the Udylite Process, exclusive to this vault) it offers the greatest resistance to rust that is known to science.

And, being made of metal, it is not porous.

Leading funeral directors will gladly supply the Clark Grave Vault because they know it is absolutely dependable.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY, Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.

This trade mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. If you see the symbol on the vault-to-be-sold, and do not see this mark, the vault is not a Clark

The SIMONIZ Twins

Will Keep your Car Always looking New

Simonizing is used and recommended by Automobile Manufacturers and Distributors to clean and protect
DUCO *and* Lacquers

Anyone Can Simoniz a Car And every Motorist should do it

Simonizing is a simple "Dry Cleaning Process" that is recognized as being in a class by itself for the restoration and preservation of Motor Car beauty and for the lasting protection of all fine finishes.

An outstanding advantage of Simonizing is the fact that it makes it so easy to keep your car clean. Mud and dust can be easily wiped off with a soft cloth without scratching the lustrous and durable finish—insist on SIMONIZ and KLEENER.

Always Simoniz a New Car
It keeps it new

SIMONIZ KLEENER quickly and thoroly removes all blemishes—travel stains, smudge, discoloration, film, etc.—restores the original color and prepares the car for SIMONIZ.

SIMONIZ gives that marvelous dry luster of newness which does not catch dust and protects the finish against depreciation. Both are neutral paste compounds, contain no acids and are easily applied with cheesecloth.

Avoid Imitations
Insist on SIMONIZ

Motorists Wise
SIMONIZ

The Simoniz Company, 2116 Indiana Avenue, Chicago
NEW YORK LONDON PARIS MELBOURNE

(Continued from Page 199)

a strong character; too strong perhaps, but a good fault. He would want much managing, but Sara would help there. He was astonished afresh at her beauty, her vitality, her cleverness. The setting sun touched her red hair and framed the vivid face with fire. Of course the boy would fall in love with her. She must be made to respond. Sight of the two, eager, buoyant, refreshing to wearied and cynical age, quickened his pulse, reinvigorated his mind, restored his ambition, gave him an object at last to strive for—an object which really mattered.

This substitution must be made permanent. Sara and the boy must marry; an heir would almost surely come. The family could be established after all. Brooding, thinking, he sat and watched. No obstacle that could not be surmounted; not one that he could foresee. He had come to France to tell his wife that their son was dead. No last faint lingering hope to be extinguished now; no dead irrevocable past to mourn over. Instead, the future; more alluring, with brighter promise for the struggle which must precede success.

At dinner that night all the talk was of châteaux. The boy thought himself in fairyland. Lord Llanthony was a benevolent magician who granted every wish. Sara was a beautiful princess; he was dazed.

In the morning Lord Llanthony made final suggestions to Sara. "Remember," he said, "a bold, an open policy about the boy's name and rank."

"But when Tybo arrives?" Sara asked, surprised. She stopped pressing on her glove.

"In a countryside like Touraine one brother comes, another goes. Who knows or cares? You've decided on the train, you say?"

"Saves time, uncle."

He went to the telephone and reserved train seats for Lord Pontlottyn and party, talking the while.

"Our trouble, Sara, is until Tybo comes. After that, what matter? We must protect the sick room. No rumors, no hints, no questions must penetrate there. Nurses and doctors talk, remember."

"I think you're right, uncle," Sara agreed, a little doubtfully. When her uncle clinched his argument by reminding her that the family could move elsewhere if necessary, that a new Tybo could appear with them in a new locality, she was entirely convinced.

"Defer to him, Sara. Let him have the lead always. That will give him nerve."

"He hasn't seemed to lack it." Sara smiled as she glanced at the clock.

"I wish"—Lord Llanthony frowned—"that you were less attractive."

"Shall I change?" She looked down demurely at her new dress.

"We owe so much to him," this with a deep gravity. "We are so entirely dependent on him. We must make everything smooth and easy for him—you and I—and yet ——" He put a hand on his niece's shoulder. "Give him a good time today. Forget trouble. Leave care behind. Don't spare expense. Don't hesitate to buy a château if you can't rent it. If money must be spent on it buy rather than rent. Never spend on another's property if you can help it. Tell him all this on the way down."

"You are splendid, uncle."

"The position is the strangest that ever occurred, my dear. With your help I can pull it through."

And then the boy came, light-hearted, gay, with the laughter of the twins ringing in his ears. "All ready?" he cried. "Of course Peter delayed us. We're a little late."

Lord Llanthony crammed a solid wallet into the boy's pocket. "My secretary," he said, "must be paymaster when he heads a party engaged on my business. Have a good time, you young people. Don't come back without a château. Don't haggle over a million francs. It sounds a lot, but it's only thirty thousand dollars." He caught the boy's hand. "Remember," he suggested, as he fixed his eyes on the other, "these young friends have done much for you and me. They are your guests and mine. They are accustomed to do things well. So is Sara. Dollars don't count. See that you don't count them."

"It seems easy for me to be generous," was the boy's laughing comment as he tapped the bulge in his coat raised by his new fat pocketbook.

Lord Llanthony watched them down the corridor, then went to the window. He saw the gay greeting of the Archer twins, witnessed their subtle homage to My Lord Pontlottyn as they stood up in the open automobile and motioned His Lordship to the seat of honor. He saw how laughing Sara fell into this amusing game. Under pretense of learning their parts, the three were slyly teasing the boy. The secret watcher could almost know from their actions and their gestures what they were saying. He turned away from the window with an exultant thrill. How effectively these unsuspecting accomplices were furthering his project; for the inspiration of the night before had crystallized into a definite plan. When the time came—and it must come within a month—to disclose to the boy that the brilliant position was his for life, he must be prepared to receive the startling news. He must have drunk so deep of the pleasure of life that he could not take the cup from his lips. He must be steeped in luxury, intoxicated by power, drugged by love. Never had such resplendent bribe been offered to youth. Lord Llanthony smiled cynically; he knew what the answer must be.

He rejected every stuffed and luxurious seat in his gilded room and sent for a straight high-backed chair. He sat upright, his unwavering brilliant eyes immovably fixed on the gilded arrow tip of a bronze Diana. His large, muscular arms rested lightly on the sides of the chair and his fat firm hands hung down listlessly. He was one of the few capable of great concentration without corresponding muscular tension. His unwrinkled forehead, his round solid cheeks, his lips not unduly pressed, were further proof of that constitutional serenity which permitted immense mental labor without fatigue. He was believed by some financiers to talk much and wide of the point, but others knew from experience that at the end of a long sitting he won victories over tired men.

Lord Llanthony was not utterly unscrupulous. If he had been that he would, with his daring, have been in prison; instead, he was more than a millionaire in pounds sterling. As with most self-made men, his standards of conduct had improved with his wealth. He would not now sail as close to the wind as he had sailed in the beginning of his spectacular career. This was not because he had no longer need to set his helm hard up against law or public conscience. It was a genuine advance in moral standards, the unconscious result of environment; but these standards permitted him to reason thus:

This fraud on the British constitution, on the sacred institution of the peerage, on the people of England, injures nobody. It is a benefit. It brings fresh blood, good character and healthy life into the House of Lords. It bars a bilious Welsh youth, republican in sentiment, who has openly declared that he would never sit in the Lords if the title should fall to him. Should the law force an unwilling title on a fanatic who wishes to wipe out a system of which he, by the accident of birth, is a member? Does a king, a premier or a president make an executive of a man who wishes to destroy the interests that he is appointed to protect? It is absurd, then, to see more than technical violation of law in this substitution of sons.

There is no violation of the rights of Ellis Evans. Lord Llanthony smiled grimly as he paused on this thought. The young man would be spared the painful duty of receiving what he did not want. This was a kindness. If this surly son of a cross-grained father meant what he said, he ought to be grateful. If he did not he

Over Flanders Fields

THE oil, known today as HYVIS, lubricated airplane motors most successfully in the days of the Great War when it was supplied under specification number. Because of its sensational record during the war—the way it "held its body" under the terrific heat of the airplane motors—its ability to lubricate satisfactorily under these extreme conditions—it was later named HYVIS, meaning *high viscosity.*

Now hundreds of thousands of motorists who appreciate the economy of better lubrication *look for the HYVIS sign when buying motor oil.*

HYVIS is sold only by independent oil marketers and dealers

The Fred G. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Refineries: Warren, Pa.

HYVIS MOTOR OIL

HYVIS means high viscosity—the ability of an oil to lubricate satisfactorily under excessive heat.

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

would pay the just penalty of being taken at his word. He should be left some money, but he could never know that it was solid compensation for a stolen peerage. He could never know that if he had been heir he would have been left a princely sum.

Without a grimace, Lord Llanthony, on the voyage to Cherbourg, had prepared notes for a new will. The death of his son, the certainty that Ellis Evans was irrevocable heir to the title, compelled him to provide for its adequate support. His scarlet and ermine robes must not, at his death, be trailed in the dust of poverty. However he might detest this prophet who wrote of tabernacles and snuffed-out candles, he must make him and his son rich. No human being, legally entitled, may refuse an inherited peerage. He may ignore it, fly from it, but it pursues him and his eldest born. Somebody, sometime, would accept its duties and responsibilities, and so money must be left.

At this point Lord Llanthony moved for the first time in an hour. He drew from his pocket the notes of the will, but he paused ere he lighted a match. He went over, item by item, once again, the results to be achieved by success in his daring project.

What happiness, what peace, for his wife; continuous, assured for her life. She had said that she was glad of the accident. It had brought her son to her, sane, healed, loving. If sight should come back, and that was just possible, she must be told, of course. Perhaps love for the boy, hope, ambition for the family, would lead to acquiescence. If not, the boy could go and no harm done.

What profound lasting satisfaction for him, Lord Llanthony, to found a family on a deliberate creation of his will. His energy, his daring, his ability, should surmount law and defeat nature. Denied an heir, he would manufacture one. He glowed with a fresh energy as he reflected on so novel and difficult an outlet for his incessantly active spirit. His pursuits had become empty. Utterly weary of making money, of controlling men, of developing railways, of managing ships, of speculation—he had searched imagination in vain for an object for which he cared. Deer forests, yachting, a private zoological garden, an endowed theater, a model city, a road along the Andes—these and a thousand other aims had been rejected. Now, at his doorstep, without thought of his, was deposited an idea fantastic and attractive, promising fulfillment of many ardent desires, demanding boldness, foresight, constant supervision.

He lighted the notes of the will and ground the ashes beneath his heel. There was unnecessary vigor in this symbolic action, which definitely signaled that the bold conception had sprung into action. He had burned more than a paper; he had burned his boats.

He lighted a cigar now and relaxed his mind, considering indirect results. He saw humor in this founding a family on a changeling, and an element of the fairy tale. What continuing sly amusement in watching an obsequious world doing homage to this penniless American boy, strutting the stage magnificently beneath a shower of gold; what a comedy, lifelong, without tiresome interludes. What a ridiculous retort to an embittered brother and an envenomed nephew. The absurd fanatic who had written of dark tabernacles would find a fresh candle lighted, not held high by a son who pretended to despise the inheritance, not grasped by the legitimate heir, but flaunted by an unsuspected interloper—an acolyte not entitled by the accident of birth, but appointed and supported by illegal, daring human agency.

Here was matter, indeed, for sardonic laughter.

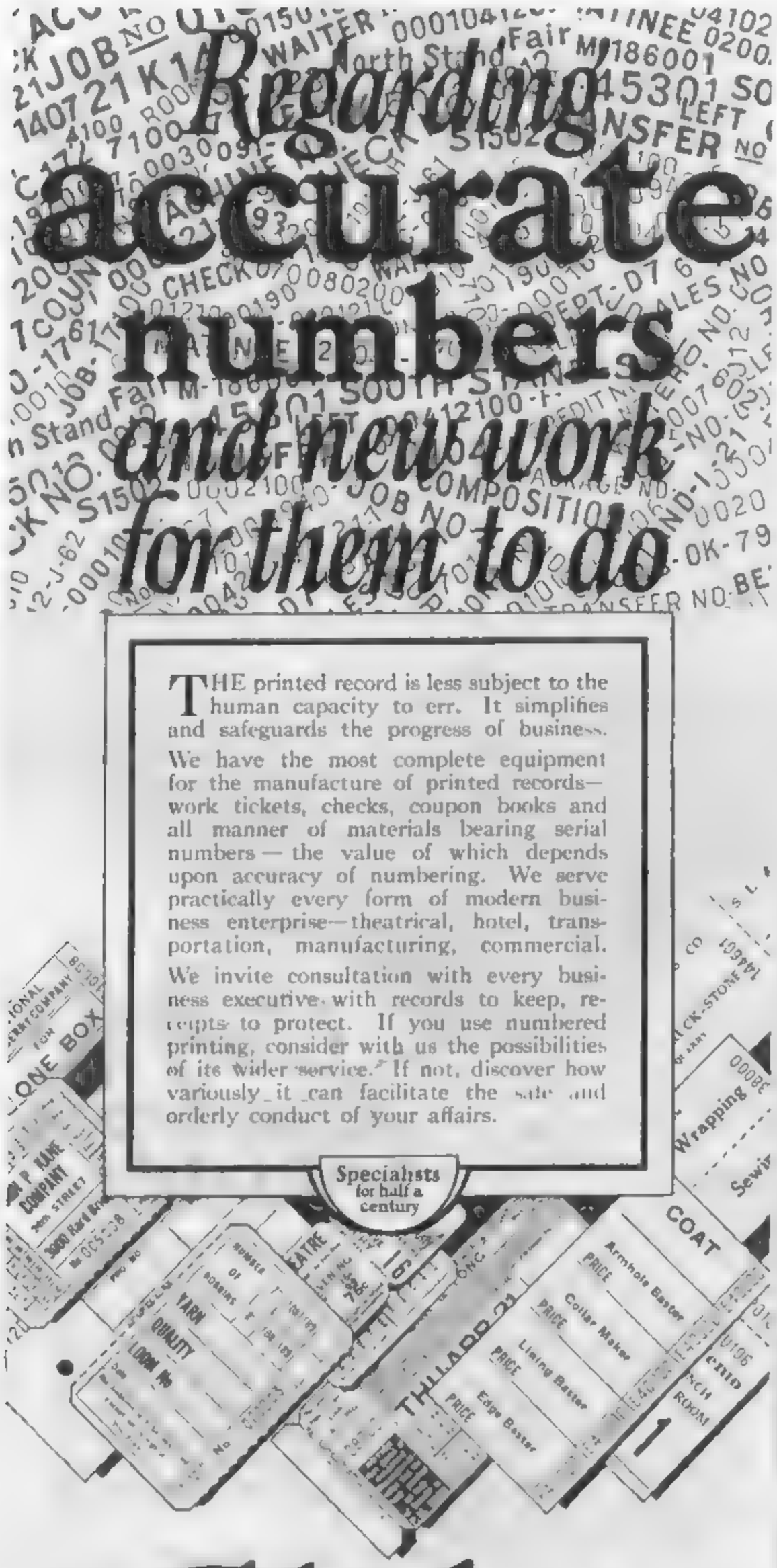
His Lordship did almost laugh as he thought of that meeting with the bridal couple. If he had been managing this thing from the beginning he could not have arranged this detail with such perfection. Only a surgical operation could dislodge from the brains of the Evanses the conviction that they had met the heir. The Finleys, too, perfect! An amazing beginning; and now the boy had been sent away with fantastic powers, to buy not only châteaux in France but also castles in Spain—castles that should loom so fair and bright that never could they be surrendered—castles in the air that should be made real.

The first taste of what wealth could do: Lord Llanthony pictured that arrival at the railway station. The obsequious conductor, the reserved seats, the special courtesies to "milord"; the simple boy pretending that he was used to all this, inwardly exulting that he could handsomely return the kindnesses of the Archers and cut a distinguished figure in front of Sara; lordly tips, of course; Lord Llanthony could see these handed over with an air.

He smiled and rang for his valet. "*Déjeuner*, please, a *brioche* and a demi-Evian."

He ate the bun and drank the mineral water with a high, new pleasure. He owed much to his capacity to see inside the other man. He had read minds and responded to feelings much more intricate and involved than those of this ingenuous youth.

(TO BE CONTINUED)


Regarding
accurate
numbers
and new work
for them to do
THE printed record is less subject to the human capacity to err. It simplifies and safeguards the progress of business.
We have the most complete equipment for the manufacture of printed records—work tickets, checks, coupon books and all manner of materials bearing serial numbers — the value of which depends upon accuracy of numbering. We serve practically every form of modern business enterprise—theatrical, hotel, transportation, manufacturing, commercial.
We invite consultation with every business executive with records to keep, receipts to protect. If you use numbered printing, consider with us the possibilities of its wider service. If not, discover how variously it can facilitate the safe and orderly conduct of your affairs.
Specialists for half a century
Globe
TICKET COMPANY
112 North Twelfth Street
PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE CLEVELAND LOS ANGELES NEW YORK
Numbered printing can help you.
Ask us how!

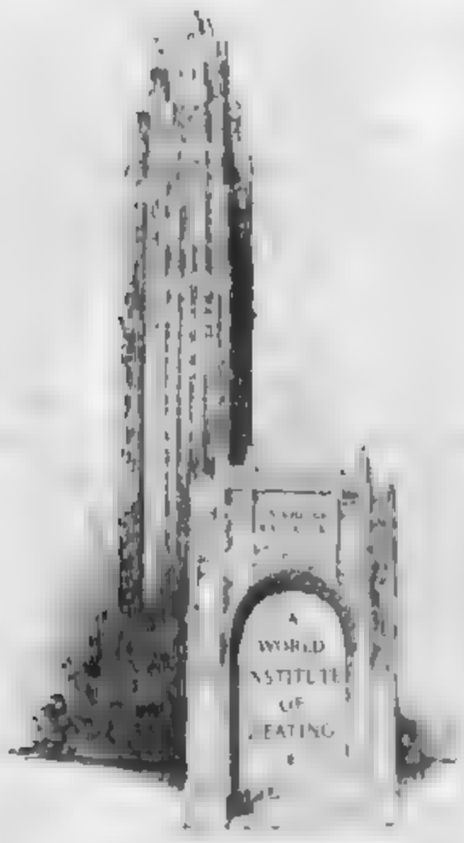
Monarchs of the Past, Glacier National Park, Montana

The more beautiful

AMERICAN

CORTO

A turning point in radiator history



By offering the more beautiful AMERICAN-CORTO radiator at standard prices, a turning point has been reached in the heating industry. From this time forward all radiator beauty and effectiveness will have a single measure of comparison—the beauty and effectiveness of the AMERICAN-CORTO.

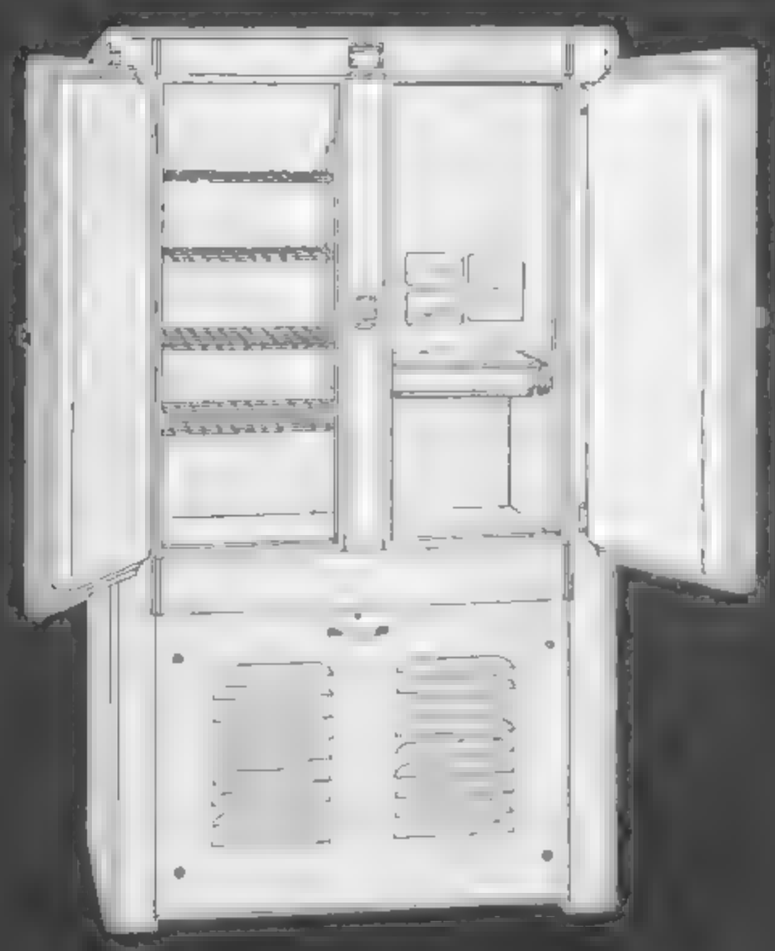
AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

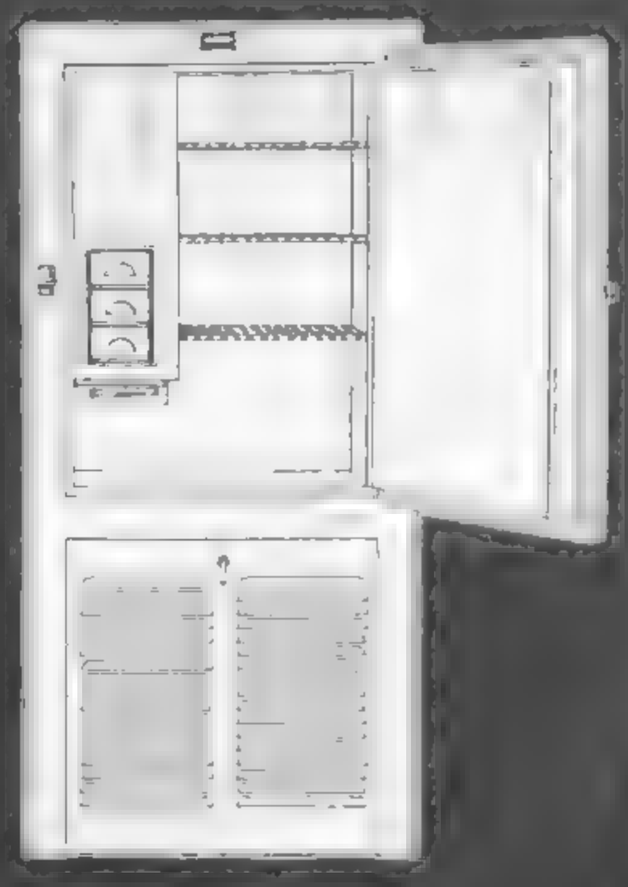
Showrooms and sales offices: New York, Boston, Providence, New Haven, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Buffalo, Richmond, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Chicago, Milwaukee, Omaha, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Denver, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Brussels, Berlin.

Makers of IDEAL Boilers for coal, coke, oil and gas. AMERICAN Radiators, ARCO Hot Water Supply Heaters, VENTO (Ventilating) Heaters, Heat-Controlling Accessories, and other products for drying, humidifying, cooling and refrigeration.

Copeland

DEPENDABLE *Electric* REFRIGERATION





The refrigerators illustrated above are left to right, C 5-P, CS 7-10 and CS 7-P

In addition to the models pictured there are [illegible] models and 11 sizes of Copeland units to fit owners' present ice boxes.

Three Special Models for Small Homes and Apartments

Copeland Dependable Electric Refrigerators for small kitchens and kitchenettes have every feature of the large models used in the largest homes.

The same reliable, quiet and efficient power system serves them. The same fast freezing, the same handy and sanitary constructions are yours to enjoy in these compact refrigerators.

And even in the matter of capacity they are truly remarkable. For the three models, Nos. 215, C 5-P and CS 7-10, illustrated above, possess the unusual ice cube capacities of 108, 90 and 105 cubes, respectively, and food storage capacities of 5¾ cubic feet, 5 cubic feet and 7.28 cubic feet.

These attractive little kitchens one sees nowadays are at their very best equipped with a Copeland. Why not have such a kitchen to make your work a pleasure—and the smaller Copelands are low enough in price for everyone.

COPELAND, 630 LYCASTE AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

FREE RECIPE BOOK—CUT HERE AND MAIL TO COPELAND, 630 LYCASTE AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Please send me, without obligation on my part your free Copeland Recipe Book which shows how to prepare delicious frozen desserts.

Name_____ Address_____ City_____ State_____ SEP 4-9

CLEANING UP

Continued from Page 4

If Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan awakened in me the first manifestations of that ailment which has influenced and directed my whole life, Edwin Arden must answer for his share of the responsibility.

A young god of the theater of yesterday, I saw him play in a piece called Eagle's Nest, wherein he was the straight, stalwart, invincible champion of innumerable shooting affrays, a veritable super-he-man, undaunted, indomitable—in short, my very self.

Eagle's Nest impressed me so that I not only remembered the plot and the action but many of the lines, and when I went home I wrote a little script of the piece, incorporating as many of the speeches as I could recall verbatim.

When I became a manager I always wanted Edwin Arden in a play. When we put Three Wise Fools into rehearsal he and Claude Gillingwater were the first actors engaged for important rôles. But Arden never played under my management, for while we were rehearsing at the Gaiety Theater in New York he died, and I never had a chance to let him know how important a part he played in my career.

My pal at that time was one Bill Peters, also aged eleven, and I organized a theatrical company of which I was manager, and he was company and anything else I didn't want to be.

Bill was slightly undershot, with a bulldog jaw. Naturally, as manager, I had the right to allot any actor any rôle in the drama that I chose. I am sure it was my managerial sense only which prompted me to do my casting according to type—selecting Bill, with his undershot jaw, for the villain and intrusting the hero's rôle to one whose distinguished looks and superior qualifications made him the logical candidate—namely and to wit, John Golden.

Bill's father kept the shoe store, and between school hours and home work and helping fit assorted shoes on even more assorted feet, Bill was a busy boy. But I inveigled him into a series of rehearsals and performances in the Peters barn, where we presented, for pins and even pennies, our entire repertoire, which consisted of Eagle's Nest, learned from my improvised script. When the moneyed audiences gave out—common cents not being unlimited in our home town—and even the pin money ran very low, poor Bill continued to be cursed, berated, buffeted, belittled, stabbed and murdered for my own amusement and a practically indefinite run.

My First Theater Connection

The evil that men do certainly lives after them, and bread cast upon the waters comes home to roost, for one day years later a man with an undershot jaw came into my office.

"Bill!" I cried, recognizing him at once. "I'm certainly glad to see you."

"I didn't know whether you would be," he rejoined diffidently. "I kept away from you for years. But now I had to come."

"Why, Bill," said I, my arm about his shoulders, "I'm glad you did. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," he admitted. "I need a job."

"Well, you certainly shall have one if I can help you. What do you want a job at?"

"Acting, of course."

"Billy! You're not an actor!"

"I know it," he said sadly, "but you gave me the idea that I was. And I've never been able to work at anything else."

"But, Bill, you were just a stage-struck kid."

"So were you, John," said Bill.

I am not a man to shirk my responsibilities. I recognized that I was, indeed, responsible for one more bad actor in an overcrowded world today. Bill for a long time had a job in one of the Seventh Heaven companies, and now graces the position of assistant stage manager and general understudy at the Little Theater in Two Girls Wanted.

As I look back, I can trace this stage-struck fever through everything I did—beginning as a super in Niblo's Garden at Prince Street and Broadway; writing rimes for the newspapers and magazines, which I later turned into songs; as a student of law at New York University; an actor wearing out the chairs in the theatrical agencies of thirty years ago; a song writer and author of musical comedies, of which I wrote or collaborated in more than a dozen, contributing everything from one hit number to the entire book, lyrics and music.

My first professional work in connection with the theater came when, with Slattery & Horgan, I held the important job of being in charge of their entire errand department. Fate—having in mind, no doubt, that some day I would require an all-around knowledge of the theater, including the building of playhouses—sent me at the age of fourteen to this firm of architects, famous in those days for their Tammany affiliations.

Brass Polisher and Playwright

One of my principal obligations was in connection with a brass rail which encircled the boss' office. It was an insatiable monster, whose eighty feet clamored continuously for their daily portion of some highly odorous cleaning stuff. To this day I can recall the smell, for my fingers were always full of a mixture of it and the firm's ink. For whenever the opportunity was present or the boss was absent, I left my educational polishing to follow my real life work—the writing of dramas. And I have today whole masterpieces full of heroic asides to "My proud beauty!" and "Disdainful creature!" written on the firm's stationery, and with a curl and flourish which I copied from Mr. Slattery.

Vincent Slattery, still living, and handsome as ever, was my earliest model in all things relating to manly deportment, appearance and culture. I am told I talk like him, nodding my head as he did. I remember he used to smile a great deal when he wanted to put people off their guard, and was brusque when that served his purpose better. I wonder —— At any rate, I know I am indebted to him for the flourish that swirls after my signature, which I cultivated in those laborious efforts to capture Melpomene and Thalia on the office stationery.

My enemy was an Englishman named George Smart, today a successful accountant. Doubtless his bookkeeping had developed his eye for detail, for one inch of brass rail which escaped my notice was sure to evoke a call for the polish. No matter how much I rubbed it in, I was an amateur next to him. But I didn't want to keep polishing. There was the rub.

Though Slattery was my friend, Horgan began to note with suspicion certain deficiencies and irregularities in the office supplies, and by some private detective work discovered how the American drama was being advanced on the time and stationery of the firm.

So one day Horgan said to his office boy: "Johnnie, the only way to get anywhere in this business is to start from the bottom and work up. My father taught me that. He built the Jefferson Market Police Court. And if you really want to go along with us and learn this business, you will have to get out of the office and go on the wall with your trowel as an apprentice."

Slattery & Horgan were then preparing the building plans of a theater to be named Harrigan's Theater, after Ned Harrigan, of the old team of Harrigan and Hart, the great comedian and popular author of the local take-a-whack-at-New-York type of play. The building, now known as the Garrick Theater, is still standing. It has taken me until this year to put up my own

New floors for old

SPRING is here! Now is the time when you beautify your home. If the walls are faded, you re-decorate them. If the rugs are worn, you replace them. If the floors are shabby, you usually wax or varnish them and hope the worn, rough places will not be noticed. But the effect of your new wall covering, rugs and furniture is ruined, because the floors are still shabby.

A beautiful floor is the foundation of a beautiful home. The floors should be your first consideration. Until recently, it was a difficult problem. The old hand scraping method was costly and far from satisfactory. The house was in disorder; shavings and dust everywhere.

Today, all that is changed—

It is a matter of only a few hours to have your old floors resurfaced. No fuss. No dirt—small expense.

American Universal
FLOOR SURFACING MACHINE

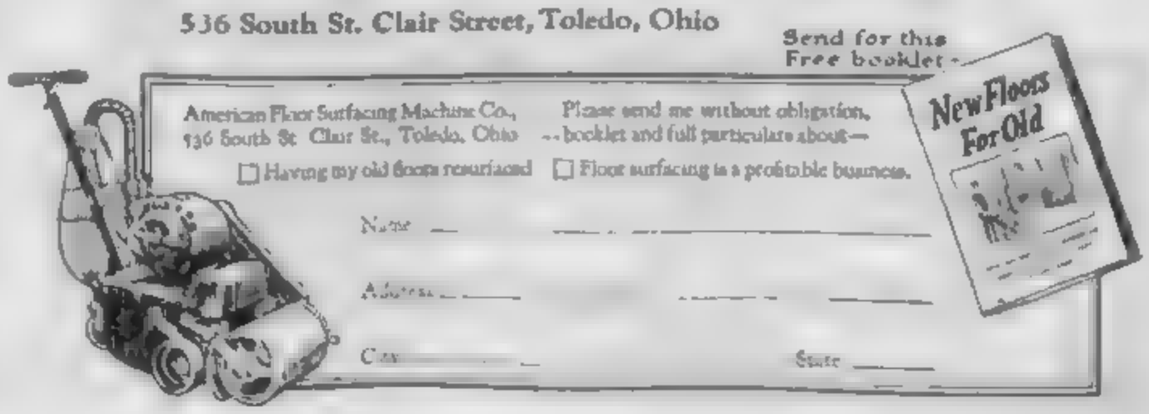
electrically operated, makes your old floors like new—no matter how badly damaged. Makes new floors as fine and smooth as marble.

It is no longer necessary to neglect your floors. Get in touch with an American Floor Surfacing Contractor and let him explain. If you do not know where to find him, *write to the factory.*

Floor Surfacing as a Business

To contractors, builders and carpenters who want to add substantial profits to their present business—or to men who want to go into business for themselves as Floor Surfacing Contractors, the American Universal offers an opportunity of unusual attractiveness. No special training necessary. Clean, steady, inside work—no dull seasons—substantial profits—Ask for details.

The American Floor Surfacing Machine Co.
536 South St. Clair Street, Toledo, Ohio


Send for this Free booklet
American Floor Surfacing Machine Co., 536 South St. Clair St., Toledo, Ohio
Please send me without obligation, booklet and full particulars about—
☐ Having my old floors resurfaced
☐ Floor surfacing as a profitable business.
Name
Address
City
State
New Floors For Old

Two Women out of Three want Softened Water... above everything else

A recent survey in 16 cities disclosed that two out of three women want a *modern water softening appliance* in preference to any other household convenience that money can buy.

The reason most often given was *softened water benefits every member of the family, almost every hour of the day, every day of the year.*

Clothes come from the laundry beautifully white and fluffy. Dishwashing is made easy. Tender skins delight in the luxurious lather. One's hair glistens after the shampoo. Bathing and shaving are happy occasions. *There is the magic of youth in its touch.*

Have you been putting up with hard water or cistern water because you did not know how easy it is to have perfectly softened water the Duro way? Wherever the water is hard, you need a Duro Water Softener. Duro has many exclusive advantages because of certain basic patents. And at present prices, no home need be without one. In fact, it is an investment that increases the value of your property and pays regular dividends.

We maintain a Free Advisory Service. Let us help you with your Water Supply problems. Write us fully—we'll send information, catalog and prices.

THE DURO COMPANY, 404 Monument Ave.
DAYTON, OHIO

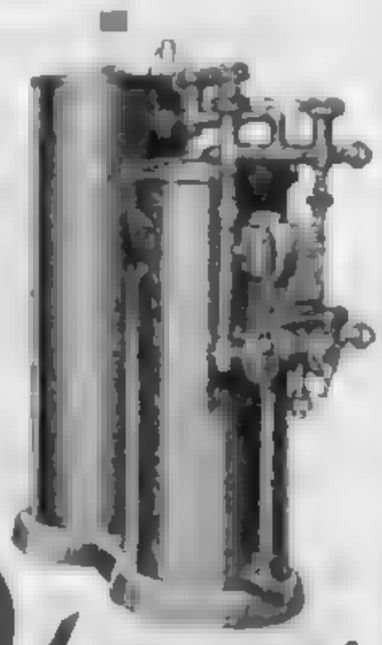
World's Largest Manufacturers of Water Systems and Water Softeners

Do You Dare Look Into Your Cistern

Many localities have passed laws prohibiting the use of cistern water. Health authorities recognize that cisterns are usually stagnant, diseased breeding pools, contaminated with decaying animal and vegetable matter.

A Duro Automatic Water Softener is a modern appliance easily installed in any home—old or new. It requires no motor or electricity, as it operates by water pressure alone. Simply connect it to your city water pipes. Made of Armco pure iron galvanized inside and out. There are several sizes—both automatic and hand-operated. The latter sell for as low as

$99.50
f. o. b. Dayton



DURO Automatic Water Softener

theater, but I helped build one before I was fifteen.

I think it might have helped my work in connection with building the American Theater if I had known, on those cold bleak days when I was building my fortune by hand and worrying my frozen digits over a torn brick, that a whimsical destiny had arranged that one of the first things the bricklayer would do after he became a producer was to lease that very theater for the rehearsals of a play called Turn to the Right, for until the Theater Guild showed what could be done with it, nobody dreamed that the present Garrick Theater was worth using for anything except rehearsals.

One of the outstanding experiences of my life at that time was being sent to the home of Ned Harrigan with a set of blue prints for his new theater. I can still conjure up the feeling of almost unbelievable exaltation that came with the realization that I was about to meet in person that superman, that great actor, that sacred name—Ned Harrigan. For years afterward I bragged of having been in conversation with Harrigan. I was. He said, "Come in, boy, and sit down," while he wrote some memoranda concerning the plans.

He lived over in the Greenwich Village section of New York, and I remember, as I came along, there was a little boy sitting on the front steps about whose head was an invisible aura. I recall a feeling of disillusion and disappointment when closer inspection revealed that the scion of so great a house should permit his face to betray such obvious symptoms of a common cold. Perhaps right then I ceased to believe in scions. I hope this early portrait does not offend a good actor on the stage today by the name of William Harrigan. However, I was thrilled and delighted when, by a wave of the hand and a "Hello," this privileged being acknowledged my existence and invited me to play with him, which I unfortunately could not do, being there, as I explained, in a big-business capacity.

While I was working on Harrigan's Theater, getting higher and higher in the bricklaying business, I had no time for scribbling plays; but inside me there still burned this fire to be something, or everything—or anything connected with a theater. But when, at luncheon, I pointed out to my friends on the wall that my real ambition was to become a great actor, they did not take me very seriously. In fact they laughed. I smoldered inwardly. Let them laugh. Some day I would act in a big play, and probably write it and produce it too!

A Practicing Magician

In order to study the theater from the inside as well as out, I obtained a job at Niblo's Garden, corner of Broadway and Prince Street, where they were putting on a superspectacle of the Roman Empire. I was one of the supers. I laid bricks in the daytime and made my obeisance at the shrine of Thespis in the evening at twenty cents per bow.

About 100 of us dressed down in the cellar, and by "us" I mean myself and 99 of the most dilapidated derelicts who drifted in from the streets of the Bowery. You took off your clothes and put on a toga and carried a spear in one hand. An X ray trained on that hand would have revealed your watch and your bank roll—if you happened to have a quarter—and anything else that wasn't sewed onto your clothes. I received my early training in palming at that time. If my hand had been big enough I would have palmed my coat and vest. Because any time you took a garment off might mean its last appearance in that theater. I had more than one fist fight in order to prove to some fellow that it is bad luck to get into a pair of pants with the wrong leg. The last fellow down the stairs stood a good chance of going home in a temper.

The reason I was demeaning myself so low as to carry a spear was in order that I might study the drama from the inside. But the first night, as I sneaked up from the cellar between appearances to pursue my studies at close range, the stage manager saw me and kicked me down the stairs and told me to get back where I belonged. I can take a hint as well as anyone.

Moreover, when I was on the stage I couldn't see anything, because the heavy spotlights blinded you as you walked up from the dark cellar, in lock-step formation, trying to hold onto your bank roll, keep your toga in place and your spear from interfering with your neighbor, your toga, yourself, or all three. So my only impression of the theater was of a blinding glare from which emerged gradually a regal face, topped with a crown of bay leaves, borne aloft on the shoulders of three other Thespians and myself.

For a week I permitted myself to be herded in that cellar with the hand-picked scum of the Bowery, only to learn that the management didn't pay until the following Wednesday, and then held out three days' pay. The Actors' Equity hadn't stepped in to hamper the benevolence of kind-hearted managers in those days.

In Support of Lackaye

And when, in addition, I had lost a couple of undershirts, it seemed to me my studies were too expensive for the amount of practical benefit I was deriving, and I left Niblo's Garden to do the best it could without my talented contribution to the artistic ensemble.

Many years later, that fine American character actor, Wilton Lackaye, and I, as guests of honor at a banquet, were asked to pose for one of those group photographs which, mounted on white cardboard, lend the American home that little touch known as attic decoration. As the flash light illuminated Lackaye's face, a gong rang far back in the halls of my memory. That face, in a blaze of blinding light—where had I seen it before? Of what did it remind me? Suddenly I remembered—that regal countenance, crowned with bay leaves, borne aloft on four stalwart shoulders.

I turned to Lackaye. "Bill," I asked, "did you ever play in a Roman drama at Niblo's Garden?"

"Yes," he replied, "I was Nero."

"You were, were you? Well, don't you remember me? I supported you in the big scene."

Shortly after my retirement from Niblo's Garden a great piece of good fortune befell me. I learned that my boss, Arthur Horgan, was to marry Martha Poole.

That announcement may mean little or nothing to the casual reader today. But when I explain that Martha Poole's father was the owner of Poole's Theater—in my eyes a gorgeous and slightly magical edifice, haloed with the glamour of all things theatrical—you will understand just what this announcement meant to me. The theater was coming right into my life, entwining itself with my destiny. Surely there was the hand of fate in this, that I should be apprentice bricklayer to a man who was going to marry a girl whose father owned a theater.

Moreover, I had just learned that if I wished to retain my position as a bricklayer I would have to take out a union card and sign up as an apprentice for three years. I had decided if it was going to take that long to begin to commence to start to learn to be an architect, I'd be too old to design anything in this mortar life but my own mausoleum.

So one day I summoned up my courage and suggested to Mr. Horgan that perhaps he might give me a letter to Mr. Poole. There was an alacrity about his acquiescence which does not seem so flattering to me now as it did then. He encouraged me to do the thing I really wanted to do, and so I severed my connection with architecture and prepared to enter seriously upon a stage career by way of Mr. Horgan's introduction to John Poole.

Continued on Page 209

Buy Your Home at Wholesale Prices *Direct From Mill!*

A Typical Gordon-Van Tine Plan-Cut Home

Home No. 628 ... Price ... $2510

We ship material for your home direct from mill to your station. You buy at wholesale prices made possible by big volume and the manufacturing economies of large operation. Our small profit *per house* makes Gordon-Van Tine prices to you astoundingly low.

Write for the Home-Builder's Greatest Book!

100 Charming Homes—Amazing Savings thru Plan-Cut Method

All over America this fascinating book, "Gordon-Van Tine Homes," is showing home builders a new, better way to build!

A way that gives them the choice of over a hundred captivating plans designed by skilled architects

A way that ensures a *stronger, warmer, tighter-built* house.

A way that produces a home of *highest quality materials* at savings that run as high as $2,000.

Plan-Cut Saves 3940 Saw-Cuts

Your home is designed by expert architects. Then the material—joists, rafters, stairwork, framing and sheathing lumber—is cut to that plan by power-driven saws at the mill. 3940 hand saw-cuts saved on the average house

Carpenters start framing and building at once. No costly time is wasted in measuring, figuring and hand-sawing! As every part fits in its proper place, construction is unbelievably fast.

Customers say that they save 30% in labor costs. And as most of the sawing has been done, you save 18% lumber waste.

One Guaranteed Price Covers All Materials as Specified

We ship you all lumber, lath, shingles, doors, windows, trim, stairwork, hardware, paint, tinwork, nails, varnish and enamels. We guarantee all material to be highest quality, and that there will be no extras under our specifications. Complete Blue Print Plans and Instructions FREE.

Permanent Strength

Because the plan is right, and because the fine, strong lumber is cut to knife-edge accuracy to fit that plan, your Gordon-Van Tine Home is the strongest possible to build.

All joints meet perfectly. All stresses and strains have been anticipated. Even inexperienced workmen must build correctly, for the Plan-Cut method compels accuracy. Such staunchness enables us to give you a 20-Year Satisfaction Guarantee with any home you buy from us.

100 Distinctive Homes

Our plans afford a variety of selection far beyond the dreams of the average home-builder. Every one combines metropolitan style, thoughtful arrangement, with many built-in conveniences to save steps and lighten housework.

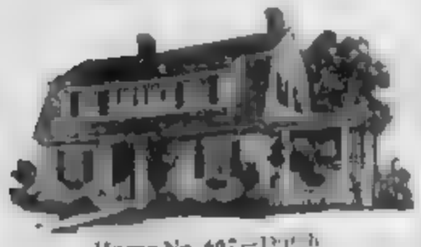
Thus Gordon-Van Tine gives you the enormous savings of direct-from-mill prices, top quality lumber, and the exclusive Plan-Cut features that make these America's finest moderate-priced homes.

Send Coupon!

This fascinating 140 page book shows photos, floor plans, descriptions, direct-from-mill prices of Colonial, English, Spanish and American types of homes. Fully explains our PLAN CUT method

Also catalogs on Garages, Summer Cottages and Farm Buildings on request.

Home No. 633—Beautiful Colonial Bungalow. Either 5 or 6 room floor-plan. Bath. Fireplace. Material for 5 rooms . . . $1763



Home No. 697—[illegible] Colonial, [illegible] shuttered [illegible] rooms. Bath [illegible] two pair closets. Material . . . $2355

Home No. 502—Well planned cottage, living room, dining room, [illegible] bath. Built-in features. Materials . . . $1559

Home No. 640—Cozy [illegible] Material [illegible] $1387

Garage No. 305—Double garages cost so little more than single ones that it is wise to build for two cars. Size 18 x 18. $286. Other styles, $79 up

Gordon-Van Tine

(ESTABLISHED 1865)

PLAN-CUT Homes

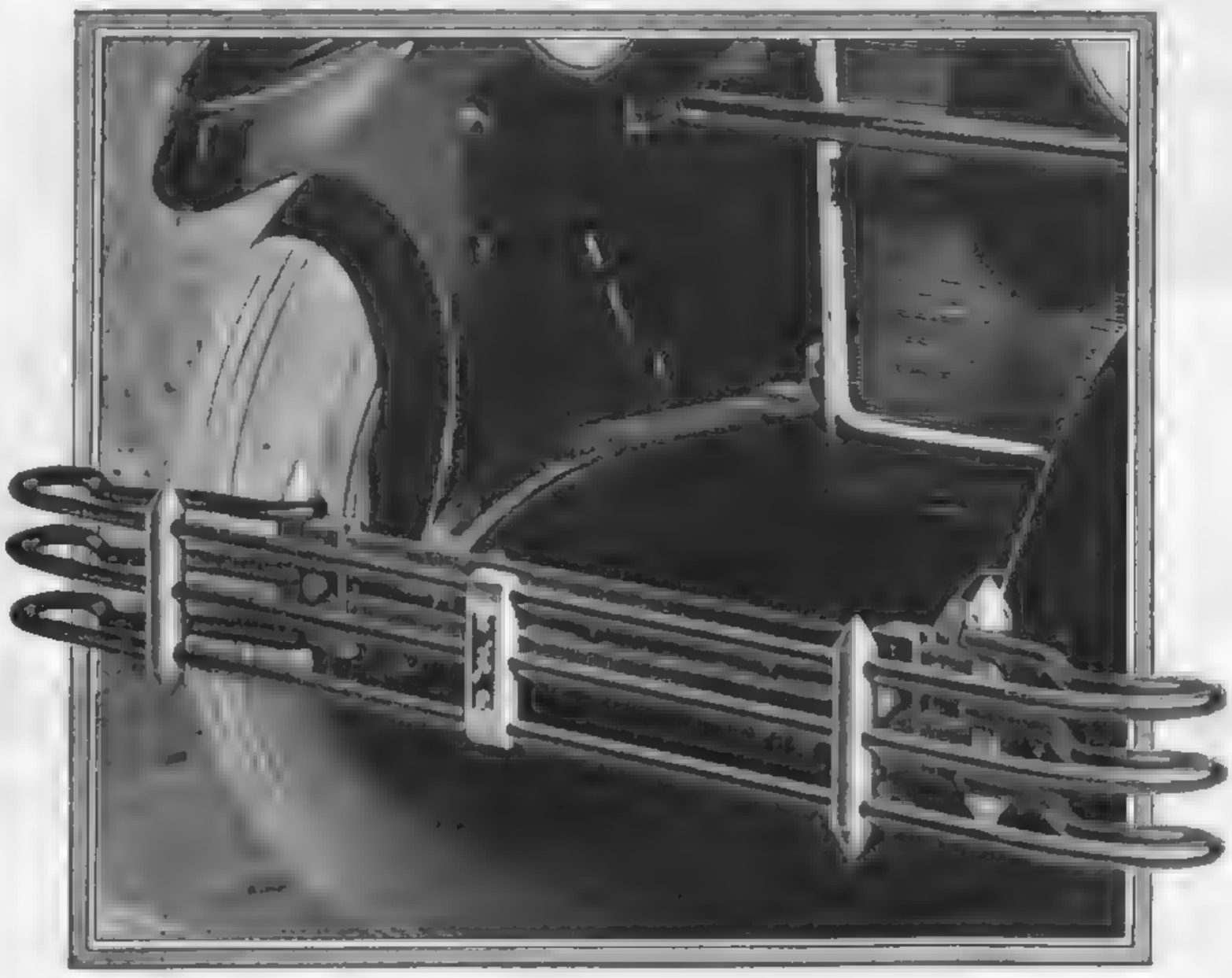
Hattiesburg, Mississippi DAVENPORT, IOWA Chehalis, Washington

Gordon-Van Tine Company
958 Case Street, Davenport, Iowa
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.
Please send me Books.

I am interested in

Name

Address



Yielding Strength

THESE two words—*Yielding Strength* describe exactly what you ought to have in bumpers on your car. *Yielding* to absorb the shock—*Strength* to withstand it.

Harvey Bumpers have both; *yielding* and *strength*. They're designed for exactly the uses expected of a bumper; built by experts in spring steel.

In Harvey Bumpers you have strength to the last ounce; the strength of *yielding* strength.

The five or six inches of spring-action you get with these bumpers may be just enough to save serious injury.

For Safety's sake insist—say "Harvey Bumpers."

HARVEY SPRING & FORGING COMPANY

Automobile & Truck Springs, Spring Oilers, Bumpers, Drop Forgings, Hydraulic Spring Controls

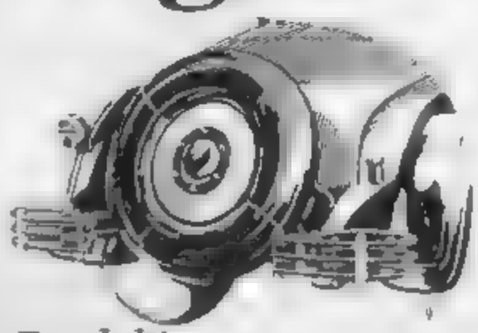
RACINE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK
11th Ave. & 47th St.

CHICAGO
2025 So. Michigan Blvd.

SAN FRANCISCO
489 Golden Gate Ave.

DEALERS and JOBBERS—send for full particulars on the Harvey Sales Franchise for Bumpers, Replacement Springs, and the Harvey Hydraulic Spring Control.



Read this: A street-car stopped unexpectedly; icy streets; sudden braking didn't stop the automobile from skidding bang into it; hard enough to cause the passenger to smash the windshield.

The front bars of the Harvey Bumper were flat against the rear bars; no damage to the car.

When the brakes were released, *the auto slowly moved away from the street car as the bumper came back to its original shape.*

We have his letter telling us about it.

HARVEY BUMPERS

Made by the manufacturers of Harvey Springs . . . Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories

(Continued from Page 206)

Poole received me cordially and gave me a chain of letters of introduction to managers whom he knew—an endless chain, because, though there were actually only four, I said to every man to whom one of those letters gave me access, "Well, if you haven't anything for me, perhaps you'd give me a letter to somebody else who might have"

Those four letters obtained some forty interviews for me. But they did not get me a job. Months went by, while a discouraged youngster, who had given up his job to become an actor, made the discovery that though it takes only one man to decide to be an actor, it takes two to put that decision into operation.

I became an assiduous reader of the Want Ads, and one day in the New York World I found one under the Amusements Column, signed by a gentleman named Collier, who was trying to form an organization of young folks interested in the theater.

I looked him up on the top floor of an address on Fourteenth Street near Sixth Avenue, and there, under a pseudonym I had chosen partly for its alliterative qualities and partly because of its felicitous suggestion, as Garrick Golden, I spent probably the happiest nights of my life. I would wait for them with a breathless anticipation nothing in my experience since has been able to evoke.

Clifford Collier, whose real name was Goodwin, and whose real business—at which he was, fortunately, able to earn a living—was expert accountancy, was nearly as stage-struck as I, and he had gathered around him a dozen or twenty youngsters afflicted with the same malady. Collier had, at his own expense, rigged up a little theater with lamps for footlights and chintz curtains and two sets—one exterior representing a prairie, tropical garden, city slum or what have you, and one interior which served as the millionaire's home, the barn or the county jail.

"Ah, There, Garrick!"

He kept the venture alive mostly from his own pocket and by taxing us what he thought we could afford. Each week we gave a show, or, I should say, presented some big dramatic entertainment. We were all serious-minded students of the drama, and comedy did not offer the proper outlet for our talents. Our favorites, I remember, were King Lear, Virginius and Hamlet, although in our weaker moments we presented such lighter offerings as Irving's The Bells and another well-known play of years ago called Caste. Right from the start I went after Big Things. Following the Booth-Barrett tradition, I alternated between the rôles of Iago and Othello, and if you don't think I was a good Iago, perhaps you are right. However, I remember, Othello was my favorite part, giving me a chance to do some rough work. I never quite succeeded in strangling Desdemona to my satisfaction, for she was, indeed, an agile girl. But carried away by my emotions, I will say I did what I could.

A long time later I produced a play called Dear Me, in which Hale Hamilton was a co-star and co-author. The first set takes place in a home for derelicts, and Hamilton had arranged to meet one of the old men at my office so that I might choose between him and a candidate I had in mind. As Hamilton's man walked in the door I shook my head imperceptibly but decisively, to convey to Hamilton that this man was not so eligible as the one I had mentally selected.

But before I had an opportunity to say anything, "I guess you don't remember me, do you, Mr. Golden?" said the gentleman under consideration. "I never had a chance to tell you, but I used to be a member of the Footlight Club with you when your name was Garrick Golden."

I coughed and glanced over at Hamilton, who was looking with suspicious preoccupation out of the window. I told the old man Mr. Hamilton was considering h'm for a bit in his new play, and I would be glad to give it to him. Hamilton was too tactful to say anything to me at the time, but since then there have been occasions when he was not above addressing me as "Ah, there, Garrick!"

It was through that same Footlight Club that I had my first professional engagement professional in the sense that I was to receive money for it. This club of amateurs—how we would have resented that appellation!—played Caste for the Certified Public Accountants of Long Island City. There were eight of us players and they gave the troupe twenty dollars for the evening's entertainment. For that one performance before the bookkeepers of Long Island I drew down two dollars and a half, and it had taken only four weeks to rehearse it!

The Modesty of Amateurs

Somewhere about this time my friends persuaded me that such a talented orator as I ought to be a shining light in the legal profession, so I decided to study law. I attended classes at New York University for just about enough afternoons and nights to learn that the law was not for me.

I think it was really Mr. Blackstone who turned me against it. If I had to carry that tome around, together with a couple of other chaps named Littleton and Pollock on Torts, I wanted to take on something lighter.

At that time I wore my hair long and dressed a little louder than the other fellows, so one day one of the boys in the university said to me, "You're an actor, aren't you?"

There was only one answer, particularly as I had had some photographs taken in poses.

"Yes," I admitted, "I am."

"Well," said he, "why don't you get up a show here at N. Y. U.?"

I was carried away by the idea, and organized the first show the university ever gave. It played in New York City one entire week and was the beginning of the present Dramatic Department of New York University. But more important to me at the time, it was my first managerial experience.

Every problem confronting any manager in the producing of a play came before me in this, my first production. First, there was the job of raising the money. I discovered the meaning of the word "patroness."

I wish I could remember the names of all the boys who helped make a success of this play, either by acting in it or by corralling a large, imposing list of wealthy and socially prominent men to act as patrons. But I do recall some who, in the intervening years, have achieved positions of prominence in their respective fields: John Edward Ruston, later District Attorney of Kings County; Guy Pizek, afterward the great Dr. Godfrey Pizek; Sam Stiebel, Jack Moorhead, Tommie Adriance, Theodore Barringer, Jr., Vernon M. Carroll, Leon Ginsburg, John Irwin, John George Lydecker, Perry Pentz, John Francis Tucker, Tony Voislawsky, Teddy Gessler, Tommy Whiffen, son of that grand old lady of the theater today; and, of course, my dear pal Dud Gessler.

Generous patrons interested in N. Y. U. having supplied the necessary wherewith, our next step was to put an advertisement in a New York newspaper.

John Golden Wants a Play for New York Production

And from this advertisement appeared on the horizon a man named Frank Soulé, who had a musical play entitled, Nirvana, or the Spook, the Sage and the Sandwich, a burlesque on theosophy.

Having money and a play, the next task was to select a cast. There was no dearth of applicants. The only people more eager for a job than professional actors are amateurs. If there was anybody in the marble halls of the old university who didn't want

The Old Kerosene Lamp had its day

But electric illumination is fast supplanting it—a sign of progress.

The writing habits of many of us are keeping pace. Our hands are clean. No untidy shavings on desks and floors. No "stubs"—too short for use. We have modernized our writing habits with

Scripto REG U S PAT OFF

the pencil that is always sharp—never sharpened away.

At first Scripto was accepted but slowly. People and organizations were cautious. The precedent of fifty years was strong. But steadily it progressed in public favor until now it is in daily use in large numbers by the Ralston Purina Company, Brooklyn Union Gas Co., American Wholesale Corporation, Monroe Calculating Machine Company and many others.

Today—millions of *Scriptos* have modernized the writing habits of people and business the world over.

25¢

Scripto

Smooth-writing LONG LEADS

[illegible] surprise you with their smoothness, strength and non-smearing qualities. And they are long inches long. Scripto Black Leads are available in ten degrees—from very soft to very hard. There is a grade for every kind of writing—for checking, for drawing and designing, for accounting—for stenography—for general office work and for school use.

Scripto Colored Leads (for graphs, checking, drafting and many other purposes) may be had in Red, Blue, Green, Yellow and Purple (indelible). The purple is particularly good for salesmen's use, and wherever manifolding is desired.

Six 5½-inch Black Leads, or four 5½-inch Colored Leads packed in a convenient slide box—only 15 cents

These leads 5½ inches long.

Scripto looks and feels like the old pencil to which you are accustomed—with the added advantages and sturdy construction of the perfect mechanical pencil. The barrel is of wood, with a fine lacquer finish, in black and five colors—to match the color of the leads. You will take to it naturally—because of its old familiar touch.

Leads at the point with a 5½-inch lead. No waste—all of the lead is usable. And it is guaranteed against mechanical defects. You will say that the Scripto Pencil at 25 cents is worth far more than that, because it makes writing a pleasure.

For Sale by All Good Dealers

in the United States, Canada, and many foreign countries. Commercial Stationers everywhere are prepared to handle large quantity orders.

(Prices in Canada and foreign countries slightly higher than above mentioned.)

To Executives and Purchasing Agents of Banks, Railroads, Insurance, Manufacturing and other large companies:

Ask your stationer to show you the economy and efficiency of Scripto Pencils and Leads. If he hasn't them, write us for samples, prices, and the whole interesting story.

SCRIPTO MANUFACTURING CO.
Atlanta, Ga.

Export Department
19 W. 44th STREET NEW YORK, U. S. A.

If your dealer hasn't Scripto, here's a nice, roomy coupon for your use:

Scripto Mfg. Co., 140 N. Jackson St., Atlanta, Ga.

I enclose $1.00, for which you are to send me, postpaid, 3 Scripto Pencils (lacquered in Black, Red and Blue), with three boxes of Scripto 5½-inch leads—one each of these three colors.

Name .....

No. and Street.....

City *State*

P 49

Give Your Car a New Easter Dress with **Whiz** **Top Dressing**

EXAMINE the top of your car today. See the cracks and checks caused by snow, sleet and rain. Soon the blazing heat of a summer sun will be beating on it.

Whiz Top Dressing makes old tops look new, waterproofs them and adds years to their usefulness — preserves them against wear and weather. It is easily applied and dries thoroughly overnight. There is a kind for closed cars and a kind for open cars.

A coat of *Whiz* Top Dressing, occasionally, will preserve your top almost indefinitely.

Whiz 98 QUALITY PRODUCTS

Pint cans $1.00

Sold by 103,000 dealers and garages everywhere

The R. M. Hollingshead Co.
General Office and Factories
CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.
Branches in Principal Cities

The R. M. Hollingshead Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Head Offices, TORONTO
Factory—Bowmanville, Ontario

to get into the show, deep loyalty to his alma mater kept him from disclosing it. For some strange reason, from out this horde of applicants the boy producer could find nobody equal to the task of playing the leading part, so he was forced to take it himself.

Thus, my managerial experience included getting a play out of the ether, rewriting it, having the author walk out a dozen times, saying he would be cursed if he'd be treated that way, and then coming back and being it, firing actors, hiring others, getting a theater, designing and helping make and paint the scenery, supervising costumes, promoting, advertising; in fact everything any manager could have done from claiming the best part to breaking the author's heart.

But the most hopeful indication of real ability was the way I handled the business end, persuading them I ought to get 10 per cent of the receipts.

The week's production netted the college fund more than $2000, so the manager found himself in possession of some $200—a sum the equal of which he had never before owned at one time, nor known any private individual to own.

I decided that the drama had certain undeniable advantages over the law. For one thing, you reaped the rewards more quickly. For another, I liked it better. So, although the university had at that time no classes in the drama, it turned me out a more or less finished play producer.

An Angel From Harlem

For years I suffered—at odd moments only—from the slight inferiority sense of the noncollege man toward the boys who went right through and could give me the rah-rahspberry. Imagine, consequently, my gratification when, years later, I picked up a newspaper and read an advertisement written and signed by no less a dignitary than Chancellor Brown, in which he announced:

> Thirty years ago at New York University the students founded a Dramatic Society and it has functioned successfully since then. To organize this work at its inception the undergraduates sought the services of a young actor, then seventeen years of age. He had about determined to leave the stage and study law. He trained our students for this first performance, which, by the way, was the first one he ever coached. The production was so successful that it gave this young director a new vision to become a producer of plays—plays that were worth while. Many years of success with the professional stage have brought him fame and fortune. . . . The gentleman I refer to is Mr. John Golden. . . . We welcome him back to our university family, not as a returning prodigal but as a long-lost brother.

And soon thereafter I was notified by Theodore Gessler, president of the class of '94, that I had been made a regular member of the class. So at the age of forty-five I found myself a college boy.

After my break with the law, and with my N. Y. U. triumph behind me, what was to be my next step? The dramatic columns of the New York papers supplied the answer.

My constant study brought to my eyes an ad which read:

> WANTED: An actor-manager to produce plays and act in them.
> Z. BLANK, —— West —— Street.

I have forgotten the address, but I do know it was the farthest north and the farthest west that one could go in New York and stay dry. An actor-manager, the ad had read. I was neither, but I was prepared to be either or both at a moment's notice. I knew there was something wrong in Harlem or he would not have advertised. But I hoped it was his head and not his heart.

I went up there and rang the bell of a little one-story yellow brick house. A man in a dressing gown, with papers under his arm—the sort of man I should myself have selected had I been given the opportunity of preparing my victim—admitted me.

I wanted to leap on my prey. Instead, I greeted him in the haughty aloof manner which I felt best befitted my future rôle.

It seems Mr. Blank was interested in a young lady, and as soon as I gave him a chance he told me what a perfectly splendid actress she was, but you know how these managers are—they simply wouldn't give her a chance at an adequate part.

He confided to me that the theater was a little out of his line—which I had, indeed, suspected—but he had several hundred dollars saved, and if his friend wanted to be wooed by way of the billboard rather than the board bill, he was happy to be able to give her the kind of opportunity that had thus far been denied her by mercenary and hard-hearted managers. It was an idea not wholly original with him. There were angels before Eve took her first cue from the serpent. I viewed this one as fondly as though he had been sent to me instead of to his lady friend.

I understood and sympathized with his worthy ideas and admitted a willingness to undertake the management of such an enterprise.

"What experience have you had in the theater?" he inquired.

"Vast," I replied, with a gesture which embraced the United States and part of Mexico.

"Just exactly where?" demanded Mr. Blank, who was a traveling salesman.

"In stock," I replied, somewhat generally.

How often that has been used on me since by young people looking for jobs!

"What stock company?" queried Mr. Blank, who meant to go into this thing thoroughly.

"Minnesota," I replied, offhand. I had never been in Minnesota, but had heard on good authority that there was such a place. "With the Fonsgaines Comedies."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Blank. "I have heard of them."

As I had never heard of them myself, I sized up Mr. Blank's knowledge of the theater pretty accurately. And when he asked me where he could get some actors, I knew that fate had sent me the one man in the world who knew less than I did. Because even I knew that you couldn't put out your foot anywhere from Fourteenth to Thirty-fourth Street without tripping up an actor.

Why, actors were what the world was full of nothing else but!

The vision of our crowd of youngsters down at my Footlight Club on Fourteenth Street, every one so hungry to get on the stage he could taste the grease paint, arose before me, and in my most masterful manner I replied, "Yes, indeed. I can gather a strongly representative cast."

The Cast for Caste

Reassured, he asked me whether I knew where to get hold of some plays. Of course I did. There were houses that published whole catalogues, but I did not go into that.

"Can you suggest a good play in which to star my friend?"

"Certainly," I replied, as though for years I had been in the habit of settling such details daily before breakfast. Once again my mind raced back to Fourteenth Street. "A number of them, my dear sir. Let me see, there is Othello, King Lear, Virginius," I mused, "but perhaps these are too heavy and would hardly give her just the right opportunity. However, I have in mind a play with a good part for myself, and it is one in which I think she, too, could appear to advantage. I refer to that masterpiece, Caste, with which you are undoubtedly familiar. The great English actor John Hare has made a sensation with it and it was one of Henry Irving's favorites."

Yes, of course, he knew the play—a splendid idea. "I had been thinking of it myself." Fortunate coincidence!

And so Mr. Blank engaged me at fifteen dollars a week "and cakes" as general stage director of a company to be known as Blank's Comedians, and when I left that

(Continued on Page 213)

The only natural highway between New York and the West-through the historic valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk, and along the shores of the Great Lakes. *The comfortable water level route* – nearly at sea level for a thousand miles - - - -

West Point in the Highlands of the Hudson
from a painting by
Anthony Hansen

20th Century
LIMITED
Chicago New York
New England

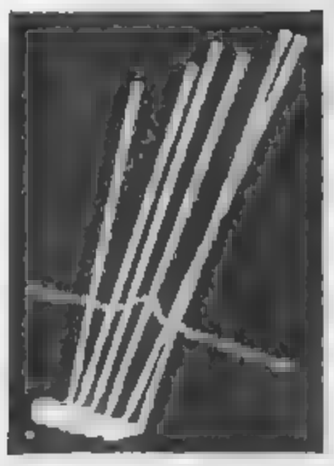
Southwestern
LIMITED
St. Louis New York
New England

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY··· MICHIGAN CENTRAL··· BIG FOUR··· PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE···
NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

It is easier to perfect *one* golf swing than six or eight

CREATING CLUBS WHICH MAKE IT POSSIBLE IS SPALDING'S GREATEST CONTRIBUTION TO BETTER GOLF



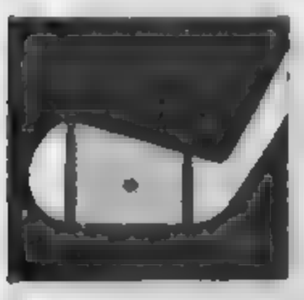
HERE, at the left, is an average set of golf clubs. The dotted line shows the centers of balance There is little relation between them. To play these clubs correctly, you would have to humor each one of them. That is, you would have to change your swing and timing for each shot.

At the right, is a set of Spalding clubs. The centers of balance—indicated by the dotted line—parallel the tops of the shafts—an exact relationship.

The swinging weight of all these Spalding clubs is the same. That is, they all feel exactly alike. The correct timing of the swing for one is correct for all of them. You don't have to slow down your swing with one club and speed it up with another.

Thus the characteristic common to champion golfers becomes easier for all golfers to acquire—absolute uniformity of play. Which is the secret of good golf.

In originating matched golf clubs, Spalding carried the idea to its greatest accuracy. These clubs have an exact relation of lie to lie—each brings you closer to the ball by a related distance. The graduation in pitch from blade to blade is exact. Even the tortion and resilience of the shafts is matched



By a planned distribution of metal, the "Sweet Spot" is located in exactly the same position on every club face—and is marked for you to see. This is the ideal spot to hit the ball—to give it the greatest distance and sweetest feel off the face of the club.

Related Wood Clubs, Too—

It is also important to have as accurate a relation between your wood clubs as between your irons Spalding builds drivers, brassies, and spoons which are as perfectly matched as the irons.

• • •

IMPORTANT—all Kro-Flite "Irons" are made of a mild steel which absorbs the shock of each blow instead of transmitting it to your fingers. Thus, the mild steel prevents finger fatigue—that barely perceptible tiring of the finger muscles which prevents accurate control of short approach shots and putts on the last few holes of a round.

Now.. buy a complete set or one club at a time

Spalding now gives every golfer the opportunity to build up a perfectly related set of golf clubs, one or two clubs at a time. In addition to the registered sets, Spalding now offers a new line, the Kro-Flite Related Irons

These clubs come in three groups or weights and are indexed by one (.) two (..) and three (...) dots. The clubs in each group are accurately related in pitch, lie, balance and feel. Simply select one or two clubs in the weight that suits you best. Then, at any time, you can add to your set by buying additional clubs of the same index.

In each group you will find a No. 1 iron (driving iron), No. 2 (midiron), No. 3 (midmashie), No. 4 (mashie iron), No. 5 (mashie), and No. 6 (mashie niblick). The Kro-Flite Related Irons are $6.50 each. Kro-Flite Related Woods—Driver, Brassie and Spoon—are $12.50 each

Spalding also offers of course the famous Registered sets of wood and iron clubs—the sets which first brought the matched club idea to golfers.

The Registered Kro-Flite Set consists of eight perfectly matched irons, at $65. The Kro-Flite Registered Wood Set consists of twin driver and brassie, at $30. Spoon to match, made to order, is $15

Registered sets must be bought complete. Each set is given a number. This number is registered by Spalding and a complete record is kept of every club in every set. Should a club ever be broken or lost, it can be exactly duplicated by sending the club number and set number to Spalding.

Let your professional outfit you—either one at a time with Kro-Flite Related Clubs, or all at once with a Registered Set. Spalding dealers also carry these clubs, and of course all Spalding stores.

© 1927, A. G. S & B.

Spalding

KRO-FLITE

GOLF CLUBS

Registered sets—sold in sets only.

Related clubs—sold one at a time.

FREE—SEND FOR THIS GREAT GOLF BOOKLET. In five minutes it will give you information about golf clubs that even the experts have taken years to learn Simply request on a postal, "The First Requisite of Championship Golf" and mail to A. G. Spalding & Bros., 105 Nassau Street, New York City

(Continued from Page 210)

house that night I could hardly keep my feet on the ground. I think I flew, but perhaps I only ran, all the way down to Fourteenth Street and burst in upon my fellow footlighters.

"All of you," I cried, "get around and listen to me! How many of you would like to quit this semiprofessional Long Island bookkeepers' stuff and get into the real show business?"

A howl went up which left little doubt as to the unanimity of their desire.

"Well, I can place you—and you—and you," I said, picking my soubrette, my walking gentleman, my juvenile, my first old lady—not one of them more than twenty. And putting them under oath never to divulge to Blank my real standing in the theatrical world, I engaged them to play the things we had done. It was in this wise that the first meeting of Blank's Comedians under the stage direction of John Golden was assembled.

Our first production was Caste. I decided upon that because, having done it professionally for the bookkeepers of Long Island, we were familiar with our rôles. But, as I regretfully explained to the actor who had formerly portrayed the principal part, so much depended on having it well played that I would have to assume that burden myself. It was a favorite rôle of all the great actors, and I knew I was good because my hair was long.

The principal part is a character called Eccles—a very old man—which I knew was the easiest thing in the world to play, because all you need do to give a perfect rendition is stoop over a walking stick held in one shivering hand and make the voice cackle, like a hen with a touch of palsy.

The part required a white wig. I got one for fifty cents. With all my hair, the wig was not quite big enough to fit me. The size of my head may have had something to do with it. When I made up, I noted with dismay that old man Eccles showed a line of heavy black hair either across his forehead or down the back of his neck, according to the way I pulled the wig. After serious study before the mirror, I decided in favor of the front view, pulled the wig down securely over my forehead and determined not to turn my back to the audience. Arthur Hopkins would not have liked that performance. No lines were delivered by the leading man, upstage, to the back drop. Although I do not like to speak for a rival producer, I venture to state that Hopkins would never have engaged me.

Where the Middletowners Went

Mr. Blank's fondness for our star doubtless affected his judgment of her ability. She was not a good actress, but a detail of that sort couldn't be permitted to blight my career. I exercised my prerogative as stage manager and kept the center of the stage most of the time.

I had no idea I was anything short of great. I was the stage manager, and no actor on his first professional engagement can be expected to criticize the stage manager even in the interests of abstract truth.

I remember when Blank first saw a performance he appeared a little surprised. But he was game, and took us to open the play at Middletown, New York.

We had a fairly good house at Middletown. A nice, well-behaved audience came in, buzzing with expectancy. The play started and nothing untoward happened before my entrance with my hirsute insufficiency. But I had not been on the stage long before I noticed a peculiarity of the people of Middletown. Either they had an intense social life or they were very restless. For as I fumed around on my stick, rumbling and cackling in my best Irvingesque, I noticed that singly or in pairs they began to drift out of the theater. Not boisterously, but as though they had just recalled some pressing engagement elsewhere.

"Strange," I thought, never for a moment ceasing to rant, but watching out of the tail of my eye how first there was a break in the solid rows here, then a vacant spot there, then a big gap in the rear; "strange that these seemingly simple people, apparently in moderate circumstances, can afford to spend the price of a show when they have only time to watch part of an act." And I remember wondering where it was they were all hurrying.

It was not until years later that, happening to talk over some of the phases of my early career as an actor, I was recounting this particular incident when I was suddenly stricken with an idea.

"Gosh!" I exclaimed. "Now I know where those people in Middletown went—they went home!"

It's a Long, Long Way to Troy

Luckily for our tour, our angel, Blank, never let us play for more than one night in a town, and so we stumbled along from one city to another—a dozen youngsters having the adventure of their lives, living the most unbelievably romantic of existences back of a curtain, in the heaven of the dressing rooms, breathing in the mixed smell of candle grease, the perfume from the cheap grease paints, and that peculiar odor which adheres to an old theater and which, once you have breathed it in, lays you forever open to its seduction.

But after a month or two of what was heaven to us, but may have been something slightly less ecstatic to the man who was paying for it, our angel's dollars were gone and we were left stranded.

It was somewhere in the outskirts of Schenectady, for I remember that long walk into Troy. I suppose every actor of twenty-five or more years ago has had to make that stroll along the railroad ties between Schenectady and Troy. We walked it, satchel in hand, a troupe of foot-weary boys and girls, with empty purses and empty stomachs, but not minding either very much, because it was all part of the game—the great game—the only game in the world.

We headed for Troy, because there is a boat which plies between Troy and New York—a wonderful boat for two reasons; first because of its destination, and secondly because of a peculiarity of its business procedure. This peculiarity lies in the fact that you need show no ticket on entering the boat, but tender your fare as you step off. Anyone can get on the boat without a ticket. We all did. In the morning a high official asks for your ticket. You reply regretfully that you have none, whereupon the hands throw you off the boat. But the point is, they throw you off in New York.

I was thrown off the Troy boat, outraged in body but in spirit exceedingly high. For now nobody could deny that I was a professional actor. There was no longer any possible question that I had reached this enviable goal. I was an actor just returned from a season's tour. And as soon as I could get a few cents together I had a card printed which I handed to anyone who would read it:

JOHN GOLDEN
GENERAL DIRECTOR BLANK'S COMEDIANS
ON TOUR—SEASON 1891–92

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Golden, written in collaboration with Viola Brothers Shore. The next will appear in an early issue.

Safeguarding tobacco's priceless asset

TOBACCO that's a veritable treasure, a wealth of rich mellowness, worth its weight in gold. . . deserves every possible protection to assure its safekeeping. So, the utmost precaution is taken to safeguard Granger's priceless properties.

To prevent the loss of one bit of its freshness, Granger is first packed in a heavy-foil pouch. . . Then to be 100% on the safe-side, this is sealed 'AIR-TIGHT' in an extra outside-wrapper of glassine—keeping the tobacco '*factory-fresh*' till you break the seal to load your pipe!

Our chemists say it is 'an almost perfect seal for tobacco condition'—protecting tobacco better than any container except the VACUUM tin. Then, because it is much less expensive than a costly pocket-tin, Granger's pocket-packet sells at just ten cents. It's the greatest value ever offered to pipe-smokers!

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch, sealed in glassine, is ten cents . . .

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

FLORSHEIM SHOES

are fine Shoes at a fair price

The style and comfort in Florsheim Shoes do not add to their price...nor is their reasonable price allowed to detract from their quality.

Mail Style $10 *The* PRAT, *Style M-237*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

An Unqualified Endorsement

For over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has had the unqualified endorsement of physicians and dentists.

"Phillips Milk of Magnesia" is an efficient Antacid, Laxative, and Corrective.

Always insist upon genuine "Phillips Milk of Magnesia."

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

AMERICA—THE NEWS!

(Continued from Page 39)

What we are covers a responsibility of tremendous proportion. Power in any ethical world means responsibility. One of our responsibilities is not to go to hell. And we are not going there. The facts, not opinions, indicate that we are not going there. It is a big news story that the United States is not going to hell. Almost all great civilizations have gone to hell. But the reporters who are willing to look and listen and get the facts can prove it. There is, to be sure, a group—a learned, high-forehead group—who feel that it would lend them self-distinction if they could save the United States from going to that place named by the famous European statesman, but the unbiased reporters of the facts cannot believe that their services are necessary. There is a reason.

We are not going there because we are democratizing spirituality.

Are we not realizing—we Americans—every day that our blessings are somewhat unearned? In the face of the experience, the joys and the wretched sufferings that have been the lot of mankind from the beginning, is there not laid upon our doorstep more than we have earned? Don't we owe something?

Let us look at it from the point of view of the reporter who has to rush out the biggest news story in the world for this evening's last edition.

Here is the headline: "Never Before! No Civilization Has Ever Equaled This in Terms of Distributed Prosperity and Advantages. Unparalleled Equality! Manual Laborers Enjoy Almost Every Advantage—Cars, Radios, Education—Now Open Also to Multimillionaires."

Cræsus in the Poorhouse

Now there is a headline which no other civilization in the world could have written. It is a barometer of distributed prosperity. We have no civilization like that of China at its heyday. That was made, in its philosophical and material elegance, of the labor and the service of the many to the advancement of the few. We have no civilization such as was developed in Greece and Rome, where, in one case, the power of autocracy, and in the other, the power of colonization went to the advancement of the few. We have no civilization such as was developed in the Middle Ages under the patronage of the Medicis, or the Urbinos as described in the Courtier of Di Castiglione, where again the serfs and patronage supported and developed the great fanfare for the few. America has a civilization—a news story—where the bottom and the top take equal titbits off the plate of plenty. It's new! Unpublished news. But nobody seems to know it.

It's quite true that the man at the top has more than any other man at the top has ever had. Cræsus was a subject for the poorhouse compared with Henry Ford, who started a few years ago with $2500. The Medes and the Persians would have fainted away at any such phenomenon! But that is not at all significant. It may be gorgeously dramatic, but it is not significant. In terms of world advance the significant fact is that in America college graduates choose to go into manual professions because the worldly yield the occupations give forth is enough—and never before has it happened—to put before their offspring the chance to have education, social contacts, a scratch start absolutely equal to Henry Ford's. Henry Ford's, yours, mine—a scratch start! News!

The national wealth—the per capita wealth of the United States—has increased much faster than any needs of expenditure. Twenty-three years ago the per capita wealth in the United States was $1318, fifty-seven years ago it was $624; today it is nearly $3000. Ten years ago there were in force life-insurance policies amounting to $27,000,000,000; today there are more than $70,000,000,000 in force. In 1917 the savings banks of the United States had nearly $5,500,000,000 in deposits; in 1926 that figure had increased to nearly double the amount. Why? Because the depositors had increased as rapidly? No. Because 11,000,000 depositors, who had increased in number to 15,000,000, had among them more prosperity. What of investments? Long and short term bonds and notes, preferred stock, common foreign issues absorbed by buyers? Well, in 1919 we invested a little more than $4,000,000,000 but in 1926 more than $7,000,000,000. The United States Chamber of Commerce estimates that we now have more than $5,000,000,000 in installment sales annually in our purchase of goods.

At no time, at no place in the history of the world have plenty and prosperity, material possessions, cultural advantages, short hours of labor in ratio to gain, been even comparable with the miracle of America.

Slaves of Power

They say there is nothing new under the sun. America is new. Its resources are new. We are head and shoulders above all other civilizations in mechanical slave resources. Every worker in America has more power slaves working for him than worked for many Roman generals and many feudal lords. We have a power resource unequaled by any other in the world. More important, we take advantage of it. Four years ago, for instance, we had at work at manufacturing wage earning an average of nearly 9,000,000 souls but at their service was this slave labor of more than 33,000,000 horse power. It is difficult to forget the sad look which came into the face of the great British industrialist, who, at the end of the war nearly ten years ago, was interested in the British Ministry of Reconstruction.

He said, "You have come overseas to see what we are doing to get on our feet after the war. But the war is not responsible for the vital difference between us and America—the vital difference, indeed, between America and every other country at any other time. That vital difference is found in the fact that for the service of every pair of your living working human hands in industry you have caught five, seven, ten—heaven knows how many!—slaves of power. They come quicker than any slaves ever answered a master's whistle; they are at hand when you throw the nearest lever."

In its development in America it makes a new pace and a very fundamental program for the development of that which we, in our rather green joy in material gain, call civilization.

Combined with the resources in the ground under American feet, that new command of the slave legions of power has produced a miracle we cannot see, for we are too close to it. We have been so rapidly whisked out of the mechanics of a civilization that has gone, and been thrown so violently into the glare and blaze of a civilization—whatever its virtues may be—rushing at us over one horizon of time and place. We feel dully that America has become for every living soul a miracle or a cataclysm. We leave her shores, and looking back over our shoulders from foreign lands we listen to the somewhat awed and inarticulate voices of those who, seeing us from afar, see us a little more clearly than we can see ourselves—a nation into whose lap inevitable forces and our own genius have rolled such a store of comforts, of diversions, of wealth, of leisure, that we do not know yet quite what to do with wealth or how to occupy our leisure.

We have come to a pass reached by no people ever in the world before. At one end the leader, the capitalist or the investor looks at the eighteen-dollar-a-day manual laborer whose sons and daughters fight to get into our overcrowded colleges,

(Continued on Page 217)

A HOWARD watch invariably stamps its owner as a man of refinement and judgment. Yet the price of a HOWARD is actually less than the price of a year's supply of cigars or cigarettes. Howard Watches are priced from sixty dollars upward. The price of the model illustrated in solid gold case is one hundred dollars.

THE
HOWARD
WATCH

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO • ESTABLISHED 1853 • RIVERSIDE NEW JERSEY

LEE *of Conshohocken*

Ride on tires by LEE *of Conshohocken*

ONE WAY to be sure of getting good tires is to be certain that LEE of Conshohocken made them.

Good materials can be had by any tire maker if he wants them; there's no monopoly in quality materials.

Good workmen can be had; we know because we've got a lot of them.

But there is more than good workmanship in Lee Tires; more than quality materials.

There is a quarter century of quality-tradition and craftsman-spirit in every one of them.

They will give you dependable service because they're made for service. And the Lee dealer somewhere near you, who will make your tire money go the farthest, is a mighty good man to know.

Pneumatic tires for passenger cars, trucks, buses. Staghound tires for commercial use and the famous Lee Puncture Proof cords for unusual service.

COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ FAR LESS TO RUN

(Continued from Page 214)

who owns a car, has a radio set, wears a tuxedo to the theater and discusses the current literature of self-expression and other discontent, and says, "What do I care? It's nothing much to me. Being a rich man no longer has distinction. Let him go to it. He ought to be getting $700 a month!" And at the other end the manual laborer says, "Poor devil of a capitalist—7 per cent on his money, eh? Give him 10 and be darned to him!"

Oh, I know, this will call up the voices of discontented souls who will not like it because the worker has become a capitalist, too, and there is almost no way left for the few to peacock and preen before the many. And some wage earners who happen to be no more prosperous than certain of our farmers will howl.

But the truth is that our mechanical power slaves and our natural resources, our good luck, and our good inventive heads have put so much on the plate, that when it is passed the instinct of all is against complaint and, on the whole, in favor of saying grace in chorus.

That is news, too—news about America. If anyone can find a like case in the history of the world, let him point it out. We have achieved not only an economic full platter—although we have worked out no isms, theories or formulas—we also hit upon a rough and genial economic democracy. The headaches about class struggle, about new systems, almost all the scrapping over the bone until it became so meatless that it was not worth scrapping for, have been put aside. The battle formations are still kept for safety's sake and a reminder—and a good thing it is—but industry is a kind of Rotary luncheon now. Bill the capitalist who lives on Park Avenue is sick of his $25,000 a year apartment anyhow. Too many others have 'em. He rises to his feet and says, "Here I've got two cups of this coffee. What do I want of two, if anybody hasn't his?"

Voice from the corner near the flag: "Oh, sit down, Bill. Everybody's got two cups of coffee!"

Second voice: "It's always fair weather when good fellows get together, with a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear." Something of this kind has happened with economic democracy. Of course, even without the get-together luncheon, or even the apple sauce, there has been a spontaneous realization—quite unscientific, quite unacademic, quite offensive, indeed, to those who live on reform—that the fat goose matters a whole lot more than who gets the last of it after everybody has been well fed.

Brawn Surpassing Brain

It is true, of course, that the farmer and the white-collar man—the office worker, the school-teacher, and even some of the other clerical and professional workers—have not had their share of the increase in the fat of the goose or of the golden eggs of our coöperation. The farmer's trouble is that he is in a gambling business—a respectable game of matching dollars with the weather and with what other farmers are doing. The ultimate cure for that may be something in the nature of a farmer's insurance policy. This may be in the form of coöperative marketing, to which is added some real insurance with a premium large enough to cool the heads of those who would plunge when paying too much for farm real estate, or those who have too much obstinacy about planting cotton or wheat even on the roof of the homestead, merely because hope is cheap and cotton and wheat at the moment are high. And the white-collar man will find his way out of his sag because, if signs are read properly, the white-collar man will be harder to get in the future.

This is not because at this moment the white-collar occupation still fails to attract. Indeed, as the National Industrial Conference Board figures, the clerical workers in 1910 were 4.6 of the population and nearly twice that percentage in 1925. But alas, their pay envelope as compared with the manual worker's is becoming more and more a reality of disadvantage, while the so-called social superiority of the white-collar man is fading in this new civilization like some old mirage. The day has arrived when the little son of the plasterer can say, with some truth, to the cashier's boy, "My father not only can lick your father because he keeps outdoors and in good condition, but my mamma can outdress your mamma and, on the whole, is a more sophisticated conversationalist." The statisticians say that office workers today—those on a par, in years of service, locality and other conditions, with the manual laborer—are averaging about two dollars a week less than the manual laborer.

The National Industrial Conference Board's figures indicate exactly what anyone might suppose would be the result of each worker having more slaves at his bidding in terms of mechanical horse power. This piece of news about America. Not only is the fact of a new type of civilization—the enslaved-power civilization, with mankind seated on top of the machinery, organization, and adequate raw material, industrial civilization worth an extra; so are the results already coming over the wire from the precincts!

The National Conference Board report says:

"A decline in the number of gainfully occupied persons in proportion to the total population in the United States occurred between 1910 and 1920, and a further decline from 1920 to 1925, according to a study of occupational distribution of the population."

Four Workers Out of Ten

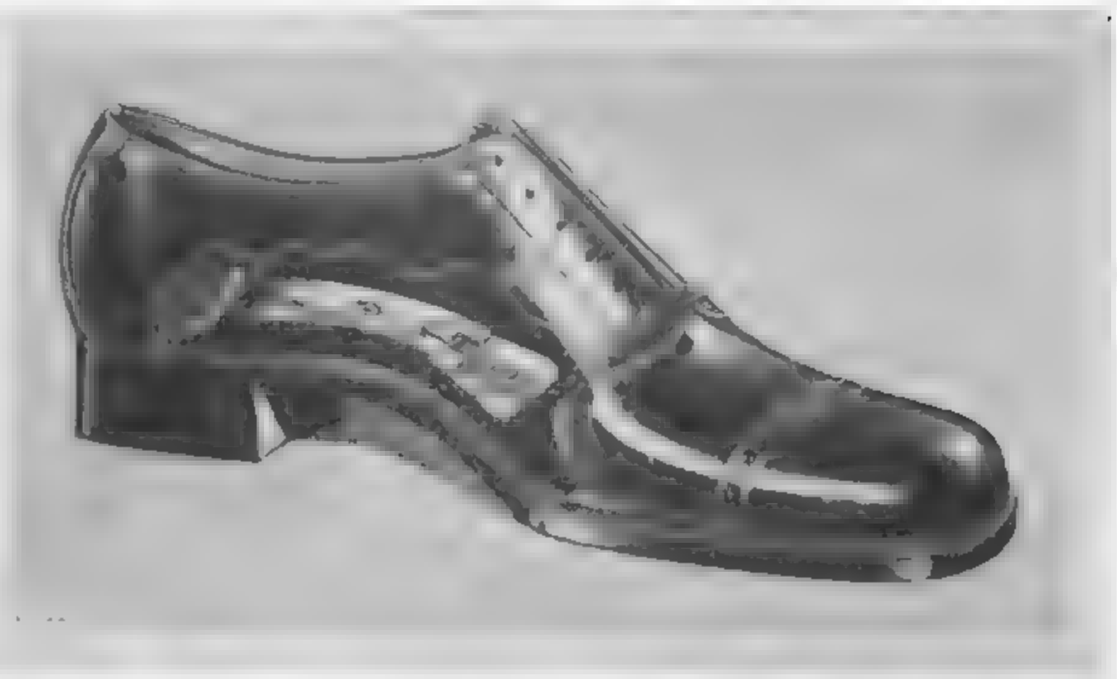
"Less than four out of every ten persons in the United States in 1925 were working for a living. The other six either were living on the returns on their investments or were being supported by others or at public expense.

"Whereas the gainfully occupied in 1910 numbered 38,167,336 persons, or 41.5 per cent, out of a total population of 91,972,266, there were 41,614,248 out of a total of 105,710,620, or 39.4 per cent, so occupied in 1920. But for 1925, the gainfully occupied are estimated at 42,910,000, constituting only 37.2 per cent of the census—estimated total population of 115,378,097—as against 41.5 per cent in 1910. The 39.4 per cent gainfully occupied of the 1920 United States population compares with 56.6 per cent gainfully employed in Germany in the same year, 44 per cent in Great Britain and Ireland, 53.3 per cent in France and 46.8 per cent in Italy. Of the more industrial countries in Europe, only the Netherlands and Denmark recorded a lower proportion of gainfully employed than the United States for 1920, their number constituting 37.7 per cent of the total population in each of these two countries.

"Taking enrollment in schools, colleges and universities in the United States in 1920 as a measure, the number of pupils and students enrolled in the various educational institutions in 1925 exceeded that to be expected on the basis of a population increase of about 1,333,333."

This, according to the Conference Board's study, accounts for a large portion of the increased proportion of the not gainfully occupied. Immigration restriction, the analysis further shows, has resulted in a shift of the average age of the population, resulting in a larger proportion of aged persons, and has had similar influence upon the proportion of gainfully occupied adults.

"A total of 72,470,000 persons, or 62.8 per cent of an estimated total population of 115,378,000 in 1925, either lived on income derived from investments or were supported by others. The balance of the population is distributed in the following proportions in the various occupations: 29.9 per cent of all gainfully occupied in



The FLORSHEIM Feeture Arch

The WEBSTER Combination Style M 241

A comfort shoe for the normal foot that needs support, and the weakened arch that needs relief—light and flexible, with regular Florsheim style—bends freely as you walk—gives rigid support to the arch as your weight bears down.

$11

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers · CHICAGO

Milk is your best food—
keep it clean and safe by using the

PERFECTION
PULL and HINGE CAP

It provides *sealed* protection against impurities until the last drop is consumed *because it need never be removed from the bottle.* A slight pull on the tab opens the hinged flap halfway for pouring, a gentle pressure re-seals the bottle as securely as when your dealer delivered it. Infinitely more convenient and sanitary than the old-style cap which had to be punctured with an ice-pick or fork!

Thousands of progressive dairymen and dealers now use this modern method of sealing. If yours has not yet adopted the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP, let us send you a month's supply without cost or obligation.

THE SMITH-LEE CO., INC., Oneida, New York
Without cost or obligation, please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps.
Name
Address
City ..... State .....
Canadian Manufacturers: THE ARDOX COMPANY, (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

A Month's Supply FREE!

Use the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP for a month at our expense. You will quickly urge your dealer to [illegible] see how safe and convenient it is. Mail the coupon below.

Avoid Cheap Brake Lining

It is unsafe to drive with cheap brake lining. It wears away quickly when needed most. It robs the driver of confidence and is the cause of accidents. For safety and long wear use Silver Edge Raybestos.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY BRIDGEPORT CONN
The Canadian Raybestos Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont
Raybestos Belaco, Ltd., London, England

Raybestos

The Club 2348—Tan Calf

STYLE IS ONE THING, but add to style the Nunn-Bush *ankle-fashioned* feature and you have that "hand-tailored" appearance which puts the finishing touch to dressed-up ankles. No unsightly gapping; no slipping at the heel.

$8 to $12. Style book on request. Agencies in all principal cities. Also sold in these exclusive Nunn-Bush Stores:

NEW YORK—1462 Broadway 133 Nassau St CHICAGO—42 No Dearborn St., 32 S. Jackson Blvd., 115 So Clark St KANSAS CITY, MO.— 2[illegible] Walnut St NEW ORLEANS—[illegible] Carondelet St MILWAUKEE—[illegible] Downtown Stores SAN FRANCISCO—60 Kearny St. DENVER—[illegible] Seventeenth St ST PAUL—[illegible] Robert Street. ST. LOUIS 706 Olive Street BOSTON—6 School Street

Nunn-Bush

MILWAUKEE NEW YORK

1925 were in the manufacturing and mechanical industries, 7.6 per cent in transportation, 2.7 per cent in mining, and 24.5 per cent in agriculture. Nonindustrial pursuits furnish a livelihood of 35.3 per cent of the population—10.7 per cent being in trade, 8.9 per cent in clerical work, 1.8 per cent in public service, including military and naval service, 5.5 per cent in professional service, and 8.4 per cent in domestic and personal service.

"Persons engaged in agriculture show decided decrease, constituting 24.5 per cent of the gainfully occupied in 1925, as against 33.1 per cent enumerated in 1910, the year of the last prewar census. The proportion of those in the manufacturing and mechanical industries, according to the analysis, has increased only slightly—from 27.8 per cent in 1910 to 29.9 per cent in 1925. Miners and transportation workers likewise show a slight relative increase. Clerical workers nearly doubled their proportion to other workers, constituting 4.6 per cent of the gainfully occupied in 1910, and 8.9 per cent in 1925, the Board estimates. Those in trade, in public service and professional service have slightly increased in proportion to other groups gainfully occupied."

A little reflection on these figures shows the way the wind blows. When a civilization by its inventions picks up, as no civilization has ever done before, the harnessing, transportation and application of mechanical power it is no longer short-handed. The manual laborer no longer is a private in the industrial army; he is a general, or at least a captain. He throws in a switch or presses a foot lever and perhaps 100 men in terms of energy, figuratively stating it, are saluting him and saying in effect: "Did you call, sir? Your orders, sir?" The workman becomes a foreman.

Heretofore, when we have spoken of unemployment—yes, at any time or any place in the world—we have spoken of the man who wanted the job and could not have it. Here is news! The falling off of employment in this civilization of ours, either in terms of members gainfully employed or in terms of hours, is caused not because human beings are knocking in vain on mill gates and factory doors, but because, with nest eggs in the bank and accelerators under the ball of the foot, there are increasing numbers who want neither long hours nor perhaps any job at all.

The Fifty Per Cent Nation

This does not mean that production has decreased. The horse-power slaves have increased it. Agricultural labor, less adapted than industry and mining to the use of power, showed no increase per capita of our population, but since 1914 mining has more than doubled its value in product per capita, and manufacturing has done almost as well.

News! Who doubts it? Today we have discovered that we are less than 7.2 per cent of the world's population on less than 6.5 per cent of the world's soil. But we have become roughly the Fifty Per Cent Nation! Fifty per cent of the cotton of the world. Almost 50 per cent of its pig iron. More than 50 per cent of its paper. More than 50 of its lumber, 50 of its steel ingots and castings, 50-odd of its lead, more than 50 of its copper, 70 of its oil and 50-odd of its installed water power.

But the adaptation of these resources and the scale of their production are affected more vitally by the fact that we have not only the fortune of having Nature and her resources for the work of our hands, but we have even gone a long way toward something never done in the world before—we are making Nature get to work twenty-four hours a day to do the work hitherto done by our hands.

Just a year ago a ranchman in Oklahoma was writing to me about European civilizations. He had drawn from studies made abroad figures to show that our standards of living were nearly 40 per cent better than those of Australia and Denmark, and almost 100 per cent better than those in London or Holland or Sweden. Germany's was about 40 per cent of ours, and Paris, Italy and Vienna trailed down toward the 25 per cent mark. He ended: "Heaver knows what the Europeans must think. I can't think myself. Aren't we the dod-gastedest civilization!"

And that is news! It is news that we are blind—day-by-day blind—to the fact that we are the dodgastedest civilization! The Europeans see us, a good deal more than we do, as a miracle. The generation of our mothers and fathers who are still living gasp. But we fail to see the dodgastedness of America.

Furthermore, we have no serious clouds on our material horizon. If we were in the Middle Ages and America were in the center of Europe, every time we made a new vacuum bottle we would have had to make a battle ax to defend it. Every time we built a cheap motor vehicle—another example of power slaves to whisk around our chariots and possessions, and we built about 4000 in 1900 and more than 4,000,000 twenty-five years later—we would have had to enlist a regiment of archers and halberd mercenaries. Perhaps if we were squeezed into some parts of the world today we would need one fighting man for every factory pay envelope and a battle craft for every mill gate.

A Democracy That Works

News? Why, here we are with a material miracle popping up in our faces. We may not have earned all these blessings, but surely we are not to blame for any of them. And as if to say as much, destiny has put us where oceans and nautical miles are a free, gratis-for-nothing basis of defense. All we have to do for the peace of the world is not to put temptation in the way of sinners by letting our Navy and our air defense fall into an ineffectiveness which might cause interest in some envious hearts. Human nature is always sure to preserve envious hearts for contrast with hearts that know no envy. All we have to do is to keep a defense strong enough to forbid that ugly war which fanatics on disarmament would have us invite and even guarantee. Who ever heard of a nation which could measure its sea and land power by its ethical duty to withdraw from others temptation to go to war? That is, in all seriousness, our position. It is news!

Is that all? Is that all the news about America? Any keen observer who has studied other civilizations of the world can answer. He will, if he has a news sense, tell you that it is only the beginning for a series of extras. He must have lived abroad. He must have been living and doing some thinking twenty-five years ago. He must have opened even the dull history books which speak of kings and dates and battles, but forget the romance of the rise and fall of the bodies, the brains and the hearts of peoples. Then he can see the next extra in the news about America.

He will know that to say that America has produced a new world of material miracle and that America may go on because no conquerors will stop her is to fall into that fashionable error—that error which apparently has been in style these thousands of years—of confusing real civilization with the mere petty, cheap, much-lauded primary achievements such as the conquest of Nature, the guaranty of food and even of luxuries, the creature comforts—the porcelain bathtub, the self-regulating furnace, the roll-top silk stocking and the fur overcoat.

No! No! The news about America, fortunately, does not stop with the story of the people who have made a new material civilization out of dams and ditches, steel rails and spans, wheels and whirligigs, and the slaves of mechanical power that answer when you step on the gas or pull Lever 267 in the factory.

On top of that—lest we forget—our ancestors and our good luck deposited in our

(Continued on Page 221)

An Extremely Old Spoon, or an Extremely Old Fork Depending Upon the Way One Held It

IN the none-too-delicate days of the Sixteenth Century, when sweetmeats with heavy syrups were the chosen viands of nobles, those who were objecting most strenuously to the substitution of eating utensils for Heaven-sent fingers suffered a real setback. For, mind you, how could even kingly fingers pluck, with royal dignity and grace, a sweetmeat, dripping with delectable syrup, from a silver container?

And so, perhaps, with the thought that if one must have sweetmeats, one must be prepared to make sacrifices for them, the combination sucket spoon and fork was adopted. Here was a spoon which, with but a dexterous twist of the fingers, became a fork—a combination utensil that formed part of the treasures of kings. Today, this unique table implement is prized by famous collectors of silverware in various parts of the world.

Reed & Barton Ware is made in complete services of hollow ware and flat-ware in both solid silver and heavy, durable silver plate in a wide variety of beautiful patterns.

The spoon of today, in all its glory of form and design, is best exemplified in the latest patterns in Reed & Barton Ware—products of craftsmanship that are backed by more than a century devoted to the manufacture of fine tableware. Ask your jeweler to show you examples of Reed & Barton Ware.

Send for interesting and instructive booklet outlining the history of tableware. It will be sent free of charge.

REED & BARTON, TAUNTON, MASS.

REED & BARTON

TAUNTON MASSACHUSETTS

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

Walk-Over Shoes

STYLE as new as SPRING itself

It is time for new shoes. Your winter brogues and boots are out of place in the bright sunshine of spring. You need new shoes, and you want your next shoes really new, not just another pair. Somewhere near you is a Walk-Over store. Somewhere in that store is a shoe style to fit your mood, your foot, and the season. The new Walk-Overs for Spring are really new, different in line and pattern, subtly lighter in weight and looks. Each new style has the correct and custom-tailored fit that gives this world-famous shoe the look of easy grace and smartness that a gentleman's shoe should have and Walk-Overs do have.

Walk-Over Shoes, for Women as well as Men, at the leading prices of $7, $8.50, $10 and $12 are made by

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY ~ CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

(Continued from Page 218)

vaults a most extraordinary organization chart. We, who are a young nation as nations go, have the oldest unchanged government machine in the whole world. For several hundred years mankind has struggled for the notion of self-government. It may be a notion, because wherever or whenever it is achieved peoples do not appear to want it. The democracies of the world are wabbling woefully. Even in the United States only about half of those who have the blessing of self-government go to the polls once a year. Abroad, old democracies and postwar democracies, both victims of the tendency to breed multiparty systems with successions of weak ministries blackmailed by coalitions of minorities, are growing feebler and feebler, disgusting their citizens by futility, talk, inaction, inefficiency. One who watches government these days wonders whether, after all, the first hunger of men and women is not to govern, but to be well governed. But here is news! America still maintains without much impairment, after several generations, a system of self-government on the whole responsive, on the whole efficient, on the whole administrative rather than garrulous.

We, too, suffer the dangers of democracy. We have our organized minorities who, lacking intelligence and facts, want to dictate a green foreign policy; we have our organized minorities who, with greed and avarice, want to put their hands into our treasury. But on the whole, the organization chart of the United States holds good. By a kind of miracle or blessing of fate we have a self-government machinery which bids fair to stand up to the work long after others fall. It may be threatened by the weakness of a citizenship which, when things are going well, fails to exercise the franchise that it would exercise in times of emergency. It may be threatened by crank minorities and platter-licking minorities. It may be threatened by the evil of centralization that anaesthetizes the responsibilities of communities and builds, unless stopped, burdensome and bureaucratized and unwieldy centralization. But it stands. It works. One can take the histories off the shelves and the maps out of the atlas and comb them for an equal example of a hundred-odd million people so blessed by government. When the news of the world day by day is that governments are falling, it is news, even to us, that America stands up.

The old saw that we cannot see the beach for the sand, the forest for the trees, is just as applicable to what we have done for the human mind. One who awakens to realization of it feels like plucking the first man on the street by the sleeve and saying, "Do you know that you are living in a land—a new unseasoned civilization—which has done a new stunt? Do you know that America has democratized learning?"

Mental Grazing Grounds

We have! It's news! No people ever did it in the whole world before. Almost yesterday—almost in the memory of those who can still play singles at tennis—learning was a kind of aristocracy. Under aristocracy, of course, learning and philosophy, research and expression reach their heights of quality. It is like plumbing. If a limited class devotes itself to plumbing of course it becomes expert in plumbing. The attempt to teach everyone in the world to be a plumber would temporarily lower the average of expertness among plumbers. Who can doubt it? So when the pessimists come to us and say "Alas! Look at the cheap novels of discontent; look at the cheap philosophical bile; look at the horrible picture papers read by the American people," the answer is: "You fail to get the news in this situation. Look at the yesterday when the human mind—the great masses of the human mind—had no grazing ground at all!"

What we have done—and on the whole we have done more than any other people in this latest span of time—has been to democratize ideas. We have accomplished mass productions of tangibles—things but we have also achieved mass production of intangibles—ideas. "Those who like to consider materialism apart from idealism," a manufacturer from the Middle West has written me, "will find their work cut out to separate the mechanical basis for transmitting ideas from the fact of the distribution of ideas." It is true; it cannot be done. The inexpensive book, the magazine, the moving picture, the radio—heaven knows, they may transmit not only the carefully selected ideas of scholarship as it was under the patronage system—the exclusive, esoteric system of Greece, Rome, China, the Middle Ages—but these instruments—primarily American—are the news! They have proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the material and idealistic worlds cannot be separated. Mechanics and the mind have a distinct relationship. America has mechanized the human mind!

Our Eagerness to Know

There are dangers in it. Who denies them? In any audit of our civilization—in the news—consideration must be given to the fact that mass production of ideas not only tends to obscure selected quality in order to get quantity but, by the torrential flow of a democracy of learning and thinking, it tends to sweep all minds into canned thought. We are in danger of the sheep mind, the herd mind. These heads of ours were meant for something more than a barrage of mass-production ideas; they were meant to do work of their own. They are not at their best when all day and all night long they stand in a reception line merely to shake hands with ideas. There is a very slight acquaintance and little discrimination. No one can gainsay it. We say to the vulgar as well as to the refined, to the erroneous assertion as well as to the established truth, "Glad to meet you!" and the weary fingers of the mind reach out for the next hand.

But what was the time-old situation—just of yesterday? The average man and woman not only did not stand to welcome that reception line of ideas but really had no acquaintance with ideas. Within the memories of those who still have good digestions, stenographers and factory workers did not come to work with someone's history of philosophy under their arms or a novel which challenged—perhaps quite wrongly—the fabric of institutions. It was only a year or two ago, it seems, when the radio in the tenement wasn't there and the best swapping of ideas available was to scream up the hallway to Mrs. Vaughn. In 1902 there were about 2,000,000 telephones in the country; today nearly 15,000,000 make possible to almost everybody the flow of personal, spoken ideas from distant sources at every hour.

There are more than 12,000,000 radio sets in the world. American ears listen at more than half that number.

Our distribution of goods has been outstripped; it has been outstripped by our distribution of ideas.

Lord Grey of Fallodon, the last time he was in America, said to me, "There is something in your air which creates that eagerness to know. One of the most significant and noticeable facts about America is the common institution of the natural-history museum. It is a testimonial to the desire for knowledge of the world we live in. It is a funny thing because it teaches something of the rhythm of the universe. No other country in the world has natural-history museums in small hamlets."

That eagerness to know, whatever the degree of its particular development on this soil, has been met by mechanical facility exactly as the demand for breakfast food or suction carpet sweepers has been met by mechanical facility. We have not only democratized goods and government, we have democratized learning, reading, listening, ideas and ideals. No people ever did it before. It's news! The general education of youth, not an old achievement,

YOU can pick them out anywhere—those smart-looking Kaynee clad boys . . . There is a style and a well tailored look about them that is unmistakable.

Your boy and his dad will like Kaynee styles because they are manish—never foppish . . . You will approve the fine materials, the fast colors, excellent tailoring and very reasonable prices.

Best stores everywhere sell Kaynee. The name of a dealer near you and a copy of our booklet, "Boy Types and How to Dress Them," will be sent you upon request; address department 8-A

Approved by the Boys
Kaynee
BLOUSES · SHIRTS · SUITS
THE KAYNEE COMPANY · CLEVELAND · OHIO

CHOOSE
KALAMAZOO
LOOSE-LEAF-DEVICES-AND ACCOUNTING-SYSTEMS
NOW-
and obtain the better way to make, use and preserve your records.
Send for Catalog.
Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder Co.
Factories at Kalamazoo, Mich., and Los Angeles, Calif.
Sales Offices in Principal Cities

CARRYOLA MASTER

The Standard of Value

WHEN you start out to get a portable phonograph, you'll want to get the best.

There are many good "portables" on the market. But just one is found from East to West and from Canada to the Gulf. It is nationally known. It's the standard of value. It sets the pace.

That's the Carryola Master. It is made by the largest manufacturer of portable phonographs in the world. And that means more than you might think.

It means better buying, more efficient production, lower cost to make and to sell. All possible because of volume.

And *that* means more for the money. A good, hard-headed reason why the Master is accepted everywhere as the standard of portable value.

It explains why it is possible to make a "portable" that plays like larger, and more expensive instruments, is at the same time an ornament to any room, and is strong enough and compact enough to take anywhere. It's the modern musical instrument for the home.

CARRYOLA COMPANY *of* AMERICA
648 Clinton Street Milwaukee, Wis.

Just ask your music dealer for a Free Demonstration. Or write us for Free, Illustrated Folder.

Puritan BLOUSES *for Real Boys*

The Young Folks Like 'Em!

So do their parents. Shirts and blouses that are smart—serviceable—sized scientifically—fit perfectly.

Ask for Puritan Blouses and Collegiate Shirts—made by the firm that has created styles for boys and youths for more than 30 years—at the better stores everywhere.

GREENEBAUM BROS. & CO., PHILA. 58th and Market Sts. NEW YORK 200 Fifth Ave.

Collegiate SHIRTS *for Youths*

Be Collegiate in a Collegiate Shirt

has been added to by the distribution of ideas for adults.

Look at the figures. In 1914 we printed 175,000,000 copies of books and pamphlets, but in 1921 we printed 325,000,000, and today we are printing at a rate which gives every man, woman and child in the country three pieces of matter to put on their shelves. In terms of dollars we are turning out every year two-thirds of a billion dollars in publishing value. Every day we turn out enough daily newspapers to put one in the hands of one out of every four living beings in the United States. That is news!

We publish more than 25,000 different daily, weekly, monthly and quarterly journals and distribute enough copies of them to give four to every adult. No one has ever heard of anything like this in the world before. So great is our flood of printing that one can find in the London Times letters from anxious souls who fear that the overflow of our printing of ideas swashing into Canada "will replace English culture by American"! In forty American cities the home circulation of public-library books was 95,000,000.

And as for youth education. Education half a century or a century ago was still a luxury. No civilization in the world had evolved the idea that education could be democratized and universalized. We made news on that. Ancient Greece and Rome, the civilizations of the Middle Ages, even the modern civilizations, had tutors and gymnasia and private schools. The public school—the public school which has become almost as much of a commonplace utility as the city water supply—is news. America's news. Everyone knows it and yet everyone forgets it.

There are about 29,000,000 youngsters in the United States between five and eighteen years of age. Twenty-five million go to public schools! It costs between seventy dollars and seventy-five dollars a year for each one. And a vast number of private schools back up the public-school system. A college education, a university degree, used to be a distinction. America has made it a commonplace. The demand now to get into universities is so great that we probably have not one vacancy for every three or four who are clamoring to get in. Look at the increase in those actually registered! In 1910 there were less than 275,000 boys and girls in higher institutions of learning; but in 1924 there were more than 725,000. Our universities, colleges and professional schools received in 1924 nearly $400,000,000, and to their receipts the students themselves, for tuition, rent, board, contributed less than a third.

Beauty for the Millions

Amazing America! We have not only democratized economics, we have democratized government. We have not only democratized government, we have democratized learning.

We have not only democratized learning, we have democratized beauty. That is news! Oh, there have been times and places where beauty as expressed by man reached a higher development. It may be true—only unseasoned appraisals can be made at the moment—that we have produced in architecture, in the glorious cathedral skyscraper and in certain other forms at least one unparalleled achievement. But our achievement in the field of beauty which swamps every other is that we have flung it far and wide. We have thrown beauty out toward a hundred-odd millions of human beings. We have put beauty into circulation. No other civilization has ever made beauty so accessible, so frequent a caller at millions of doorways. No other civilization has ever started to weave beauty into every corner of its fabric.

The Egyptian kings, the Greek sovereigns, the Roman emperors, the nobles of the Middle Ages, the Chinese mandarins, by patronage and subsidy stimulated great expressions of beauty in form, line and color, but these exquisite products did not find their way into the homes, and often not even into the eyes of the mob. Through our ever-multiplying art museums, through our reproduction processes for shape and color, through our parks and plazas, through our motion pictures, even through our factories which make mere things for daily use on the models of the beautiful creations of other times and other places, we are achieving a civilization of beauty never dreamed of before.

The American who travels abroad is profoundly impressed by this cathedral or that gallery of paintings, by the extraordinary art of the No drama in Japan, by the sculpture of the Vatican museum, by the beauty of age in quaint corners. I have heard Americans say, "Aren't you reluctant to go home and to leave an atmosphere of so much beauty?"

My answer has been this: "Have you seen the modern furniture stores of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome? Have you been in the homes of the workers or the middle classes over here?"

It is a full answer. Beauty worth much is beauty that can be made to live in the street, the home, the room and the eyes of everyone. The great artistic creation, whether painting, sculpture, music or what not, is only a model.

The Measure of Civilization

It was a great achievement when Benvenuto Cellini made a spoon lovelier in shape than any ever seen in the world before, but it is perhaps a greater achievement when an American silver-plate factory turns out 200,000 of those spoons. It is a fine boast that the former Kaiser had in his museum the finest walnut Italian table ever made, but it is even more significant that when the American returns from that museum he finds a reproduction of that table in the homes of three of his employes. It was a great achievement when, for some Spanish grandee, a needle-worker of the fifteenth century made an exquisite design on a square yard of cloth. It is still finer to find four centuries later a civilization with mills using that design to supply the demand of a people for miles of it.

Young and busy we have been, but, nevertheless, today the average apartment, the average home, the worker's cottage or the stenographer's room in America has a variety, a charm and a simplicity of taste that you can search for all over the rest of the world in vain. We have passed beauty around. And that is something new!

Well, then, what about this question raised by the European statesman when he said, "You deal with staggering forces—with terms of amazement and phenomena of miracles! It is enough to send any civilization to hell!"

We have not answered that yet. So far, the news about America is news which concerns distributed prosperity, national defense, a workable government, a new system of education, distributed by beauty in our surroundings.

About everything to make a civilization? That is the same old fallacy! Civilizations have always measured themselves by their boasts about possessions and their grandeur and their advantages. Sometimes they have measured their progress—as Egypt, Greece, China measured themselves in their heyday—by the magnificence of a few beings at the top. We can take a new step and measure ours by good fortune, wealth and achievement, no longer exclusive but democratized as never before in the experience of mankind.

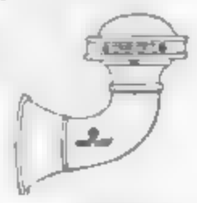
But even that is nothing compared with the real achievement waiting for our civilization. The real achievement—the ultimate product of any civilization worth bothering about—is the human being himself. It is not what he has; it is what he is.

The wise old European statesman, when he said that we had enough to send any civilization to hell, had in his mind that age-old repeated experience of the world: That peoples struggling to earn wealth and leisure are strong and admirable and then,

(Continued on Page 225)

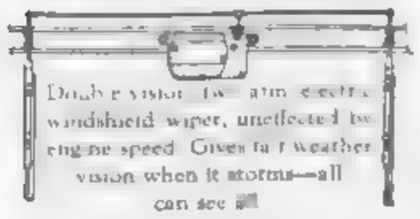
OTHER BOSCH AUTOMOTIVE NECESSITIES

BOSCH TRAFFIC-TUNED HORNS, Electric



Four sizes and types of instantaneous warning signals with distinctive tones and efficient warning

BOSCH ELECTRIC WINDSHIELD WIPER



Double vision for any car—an electric windshield wiper, unaffected by engine speed. Gives fair weather vision when it storms—all can see all

BOSCH SPARK PLUGS

Gas-tight, heat resisting Bosch Spark Plugs give big, reason-like sparks for cold weather starting.

BOSCH IGNITION FOR FORDS

Automatic, dependable Bosch ignition adds new performance to Fords, improves power and gives greater mileage.

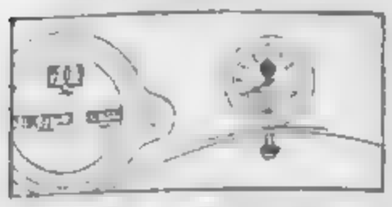
BOSCH UNIVERSAL IGNITION COIL

Replaces ignition coils on all makes of cars and trucks. Gives Bosch standard of dependable performance.

BOSCH MAGNETO AND GOVERNOR FOR FORDSONS

Automatic control for Fordsons. Saves on operation and improves the performance. Saves its cost in a season.

BOSCH AUTOMATIC GAS SIGNAL



Entirely electrical in operation. Accurately records gasoline in tank and automatically flashes warning before tank is empty

BOSCH RADIO

receivers are noted for their tonal quality, beauty of appearance and simplicity of operation. Wide range of selection is had in 5, 6 and 7-tube receivers, two-cone type reproducers and a range of power units.

detour

DETOUR

Detours hold no terror for those riding in Bosch Shock Absorber equipped cars. Ruts and holes which cause cars to rise and sway from sudden rebounds are all negotiated with ease and comfort when Bosch Shock Absorbers are installed. The Bosch principle of spring control is simple but scientific—control without restraint. Jars and jolts are banished, broken springs and rattling parts are prevented.

That galloping and "wavy" swaying motion caused by balloons at certain speeds, even on smooth roads, is eliminated. You feel safer, more comfortable, your car keeps the road with noticeable steadiness.

Bosch Shock Absorbers are trouble free—no wearing parts, require practically no attention and are easily adjusted to balloon or high pressure tires.

Buy lasting shock absorbers—Insist upon Bosch Shock Absorbers—at dealers' everywhere.

For Fords (3-point Control Set) complete $16.50 per set
Medium Cars $15.00 per pair. Heavy Cars $20.00 per pair

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORP.
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS: SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
BRANCHES: NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO

BOSCH SHOCK ABSORBER

FOR STRENGTH AND PERMANENCE

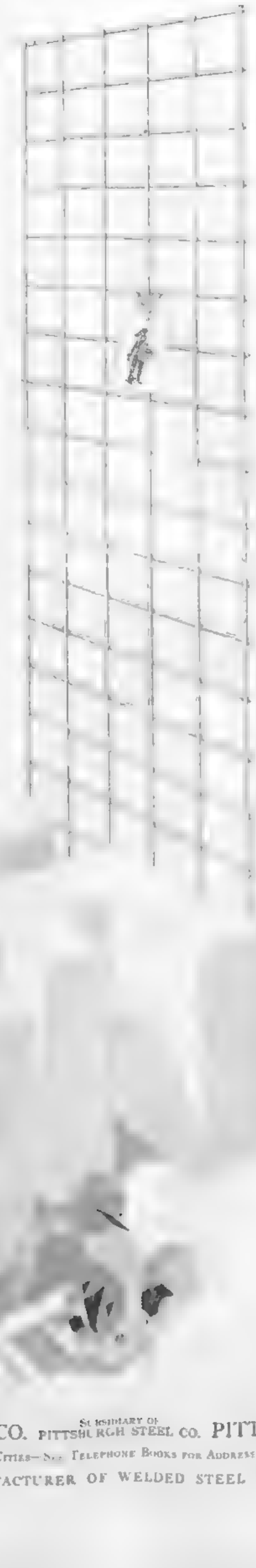
REINFORCING is a vital element in all types of concrete and plaster construction. To the utility and beauty of these materials, National Reinforcing adds the strength and permanence so essential to the durability of our modern structures.

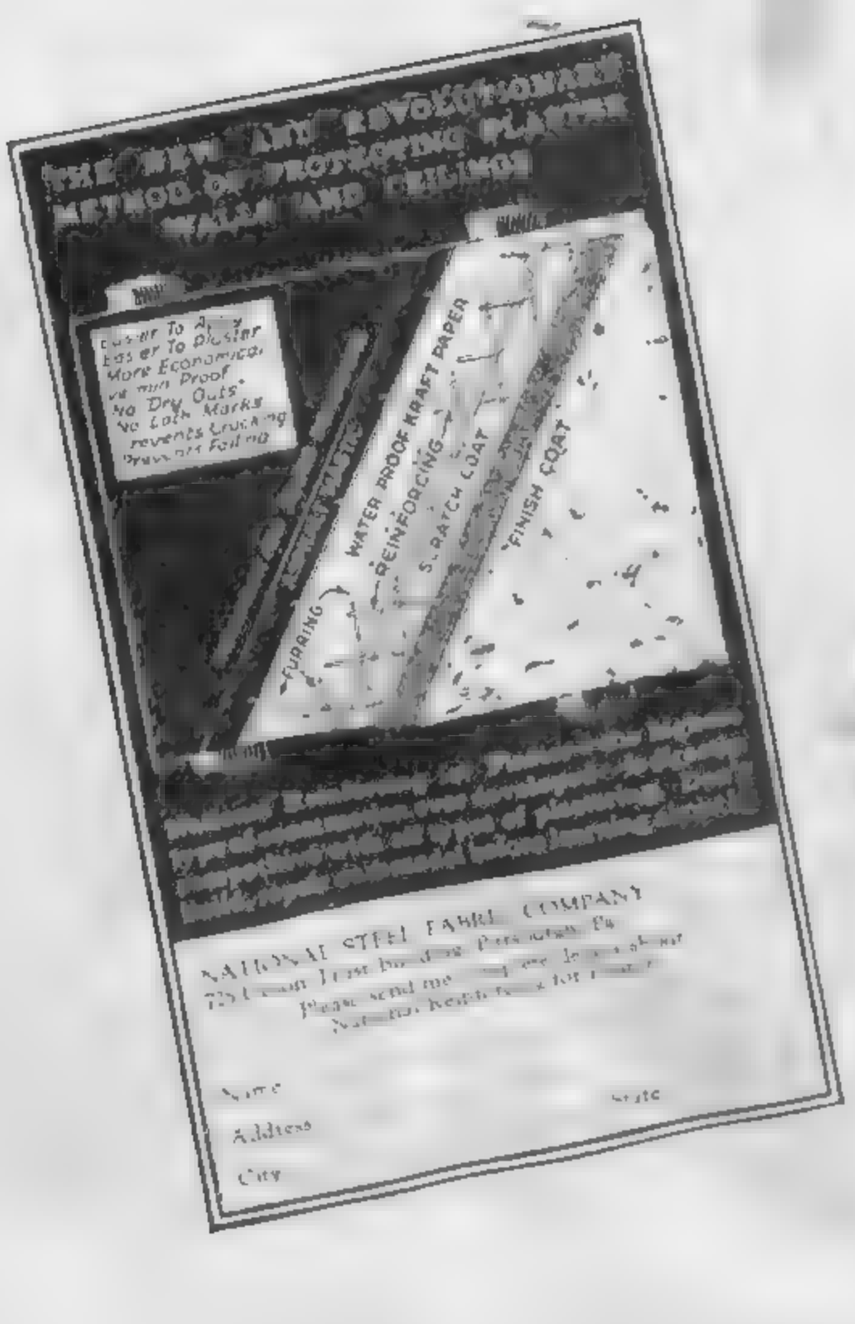
National Reinforcing is electrically welded steel wire fabric (mesh), made in various sizes and styles for reinforcing concrete roads, streets, pavements, sidewalks, driveways, floors, roofs, dams, reservoirs, vaults, walls, revetments, levees and pipe, plaster walls and ceilings, stucco walls, and stucco "Overcoats" for old frame houses.

National Reinforcing is your protection against cracks and dangerous breaks in well made roads, floors, walls, ceilings and roofs. Its cost is so slight and its ultimate benefit so great as to condemn non-reinforced structures as extravagant.

Many revolutionary developments in concrete and plaster reinforcing have made National Reinforcing the standard of the world, and the National Steel Fabric Company the world's largest manufacturer of welded steel fabric.

Write for complete information on the National Method of Reinforcing.





NATIONAL STEEL FABRIC CO. SUBSIDIARY OF PITTSBURGH STEEL CO. PITTSBURGH, PA.

OFFICES IN MANY PRINCIPAL CITIES—SEE TELEPHONE BOOKS FOR ADDRESSES

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF WELDED STEEL FABRIC

(Continued from Page 222)

as if destiny had made the rule for all time, when wealth is had and leisure is achieved the human being himself goes to pieces, and his civilization follows him onto the toboggan.

Well, we are warned. We are challenged. We all felt it in our bones. The affliction has come. The plague has descended! We have wealth! We have leisure! And the experience of the world is that this leads to hell.

Not long ago a great industrial leader told me with almost religious zeal that he felt that he was doing a work—a share in it—of tremendous importance.

Said he, "The application of mechanical power, the reduction of unit cost, the increased capacity to produce—do you know where they lead? They lead"—and here his voice trembled—"to leisure for the laborer."

I said, "To use the old industrial phrase—Have you thought this thing through? On top of your tremendous plan, have you prepared to produce a human being who can use leisure?"

That is our problem. And if we do not slip on it we shall make the biggest news story the world has ever seen. What we have to do, and what we are doing if the signs are read aright, is to democratize spirituality. Religion may play a part in it. Churches may play a part in it, particularly those that keep out of politics, stick to their job and refrain from amateurish tinkering with our foreign policies and circulating petitions to meddle in every kind of affair outside the scope of their own proper field. Religion has its own ground and it can provide much of the foundation.

But when one speaks of democratizing spirituality one speaks of the widespread mass production of feelings, thought and conduct which, allowing the human being full scope of self-development, nevertheless weaves him into the world around him—his fellow man, his nation, his community, and their religions, their changing, flexible concepts of fair play, of duty, of liberty, of the purposes of life.

This distribution of spirituality, this hunger to learn the art of living, this eagerness of the individual to get into some great game which he feels is going on, has appeared in America as it has never appeared before in the world.

A Hunger for Expression

Look at it! Proctor, in his volume, The Financing of Social Work, estimates that Americans, out of their pockets with their own hands, make private gifts dedicated to public service which have "assumed staggering proportions and now involve an annual outlay for both current and capital outlay of approximately a billion dollars." He goes on to say, "The estimate is believed to be conservative. Community chest campaigns"—for which very accurate statistics are furnished—"show a per capita revenue and expenditure of from $3 to $5 for current operation of social agencies. Not all social work is included within the chest. Statistics for New York and Chicago reveal a per capita expenditure of approximately $10. On this basis current operation budgets for social and related private agencies in America greatly exceed $500,000,000. Capital-outlay projects represent, it is believed, an annual outlay of an additional $500,000,000."

These figures are not only the measure of the size of private contribution which is auxiliary to our mounting public outlay; they are much more significant as a measure of the hunger of a people to express something from within whenever the hat is passed for a common cause. It is a hunger not confined to the rich. More than 3,000,000 Americans are contributors of the Red Cross. Immense sums of money have gone out of the United States for relief of earthquake, fire, famine and refugee sufferers.

So great is the impulse of the mass of Americans to give and so easily can drives and propaganda be carried on by a new professional class of money raisers and relief workers, that great numbers of serious-minded Europeans have considered that our foreign charity has sometimes created the danger of segregating and pauperizing great groups of unfortunates. When the refugees from Turkey offered such a great problem to the world, Stamboulisky, then Premier of Bulgaria, told me that Bulgaria would take some thousands of these refugees if I could assure him that American relief would not be used to keep them in an undigested lump.

Much more marked is a characteristic developed in America as never elsewhere. This is news! Here is a nation of almost fanatic volunteers. Something new. Foreigners who see it are astounded. Our passion for giving money is overtopped by our passion for giving services. The world has never before seen a civilization of committees. It is possible, in almost any community in the United States, to set up a banner, play some kind of bugle note for a new civic or charitable cause, and have more intense working members of a committee than can be printed on one side of the letter paper.

The variety of causes is amazing. The causes represented by social welfare alone have brought into being in New York City more than 2000 separate agencies, but when there is considered the political, literary, art and other agencies, directed or misdirected at the welfare of mankind, the volunteer movement in America becomes simply prodigious.

A Nation of Joiners

On every side there is evidence of passion for service. On every side—even among successful young men who have accumulated money rapidly—there is eagerness to find fields of self-expression outside mere business. Women who have found the sag of leisure then go galloping to the call of what is well known as "an outside interest."

It is true that we have had a period of prosperity and publicity for the preachers of intense individualism. We have heard that happiness and top development for men, and especially for women, are to be found in obeying nothing, being responsible to nobody. But the sweep of real hunger, as any observer of America must see, rushes on toward self-development and self-expression not through detachment but through new attachments. That is news!

The burning individualists, with satire, irony, cynicism and derision mostly on their side, at the moment want to belong to nothing; the American spirit is to belong to everything. We have become a nation of joiners. Without losing our respect for the capacity and the intellectual gold braid of the generals, we have kept a vast respect for the position, the usefulness and the happiness of good soldiers. Curiously enough, in face of a blast of new philosophy which asks the individual to find his whole indulgent world in himself, the tide runs the other way; men seek to escape from themselves by becoming self-expressive as units in the world which shapes itself around them.

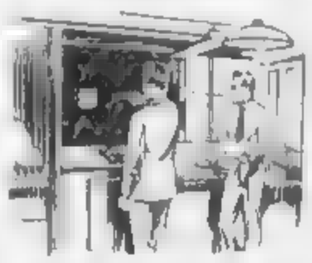
There is something of it in the attitude of American capital and American labor toward each other. Somehow in the various fields the coöperative whole appears as a better creature for self-expression to grow in than this confounded snarling ego which is always hanging on our heels, never satisfied with its freedom, and which does not seem so very important after all. Not too often can be cited the remark of the old colored mammy to her mistress who said she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown and was going away to get away from everything. The old servant replied, "Honey, don' you forget you cain't get away from yo'self."

As some of us who have looked long and intently see it, the joining spirit—the democratizing and almost universalized spirit of belonging to some kind of whole—has in it a great deal of passion to

When each COLT arm has passed these rigid tests—

Each Colt part is micrometer gauged by fire arm experts, many of whom have been in the Colt organization for 50 years or more

The perfect operation of each Colt arm is insured by experienced inspectors who test every mechanical action



Finally, Colt accuracy and exactness of action are demonstrated by firing round after round at the Colt testing range

EACH item of design, every bit of metal, every part, each mechanical detail that goes to make up a Colt Revolver or Automatic Pistol is proven for strength, adaptability, proper adjustment and operation before the arm is passed.

Compare this painstaking care with the methods and materials of less reliable firearms makers.

In selecting a Colt you take no risk because its makers never rely upon chance.

The safety of your property, your loved ones—perhaps your life—is too precious to be entrusted to any but the finest firearm, much less a "bargain" of doubtful foreign origin.

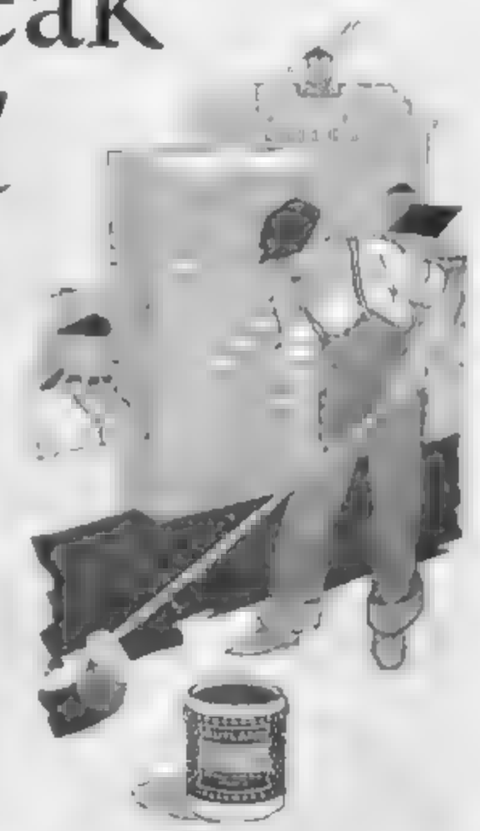
Colt safety features alone are well worth the small difference in cost, as any reliable dealer will tell you

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
Phil. B. Bekeart Co., *Pacific Coast Representative*
717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

MAKERS OF HISTORY *is a book of adventures in which Colt's have figured. May we mail it to you with our Catalog No. 30*

THE ARM OF LAW AND ORDER

Roofs that leak *now easily fixed*



NO trouble at all to make roofs water-tight with Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating. You can apply it easily and quickly. It makes leaky roofs as good as new—*at small cost.* And there is no maintenance expense. You safeguard yourself against water damage costs and annoyance.

Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating provides a perfect roof of asphalt and asbestos—a *tough mineral covering.* Not a drop of tar in it. It will not crawl, sag, harden, peel or blister. For any roof or surface. It also has over thirty other uses, such as waterproofing foundation walls.

Save money—year after year

IT will pay you to insist on Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating (or No. 4 Paste) at your hardware or paint store. Save money by mailing the coupon today. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept. B-27, Rutland, Vermont.

Rutland
No-Tar-In
ROOF COATING

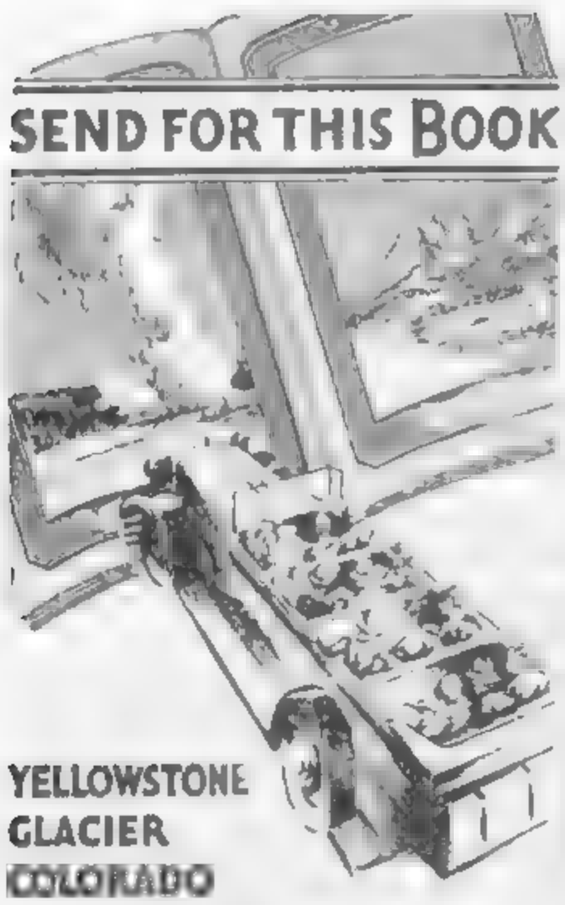
RUTLAND FIRE CLAY CO.
Dept. B-27, Rutland, Vermont.

Without obligation, please send me more information about No-Tar-In, with name of nearest dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

My dealer's name _____



SEND FOR THIS BOOK

YELLOWSTONE
GLACIER
COLORADO
BLACK HILLS
RAINIER-ALASKA

ESCORTED TOURS

Delightful Western vacations, carefree! Escort manages everything. Congenial parties. Definite amount covers all expenses. See the *best* the easiest *way* in least *time* at lowest *cost!* Tours of 9 to 26 days. Send coupon for booklet.

Burlington Escorted Tours

Sponsored by Burlington
Great Northern—Northern Pacific

MAIL THIS FOR TOUR BOOK

Burlington Escorted Tours
Dept. S-4,
547 W. Jackson Blvd.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send free book describing Burlington Escorted Tours.

Name

Street

City *State*

Set of Four 10¢

Easy to buy
Easy to apply

For all furniture—Saves floors and rugs—Six sizes—Easily applied with a hammer—Name inside each slide—On sale everywhere.

DOMES of SILENCE

Henry W. Penbody & Co. 17 State Street, New York

get away from too much of oneself. The other day someone was saying that great religious impulses were based either upon a hunger to preserve the ego for eternity in some kind of cocoon of immortality or else upon escape from self. If the latter is a religious impulse, so is the Rotary; so are the other spontaneous organizations for civic brotherhood in America; so is the sneered-at get-together impulse.

Go ahead, intellectuals, with your ridicule! What is your fine individualism dedicated to? Your minds—do they not dare expose their fiber and their ultimate independence to the phalanx of other minds? Your bodies and their short span of self-indulgence? Are your briefs being written in favor of buying only suburban tickets for transcontinental journeys of life?

In the fact that Rotary International has 120,000 members, Kiwanis 100,000, the Lions Club nearly 50,000, and that in the United States there are more than 800 frequent-meeting national organizations devoted to civic improvement, birth control, better cattle, labor solidarity and an endless list of social causes, with a stupendous total organization, there is an amazing indication of the hunger of the individual to become a part of the mass in its relationship to some guiding rhythm of the universe. No one denies that some of these organizations may be misguided; no one doubts the danger of their power as organized minorities to harm social progress or to blackmail democratic government. The point is not so much the organization as it is the democratized spirituality of the individuals who hunger to join and contribute service, to sing together, to do social justice together, to bring about international justice together.

Economic Democracy

To attribute unswerving wisdom to this new impulse—unparalleled in the history of the world—is utter nonsense. It is nonsense to campaign for arbitration because arbitration sounds square and peaceful, if, in fact, the particular arbitration is of the kind which is sure to allow a thief to return the stolen necklace and keep five of the diamonds. It is nonsense to campaign for debt cancellation if in a practical world the amount of the cancellation is not only to become a monument to repudiation but is to be spent immediately in arms and ammunition to invite new reasons for credits and war. It is nonsense to campaign for systems of government and industrial organizations which have gone bankrupt while ours have cut melons for everyone. It is nonsense, some of us believe, to campaign for attaching ourselves to an international organization such as the League, when it is no more of an international organization as a United States of Europe than we are an international organization as the United States of America.

But we do have an economic democracy in the making. We do have a governmental democracy in our keeping. It is even so democratic that an organized group of cranks or green amateurs can blue-pencil a foreign treaty made by years of pain, or force a representative in the Senate, who knows better, to bow to sentimental ignoramuses and then roar out against his own facts and convictions. We do have almost a universality of education for youth, and a democracy and distribution of ideas for adults that the world has never seen the like of and even is wondering if mankind can be depended on to select the good from the bad, or the clean from the dirt. We do have in the making a distribution system for art and beauty, through our unparalleled rapid achievement in parkways, museums, public concerts and exhibitions, community theaters, and our reproduction processes for broadcasting the beauty, simplicity and enrichment of the senses to be found in the world's best models. It is to be the foundation for an art creation of our own.

Some Dangers

The next step in our development is to democratize spirituality. The urge is everywhere. No land ever known has presented so much hunger for service and labor dedicated not to making more things but to building better human life. We are in danger, of course, of letting our sentiment outrun our wisdom. For instance, we are too eager to regiment mankind as Germany did. We are too eager to do a hasty work by preaching rather than by example and performance. We are too eager to patronize. We are too eager to move forward toward anything with a label of goodness and a slogan of virtue, no matter what folly or flabbiness or ultimate injustice or evil it may contain.

Spiritual democracy worth anything cannot be built on spiritual tyranny.

We are in danger of stubbing our toes on the old problem of the rich—how to give without giving harm!

We are in danger of falling into the pitfall of confusing justice with flabby indulgence, kindness with absurdity!

We are in danger of acting upon no information or misinformation; particularly because of the goose stuffing which foreign political machines have learned can be exported to us.

We are in danger of seeing more drama in helping mankind far away than in fulfilling what we owe to ourselves, our families and the man just around the corner.

But we are democratizing spirituality. We begin to feel that we have wealth. We begin to feel that we have leisure. And we are not so sure that they are safe things to have around the house unless their owners know what to do with them. Every other civilization which has died from the top has gone because the possessors of things and of time did not know how to handle them. It takes a high type of human being to handle them and a mass production of such beings.

We are starting the job.

America will not go to hell.

That's news!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 40

Almost Any Day Now

JOHN SMITH *(takes down the receiver of the telephone on his desk at 113 South Main Street, Scipio, Indiana).*

OPERATOR: Number, ple-e-ease.

JOHN SMITH: Get me the Honorable Evelyn Cholmondly Ponsbody Hants, please. I don't know what his telephone number is, but he lives in a two-story white house in Stoke-on-Trent, somewhere in England.

OPERATOR: Just a moment, ple-e-ease. *(There is an interval of five minutes.*

JOHN SMITH *(answers telephone bell):* Hello, hello, is that you, Hants?

VOICE: *Non, non, monsieur.*

OPERATOR: Just a minute. Your party is on a party line with a suburb of Paris, and the British operator must have rung the wrong number.

JOHN SMITH: Hello, Hants! Hello!

VOICE: *Iggly bluk blig.*

OPERATOR: That's the Eskimo line. We must be crossed with it. Just a minute, ple-e-ease.

JOHN SMITH: Say, I'd like to get a little service.

VOICE: *Si, señor.*

OPERATOR: That's Rio de Janeiro and they're only supposed to answer two long and one short rings. Just a moment, please.

JOHN SMITH: Say, operator, I could have been over there by ——

OPERATOR: Central radio operator reports so much static your party can't hear you. Will you excuse it, please?

—*Tom S. Elrod.*

Add Thousands of Miles to Your Tires This Amazing New Way!

Repair the hole in the outer casing as well as the tube itself—use

WEDFORD-KEX
Vulcanized Rubber
Puncture Plugs

Keep out sand, mud, gravel and water which rots tires and causes blowouts! Used by Ford Motor Co., Detroit; the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, and many other large manufacturers and fleet owners the country over.

Most repair shops use Wedford-Kex in all repair work. Tire users should have periodic examination of their tires and if necessary have Kex Plugs inserted by their repair man. Thus simple and effective remedy for tire wounds saves many dollars by increasing the mileage life of your tires.

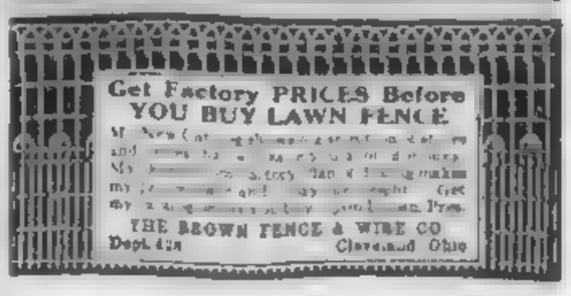
Get an individual's outfit today, the handy Tire Repair Kit, complete with inserting tool, assorted plugs, patching rubber, cement and full instructions in attractive carton (as illustrated). Sold everywhere, or price postpaid, only $1.00 anywhere in the United States. $1.25 in Canada. (Send dealer's name.)

THE WEDLER-SHUFORD CO.
Manufacturers of Wedford Automotive Products
1119 S. Grand Blvd. St. Louis, U. S. A.

$1.00 POST PAID

Every tire user should have this Handy Kex Tire Repair Kit

KERMATH
Snappy—
powerful—always
efficient—a bear for work
—that describes the famous
Kermath boat engine. Every
modern engineering refinement.
There is a Kermath for every type of boat.
80% of the boat builders in the world
use Kermath as standard equipment.
Write our engineering department for any
boat information—free. Ask for catalog.
KERMATH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
7871 Commonwealth Ave. Detroit, Mich.

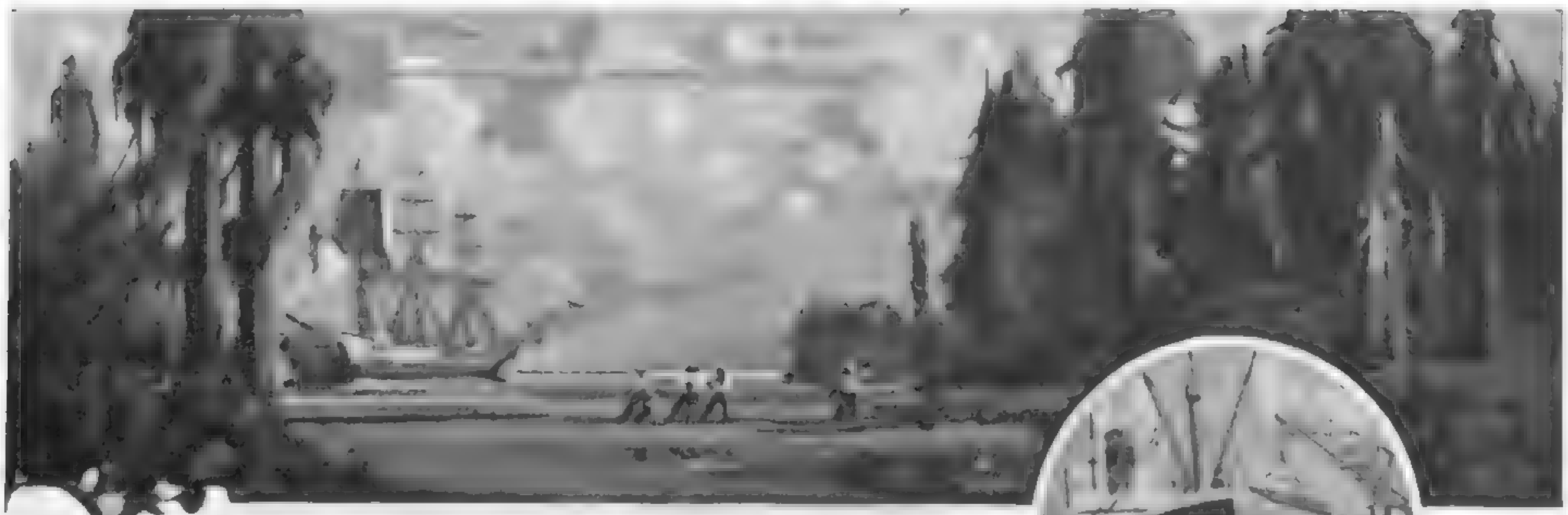


Windows you wash from the inside

SEE how easily, quickly and conveniently, Fenestra Casement Windows are washed from the inside without sitting on the sill. How much safer than the old way! ' ' ' Remember, too, the "finger-touch" operation of these beautiful steel casements. They never warp, swell, shrink or stick. And—think of it—they are storm-proof without weather-strips; locked against rattle. Inside screens protect your most delicate draperies. Increased glass area floods your rooms with sunshine. Swing-leaves open wide from top to bottom ' ' ' Modern builders are realizing that Fenestra Casements give their homes extra beauty, coziness and comfort far out of proportion to their very moderate cost. In standard sizes they may be had for as little as 2% of the house cost.

Fenestra CASEMENTS

DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, C-2301 EAST GRAND BOULEVARD, DETROIT, MICH. ' FACTORIES IN DETROIT, MICH., OAKLAND, CAL., AND TORONTO, CAN.



No other woods have so many uses . . . .

. . . . Douglas Fir, West Coast Hemlock, Sitka Spruce, Western Red Cedar!

IN the days of the windjammer, sailing masters sought the shelter of ports in the Pacific Northwest to repair their vessels and replenish the masts and spars from the magnificent, straight boled Douglas Fir trees.

Today, modern ships from the seven seas load vast quantities of Douglas Fir at the big mill docks for distribution to all parts of the world. For all the world has learned that Douglas Fir is the most widely useful wood in existence—from the soft clear finish to the strong stiff structural timber.

Douglas Fir helped to build the Panama Canal; carries dense traffic over subway excavations; is used for the window sash and frames of the world's largest hotel; lowers installation, operation and maintenance costs for railways; supplies interior finish and trim, also vertical grain rails and slash grain plywood panels; has a beautiful figured pattern for natural finish or a smooth, hard surface for paint or enamel; is the predominant softwood door; makes beautiful homes substantial—and makes substantial homes beautiful.

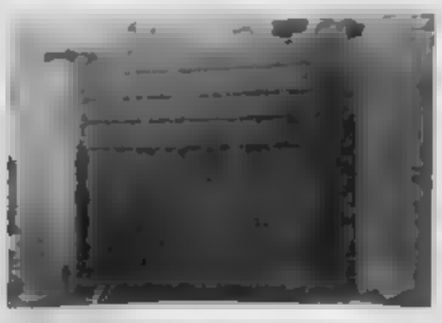
Whatever you plan to build, you will find that well manufactured Douglas Fir and other West Coast woods—West Coast (Sitka) Spruce, West Coast Hemlock and Western Red Cedar—are carried in stock in every important lumber market. Why not use the size, length, strength, stiffness and durability of Douglas Fir, the toughness, smoothness and wear-resistance of West Coast Hemlock, the uniform texture and odorless cleanness of Sitka Spruce, and the century-measured life of Western Red Cedar?

Why not learn about these West Coast woods—how they are harvested—how nature is constantly replenishing the supply—where they are best used—what they will do for you? The facts are fascinating, instructive, and valuable to you in actual dollars and cents when you build.

An illustrated booklet, describing durable Douglas Fir and the other West Coast woods will be mailed at your request. *Address*, West Coast Lumber Bureau, 5562 Stuart Building, Seattle, Washington.

The Japanese buy shiploads of huge Douglas Fir timbers and frequently saw them by hand to the sizes they need. Their construction methods are different—but the results are substantial—with durable Douglas Fir,—the international, all-purpose lumber.

Many of the most charming homes in this and other countries have Douglas Fir interior trim, the beauty of which is born in the wood.



The locks of the Welland Canal are equipped with Douglas Fir answering gates. They are continually submerged, and must, at times, literally hold back Lake Erie. Douglas Fir was used because of its strength, durability and the large, long sizes obtainable.

Young growth of Douglas Fir, growing on land cut over 25 years before. Trees are thirty to forty feet high

a forest forever

Just as there is today an ample supply of Douglas Fir for all the world, so tomorrow and forever will this vast forest yield up its wealth. The irresistible urge of millions of seedlings to spring from the forest floor, after mature trees have been removed, assures a continuous and rapid renewal of timber resources.

Perpetual, natural reforestation, under ideal climatic conditions, makes Douglas Fir in all verity—America's perpetual lumber supply.

Durable Douglas Fir
America's Permanent Lumber Supply

WSBEP

Buy West Coast Woods from your retail lumber dealer

LOUIS BAILLY
MASTER OF THE VIOLA
and
FELIX SALMOND
MASTER OF THE VIOLONCELLO

head their respective departments in The Curtis Institute of Music and personally give instruction in these instruments to a limited number of gifted pupils.

Under them also all the students in the departments of stringed instruments receive instruction and training in Ensemble, which is an indispensable part of a musician's education. Both of these artists are members of The Curtis Quartet, colleagues of Carl Flesch and Emanuel Zetlin

The seeking out of unusual talent is the constant aim of this school. Complete musical and cultural courses in preparation for the concert stage or for teaching are offered to those students who are accepted

Through its endowment, The Curtis Institute of Music is fortunately removed from commercial considerations. For those who can pay, tuition fees are very moderate. To those of exceptional talent who cannot pay, financial exemption is granted

Complete information on request

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE
OF MUSIC

524 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The various Departments of The Curtis Institute of Music are under the personal direction and supervision of the following members of its faculty

Marcella Sembrich, *Voice*, Josef Hofmann, *Piano*, Carl Flesch *Violin*, Louis Bailly, *Viola*, Felix Salmond, *Violoncello*, Carlos Salzedo, *Harp*, Leopold Stokowski, *Orchestra*, Reginald O Morris, *Composition, Theory*, etc.

Own Your Own BUSINESS and Make Money!

By the Nestler Plan, any ambitious man can run his own profitable tire-servicing business. No previous tire experience required. Nestler methods and equipment also bring big profits to vulcanizers and garages. Small investment; large returns—for the Nestler operator has an exclusive, up-to-date service that every car-owner needs.

To Every Car-Owner

Don't discard that "worn-out" tire! Take it to a Nestler man. The Nestler Rubber Fusing Process adds thousands of miles of new life to old tires. It is the 100% efficient, economical method of servicing tires. Write for address of your nearest Nestler Station.

WRITE TODAY for free book "The Nestler Plan."

It tells all about the amazing Nestler method of servicing tires and making money in a sound business of your own.

NESTLER RUBBER FUSING CO., INC.
Dept 74, 245 W. 55th St., New York, N. Y.

12-1 5-6 7-9

Four Great Hours for Earning Extra Money by Our Plan

The details will interest you. Write for them. Box 1624, c/o *The Saturday Evening Post*, 841 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

[illegible] the Profession that Pays. LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 471-HA, Chicago, The World's Largest Business Training Institution

RADICALISM IN MEXICO

(Continued from Page 27)

The principal organizers were Gustavo Espinoza Mireles, governor of Coahuila; Luis Morones, Celestino Gasca, José G. Gutierrez and Esequiel Salcedo. I refer to these men because all of them, particularly Morones and Gasca, are prominent figures in the Calles government. In fact, wherever you turn in the present administration you find men who have been conspicuous in the radical movement from the day of its inception in Mexico.

You have already seen how the C. G. T. came into being as a result of a row in the original Communist Party. This group has sought all along to maintain a monopoly on the word "red" and all it means. Its promoters and members take great pride in being referred to as the Red Workers.

For a time the C. G. T. had the Mexican labor world by the tail. Its authority was not only disputed but almost eliminated with the creation of the Confederación Regional Obrera Mexicana—Mexican Regional Confederation of Labor—which is none other than the ubiquitous CROM. This name, by which it is always referred to for short, is the combination of the first letters of the title.

The CROM was founded as the result of the usual radical split. When the C. G. T. was formed many of the old radical guard refused to join because the organization had not committed itself to active participation in politics.

The insurgent wing wanted to influence the election of governors, congressmen, and even the president. Hence the CROM came into being primarily as a political agency rather than an out-and-out labor union.

In order to invest it with a label that would distinguish it from the C. G. T., the members from the start have called themselves the Yellow Workers.

The CROM was founded ostensibly to perform the same work in Mexico that the American Federation of Labor does in the United States. One of Morones' proudest boasts to me was that the late Samuel Gompers was his friend, philosopher and guide. Morones further likes to be called the Gompers of Mexico.

As a matter of fact, the CROM has little or nothing in common with the American Federation of Labor save that it is a body of organized workers. One evidence of its principal tendency is that the Mexican Labor Party is a political branch of the CROM and the link with whatever administration happens to be in power. Through the Labor Party it elects public officials, especially congressmen.

Syndicated Workers

The CROM owed its first prestige to the support it gave the Obregón revolt against Carranza. Its position was fortified during the De la Huerta revolution against Obregón, when it supported the latter. The CROM also backed Calles when he ran for president in 1924.

The CROM is divided into worker groups. Strictly speaking, it contains few craft unions as we know them, but masses the workers under different activity heads. In some places all the organized workers are in one body. This is in line with the I. W. W. idea of one big union. In other instances, principally with the employes of the great oil concerns, the employes of a company comprise a single union. Thus in the Tampico and adjacent district you have the Aguila, Corona, Mexican Gulf and Transcontinental unions.

The CROM is also responsible for the organization of so-called syndicates of workers. Here you have the exact parallel with the Russian syndicates of the proletariat. It is interesting, in passing, to compare these Mexican syndicates and the Syndicati Fasciti. Though each is employed for political purposes, fundamentally they represent opposite ambitions. Mussolini created the Syndicati Fascisti to put the old socialist trade unions out of business, and he succeeded in sterilizing them. The new syndicati have become an effective force for the upbuilding of the nation. The Mexican syndicates, on the other hand, were conceived in unrest and brought forth in agitation.

Because of the political power that it wields, every strike called by the CROM is practically won before the men go out.

With its organization, the CROM set up a so-called Central Board of Conciliation and Arbitration, with branches in all the industrial centers. So unfair have been its decisions that it is always alluded to by employers as the Board of Humiliation and Spoliation. When the Aguila strike came before the branch arbitration board at Jalapa it rendered the usual adverse decision to the employer. The Aguila Company appealed to the federal district court of Vera Cruz, which reversed the judgment rendered by the arbitrators. The workers then appealed to the supreme court in Mexico City.

Independent Unions

As a protest against the action of the federal district court of Vera Cruz the CROM declared a boycott against Aguila products and ordered all the organizations affiliated with it to declare a sympathetic strike against the Aguila Company. To enforce the boycott the CROM placed pickets and workers at places such as gasoline service stations where the Aguila products were being sold, and forcibly prevented cars from stopping there to purchase gasoline and oil. The CROM also ordered pickets to prevent the trucks of the Aguila Company from delivering Aguila products.

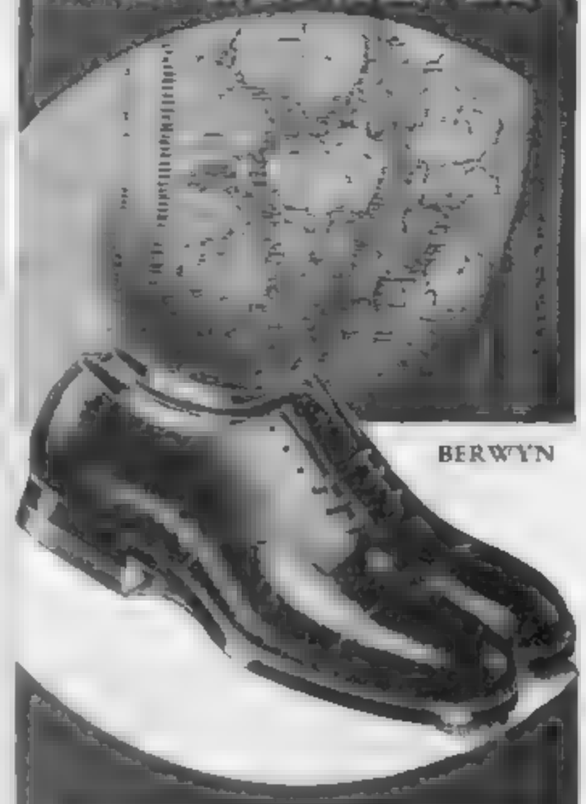
Pickets were stationed in front of the Aguila establishments. Pickets also went on board the Aguila ships doing coastwise service and kept the crews from moving them. The CROM further officially brought the action of the federal district court of Vera Cruz in reversing the decision of the central board to the notice of Calles. In consequence the president ordered the dismissal of both the district judge and the district attorney.

On January 8, 1926, when the supreme court of Mexico City was to render its decision on the case, the CROM leaders organized a huge demonstration in front of the Supreme Court Building, "to request," as they naïvely put it, the judges of the supreme court to render a decision favorable to the strikers. The supreme court handed down a decision reversing the Vera Cruz district court's opinion and upholding the decision rendered by the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration of Jalapa. Under this judgment the Aguila Company had to pay over to the workers the equivalent of $500,000 in wages. This covered the entire period of the strike. The decision likewise provided for the reinstatement of the strikers to their former positions.

To record the succession of strikes instigated by the CROM would be to chronicle an almost continuous succession of flagrant abuses of organized union power.

The Confederación de Sociedades Ferrocarrileras—that is, the Confederation of Railroad Workers' Societies—is strictly a labor confederation and has no international affiliation. In principle and policy it more nearly resembles the American Federation of Labor than any other labor body in Mexico. It controls most of the workers employed by the National Railways of Mexico and is divided into sections such as the Union of Firemen and Engineers and Union of Conductors and Brakemen. The railroad unions are the particular aversion of the CROM. Typical of its activities, the CROM has been trying to get the railway unions to declare a general strike so that it could get CROM workers and even nonunion men to break

CROSSETT
"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"



BERWYN

STURDY... stylish and ... unusually comfortable. A Supple Tread model with snug-fitting, flexible shank to give support and to permit foot muscles to function as Nature intended. Most Crossetts are priced moderately at $7.50 to $10.00.

Write for name of nearest dealer

LEWIS A. CROSSETT COMPANY
North Abington, Mass.

For neatly typed letters
STAR BRAND
TYPEWRITER RIBBONS

Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons insure clear, neat, permanent copies.

"A Kind For Every Purpose." All colors and combinations of colors.

Made by the makers of MultiKopy Carbon Paper.

E. S. WEBSTER CO., Inc.
[illegible]

—Use a

MULTIPOST

STAMP AFFIXER & RECORDER

Save { TIME STAMPS MONEY

The Multipost releases, moistens, cuts off, affixes and records each stamp in one operation. Keeps stamps in rolls in one safe place. Prevents loss and spoilage. Discourages misuse of stamps and makes accounting for them practicable.

Free trial in your own office will prove its many advantages and economies to you.

Representatives in all large cities. Ask your Stationer or mail coupon for free trial, or for booklet showing possibilities of important savings in mailing

Multipost Co., Dept. E—4, Rochester, N. Y.
☐ Send Multipost on free trial
☐ Send booklet
(check your preference)
Name
Firm
Address

One Drop

Stops most painful corn in 3 seconds

HERE is a new way to treat a corn or a callus. One drop stops all pain. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort, **instantly and at once.** Acts like a local anaesthetic; really amazing

Then soon the corn shrivels and loosens. You simply peel it off like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Works alike on any corn or callus, no matter where it is, how old or how painful Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." You will be delighted

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

Be a Traffic Manager

Big Pay—Big Opportunity

Big business needs trained traffic men At least three Detroit manufacturers pay their traffic managers better than $ 1,000 a year Train in your spare time for this highly profitable profession Low cost, easy terms. Write now for valuable 64-page book—FREE

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 471-T, Chicago

FORTUNES Are Being Made In COLD DRINKS We have helped many to establish themselves in this profitable, pleasant business. If you have $1000.00 or more, write for our "Opportunity" Book which points the way to success and independence.

TRIPLE "XXX" COMPANY, Galveston, Texas

30 Days FREE Trial

1927 bicycles direct from factory on approval. Save a substantial sum Many models, Tires, sundries at Factory Prices. Write today for catalog and marvelous offers

MEAD Cycle Co., Dept. C55 CHICAGO

it. This has been lately true of the strike inaugurated by the shopmen of the National Railways. Military protection has been given the railways and practically all the mechanics out have been supplanted by nonunion and CROM representatives.

Still another illustration of the way the CROM wars on a highly organized and efficient labor body is its persistent campaign against the Gremio Unido de Alijadores, which means United Group of Stevedores. Up to 1921 a private company owned and operated the machinery for the loading and unloading of ships at the government wharf at Tampico.

Among the leaders of the stevedores' union were men with intelligence above the average of that of ordinary labor heads in Mexico. They decided to run the show themselves. Accordingly they borrowed the capital from the then governor of the state of Tamaulipas, in which Tampico is located, and bought out the company. A coöperative society called the Empressa de Obras Maritimas—Maritime Operations Company—was formed and is owned by the union.

All members of the union are stockholders and the profits are divided.

The Labor Law

Within four months the Maritime Operations Company was able to pay off all its debts. It has built up a large cash surplus, has improved the machinery and equipment and has under consideration the purchase of a tract of land near Tampico to be used as a subdivision with residences, schoolhouse and park for the exclusive use of members of the association. An office building in the city is also projected.

The United Group of Stevedores is an independent labor body and is bitterly opposed to the activities of the CROM and the C. G. T. So far it has resisted the attempted inroads of the CROM. Since the workers are prosperous and therefore contented, they will probably be able to hold their own.

The CROM is backed up by the most drastic labor laws formulated anywhere. These laws are the regulatory statutes of Article 123 of our old friend the constitution of 1917. This article provides for an eight-hour day, three months' compensation for discharged employes, and specifies that the worker must have a share of the profits.

The new labor law is the latest regulatory mandate for Article 123. It passed the lower house of congress late last year, but did not get by the senate. This cuts no ice in Mexico, because Calles can at any time impose it in the shape of a decree.

The CROM did not need this new law to obtain sanction for its acts. Every state in the republic has its own labor law based on Article 123, and they have all been effective for years. For the purpose of clarifying the situation I will disclose the main features of the new labor bill, because most of them are already in force in one form or another.

Under it strikes are legalized where "the majority do not commit violence." This means that a minority may destroy property and commit assault without impairing the validity of the strike. After strikes are declared; all questions must be submitted to the boards of conciliation and arbitration, whose decisions must be obeyed by the employers. Appeals to the courts are useless, because almost invariably they take the side of labor.

As soon as a strike is declared, the employes are prohibited from working and no strike breakers are permitted to interfere. This rule is enforced by the police. If they prove futile, the government sends troops. The proprietor is prohibited from entering his own premises and his own office, even when the office happens to be located away from the plant. It follows that the managers cannot receive or answer their correspondence.

The collective contract is made compulsory. Employes can be hired only through the unions. This means that incompetents as well as professional agitators are thrust upon factory managers. Moreover, an employer cannot terminate a contract unless he proves his case against the worker, and this is impossible.

One of the most drastic regulations is that the workmen must receive full pay for all the time they are on strike. Since labor troubles are frequently protracted over a considerable period, this invokes a serious hardship.

The prize section, however, is Article 11 of the first section of the new law. An exact translation reads like this:

> All doubts which occur in the interpretation of the labor contracts, after all other means of proof have been exhausted, shall be decided in favor of the worker.

Now you can see what I mean when I say that the Mexican unionist can do no wrong. You naturally wonder why any dispute is ever referred to arbitration.

The profit-sharing features—the workers get a minimum of 8 per cent of the profits—are illuminating. They give the unions the right to inspect the books of the company and to exercise what amounts to a supervision of the fiscal affairs. This provision is so drastic that I reproduce the section. It follows:

> The participation of profits shall be fixed by special boards. In order to be able to know the profits, the workmen shall have the right to name a person who may investigate the administration of the business, and who shall be empowered to make all the investigations which he thinks necessary in the accounting and in the administration of the enterprise. Employers who do not wish to submit themselves to the preceding regulation shall pay, in any case, the equivalent of 10 per cent of the wages, and shall make payment at the same time as the wages in the form which this law establishes. This 10 per cent is to be considered, moreover, as the savings which form part of the patrimony of the family of the laborer. Employers who choose the system of payment of 10 per cent of the wages in any case as the participation in profits shall be obliged to pay it always in the same form without, under any circumstances, recourse to other proceedings.

In line with this section is a further regulation which gives the unions the right to "recommend and suggest changes" in financial and production methods. You need no diagram to point out that these suggestions become commands.

For Unjustified Dismissal

The law also provides for adequate housing and also for medical treatment, not only for injuries received in the line of duty but for all diseases contracted outside. The indemnity clauses are typical of all the rest. A railway engineer's life, for example, is valued at $21,000, even though he be killed through his own carelessness or utter disregard of orders.

From the employer's standpoint, the Mexican labor laws are not only unfair but the enforcement is even more unjust. One of the chronic troubles develops from the interpretation of the section of the constitution which states that in the event of unjustified dismissal the workmen shall be reinstated or given three months' wages. Bitter experience has shown that in the majority of cases submitted to the arbitration boards or the courts, the rulings are that the dismissal is unjustified. I could illustrate this with endless incidents. Two will suffice.

A railroad company recently found that it was operating at a loss and tried to cut down its forces, notifying fifty men, fifteen days in advance, that their services would no longer be needed. The workers refused to accept the notification and appealed to the federal labor inspector for reinstatement.

He ruled that the company had to prove that it was losing money in order to justify the discharge of the men. The company weakened sufficiently to furnish ample proof, which the inspector did not consider sufficient.

In consequence he ordered the men to be reinstated or to get three months' pay.

(Continued on Page 233)

Planet Jr.

START a garden Now!

Write for your copy, free

Plant it with a Planet Jr. Seeder. Weed it with a Planet Jr. Wheel Hoe. And eat it with a Planet Jr. appetite! Tender peas, crispy radishes; smoking, buttery corn—all your favorites!

No wonder gardening is becoming our greatest outdoor sport! With Planet Jr. to help it is a fascinating game that pays big in better health, better food and money saved. Our free book—"Home Gardens—How to 'Grow What You Eat'" makes it plain as day. Write for your copy now—mailed with interesting catalog.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc.
Dept. 114-C
5th & Glenwood Ave.
Philadelphia

Clark's Famous Cruises

BY CUNARD LINE BIG NEW OIL-BURNERS

at rates including hotels, guides, drives, fees.

NORWAY AND WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN

52 DAYS, $600 to $1300

Third Cruise

ss "LANCASTRIA" July 2

to the sunny Mediterranean—visiting its lands so replete with history, romance and legend, and to Norway, the scenic wonderland of the earth. Itinerary includes Lisbon, (Madrid), Spain (Granada), Tangier, Algiers, Italy, the Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Scotland, (Paris-London), Germany. European stop-overs.

Jan. 16, '28: Around the World
8th Cruise; 125 days; $1250 to $3000.

Jan. 25, '28: To the Mediterranean
24th Cruise; 65 days; $600 to $1700.

South Africa—India Cruise; Jan. 25, '28

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

INGERSOLL

DOLLAR STROPPER

ROBERT H. INGERSOLL, originator of the famous Ingersoll Watch, offers you his remarkable new invention that brings back original keenness to used blades, makes them last longer and gives cleaner, smoother, more comfortable shaves. Already satisfying over a million users.

Hundreds of Shaves From Every Blade

The Ingersoll Dollar Stropper keeps razor blades practically as good as new, giving hundreds of shaves from every blade!

TEN DAYS' TRIAL

Send $1 and we will send the complete outfit with 12 ... Make back ... your razor blade ... When writing mention make of razor ...

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL, INC.
Dept. 144 476 Broadway, New York City

ANNOUNCING
PRINCESS PATRICIA

NEWEST CREATION IN STERLING
BY THE GORHAM MASTER CRAFTSMEN

IN this, their latest triumph, the Gorham Master Craftsmen have again achieved that artistic success which has marked their work for nearly a century; a century of tradition and leadership in the design of sterling silverware.

PRINCESS PATRICIA smartly forecasts the trend in silverware design. Crisp in outline and beautifully proportioned, it is indeed the pattern of today.

PRINCESS PATRICIA in flat and hollow-ware may now be seen at your jeweler's.

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Member of the Sterling Silversmiths' Guild of America

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

Par-O-Keet Lacquer in Striking Colors

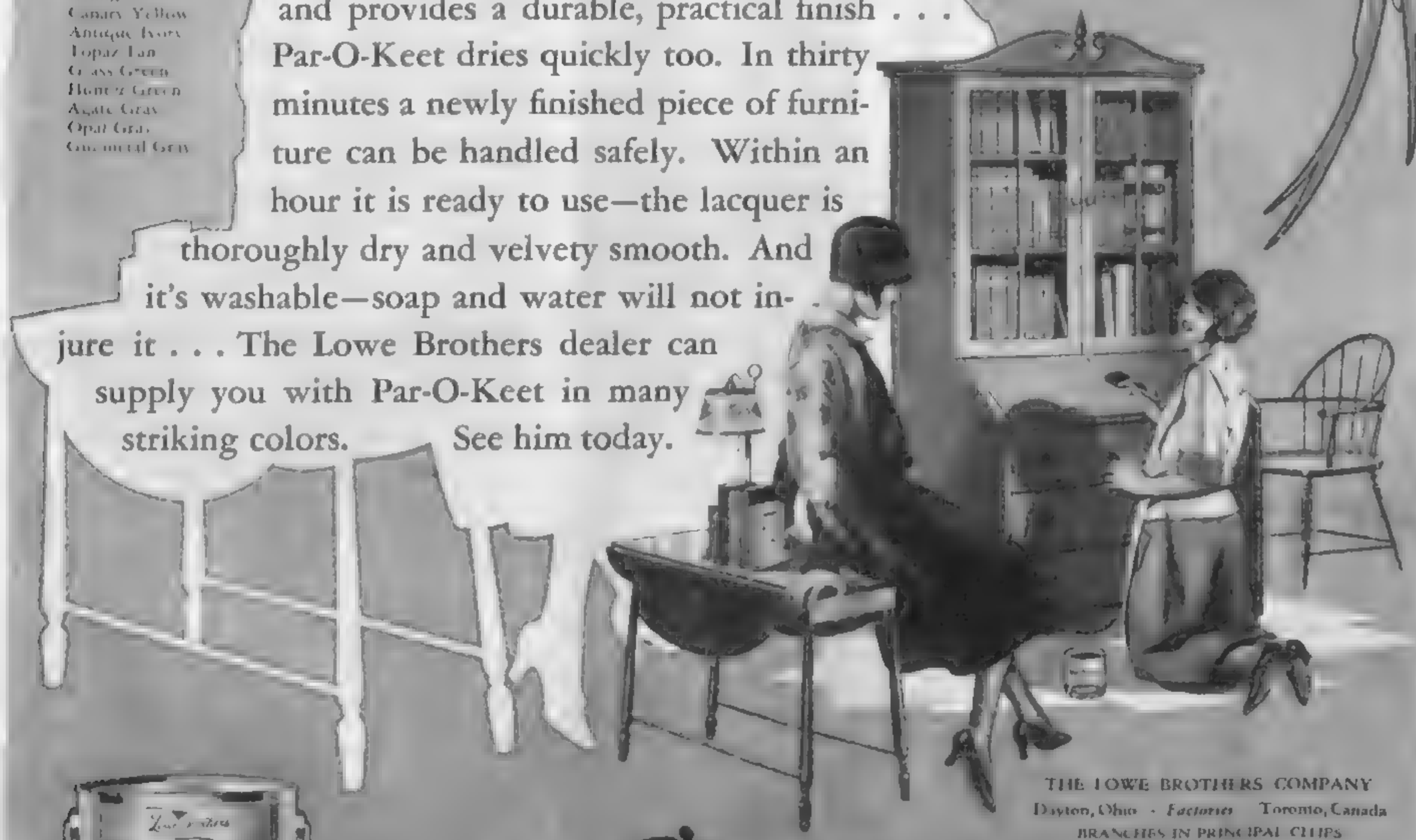
dries within an hour

WITH Par-O-Keet Lacquer you can easily and quickly change old furniture into fashionable new pieces that liven up the various rooms of the house and the porch with a sprightly note of color. And you'll find many other uses for it, because Par-O-Keet gives unusual effects and provides a durable, practical finish . . . Par-O-Keet dries quickly too. In thirty minutes a newly finished piece of furniture can be handled safely. Within an hour it is ready to use—the lacquer is thoroughly dry and velvety smooth. And it's washable—soap and water will not injure it . . . The Lowe Brothers dealer can supply you with Par-O-Keet in many striking colors. See him today.

Par-O-Keet Comes in These Delightful Colors

Moonlight Blue
Hemlock Blue
Powder Blue
Chinese Red
Old Rose
Sandalwood
Orange
Canary Yellow
Antique Ivory
Topaz Tan
Grass Green
Hunter Green
Agate Gray
Opal Gray
Gunmetal Gray

Par-O-Keet Lacquer comes in striking colors that are as vivid and beautiful as the gaily plumed parakeet, the miniature parrot from which the product takes its name. For use on furniture floors, woodwork, metalwork, beds, pottery, glass, toys, etc



THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY
Dayton, Ohio · *Factories* Toronto, Canada
BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

H·S Lowe Brothers

PAINTS & VARNISHES

If dogs could talk—
what would they say?

A dog is naturally a cheerful companion. He responds to kindly, intelligent care. Does he always get it? Do you know his needs? Can you feed, exercise and care for him properly, in sickness and in health? Follow the advice of Dr. H. Clay Glover V. S., for 20 years veterinarian of the famous Westminster Kennel Club

Glover's Imperial Medicines have been tested and proved reliable, for over half a century, by leading Veterinarians, Dog Owners, Breeders and Fanciers. Get them at Druggists, Seed Stores, Pet Shops, Sporting Goods Dealers and Department Stores everywhere.

Get our FREE Booklet
's important things you should know about the Feeding Care, Symptoms and Treatment of your dog

Address Dept. S. E. P. 84
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.,
119 Fifth Avenue, New York

Send for special booklet on GLOVER'S treatment for the human scalp.

Morning or Night

24 hours a day, the handy pocket manicure is ready to clean, trim and file your nails, quickly and easily anywhere. 30 years the leader. Buy one today at your drug or cutlery store.
THE H. C. COOK CO., Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers

Silver Lake

Measured in years of service, here is the cheapest Clothesline you can buy. Braided of pure white cotton yarn—of the same high quality as used in the famous SILVER LAKE Sash Cord

SILVER LAKE CO.
310 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

CLOTHESLINE

Extra Cash

We have a number of good-paying spare-time openings for ambitious men and women right now. If you want one of them, write today for all the details.

Box 1424, c/o
The Saturday Evening Post
339 Independence Square
Philadelphia Pennsylvania

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Remaining ... Write ... Novelling or canvas ... ment and furnish Work ... to-day Aircraft Studios, Dept. ... 500 Sheridan Road Chicago

TRAVEL IN EUROPE
at reasonable cost. For unique programme apply LIBERTY TOURS, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City

PATENTS
BEST RESULTS
BOOKLET FREE
HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.

(Continued from Page 230)

Another episode, not without its element of humor, occurred with an oil company at Tampico. As is the custom in this vicinity, where adequate police protection is lacking, the terminals and camps are under private armed guards. At the terminal in question a certain night watchman was provided with a revolver with which to protect himself and the property. He went to sleep so soundly that a thief was able to penetrate the place, steal some valuable materials, and even get away with the pistol of the somnolent guard.

The man was discharged the next day. At once he appealed to the local Board of Conciliation and Arbitration on the ground that his dismissal was unjustified! The board upheld him, making the usual demand that he receive three months' pay. The company decided that any appeal to the courts would be unfavorable, so it compromised by giving the watchman two months' wages.

Dominating this regulation is Luis Morones, Minister of Industry, Commerce and Labor in the Calles cabinet. After the president himself, he is the strongest and most influential man in the government.

Before you get a close-up of the man, it may be well to know something about his past. He was born in the state of Hidalgo and his first employment was as meter reader for the Mexico City Light and Power Company. Later he became a wire worker.

With the Madero revolution, which began in 1910, Morones became involved in politics. He was a member of the old Liberal Party and a charter member of the House of the World Worker. During the Carranza administration he came to the fore as a labor agitator.

By 1916 Morones had become so powerful as a labor leader that he devoted all his time to organization. He was especially interested in the Syndicate of Electrical Workers. During the strike declared by this union against the Mexican telephone company he was given charge of the plant and operated it for the benefit of the workers.

In 1920 he made a tour of Europe with Clemente Idar, an organizer of the American Federation of Labor. He tried to get into Soviet Russia, but because of his association with Idar the Bolsheviks kept him out. They thought he was a spy for the American labor group. León had a similar experience the following year.

The Calles Doctrine

During the De la Huerta revolt against Obregón, Morones was one of the principal organizers of the army recruited from the ranks of the workers and peasants. Characteristic of his state of mind was his suggestion last year for the reorganization of the Mexican Army, which is at present modeled along French army lines, into an army of workers and peasants such as exists in Russia. His idea was to form a general staff from members of the worker organizations affiliated with the CROM which would have the power to designate all army officers. He also proposed the abolition of courts-martial and presented a scheme to try military offenses before an executive committee composed of radicals. The plan did not materialize, largely because of the opposition of General Amaro, the full-blooded Indian, who is Minister of War and Marine.

Morones ardently supported Calles when he ran for president in 1924, placing all the influence of the Labor Party behind him. In appreciation of this service, and incidentally to link up the support of the radical labor element, Calles made him Minister of Industry, Commerce and Labor.

The so-called League of Latin-American Countries has a stout supporter in Morones. Organized to disseminate radical principles throughout Latin America, it parallels the work of the Anti-Imperialistic League of America in some respects, although it is not so violently anti-United States. In Mexico, the League of Latin-American Countries is known as the Calles Doctrine, because the president is one of its chief sponsors.

We can now see how Morones sizes up face to face. I went to see him at his office at the Ministry of Industry, Commerce and Labor. The appointment was fixed for two o'clock, but he kept me waiting an hour. So far as engagements are concerned, he is perhaps the most erratic man in the government. It is no infrequent occurrence for him to call conferences at midnight or at three o'clock in the morning. His staff therefore maintains a twenty-four-hour shift.

Morones speaks only Spanish. I therefore had to converse with him through an interpreter. He is stout, unctuous, and smooth of face and speech. He looks for all the world like a Latin Buddha. As a salesman, he would undoubtedly be a success. He rattles off speech with the rapidity of a machine gun in action.

Morones' Three Objectives

The minister was smartly turned out in a well-cut morning coat, and might have passed anywhere for a prosperous Latin-American banker.

Without any preliminaries, we launched into the interview. My first question was, "Are you a Bolshevik?"

His answer was: "The Russians kept me out because they thought I was anti-Bolshevik. Now I am abused for being one. My political motto, in a word, is frankness. The new labor law aims at frank relations. It is not destructive, but protective of all interests involved."

When I said that it was regarded as too drastic, he retorted: "On the contrary. It is based on our constitution. The employer can always resort to arbitration. What Mexican labor is doing today is nothing more or less than what the American Federation of Labor is doing in your country. Samuel Gompers was my good friend. We had many friendly differences, but they were never bitter."

"What about the CROM?" I now asked.

Morones made this reply: "Contrary to the general belief, the CROM is not my creation. It is the product of many minds. It is not based upon the American Federation of Labor or any other similar body. The CROM is an institution to meet national needs and to fix the responsibilities of labor leaders. It is fraternal, beneficial and constructive. The CROM is really part of the Calles national uplift program. It does for the worker what the agrarian laws do for the farmer."

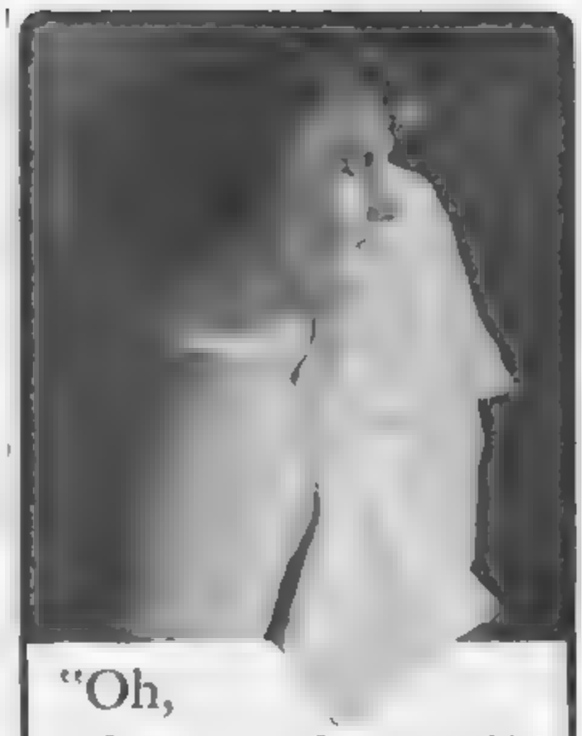
My next query was, "What is the future of the Mexican proletariat?"

"We have three objectives," responded the minister. "The first is to solve economic problems, the second is to work out an educational program, the third is to improve the standard of living. When we achieve these three things, the Mexican worker will be on a par with his comrades elsewhere."

Since Morones is charged with the enforcement of the petroleum law, I asked him why such bitter antagonism existed against American capital, especially in view of the fact that alien money has built up the country.

He said: "There is no hostility toward foreign capital. The trouble has been that financially and politically the alien has laid too much emphasis on national interests. Every controversy that comes up is made an issue between governments. The dollar has and will have the same guaranty of security in Mexico as Mexican capital so long as it remains within the law. We shall always welcome capital that comes with good intentions. The difficulty is that capital is never satisfied and this leads to all the confusion."

At the moment Morones is more strongly intrenched than ever before, and for this reason: For two years a violent feud existed between him and Alberto J. Pani, the former Minister of Finance. Pani was the only conservative member of the government and urged restraint. This angered



"Oh, what a soft towel!"

NO girlish skin is too tender for Boott Towels. Girls like them too, because they are so absorbent and so bright white.

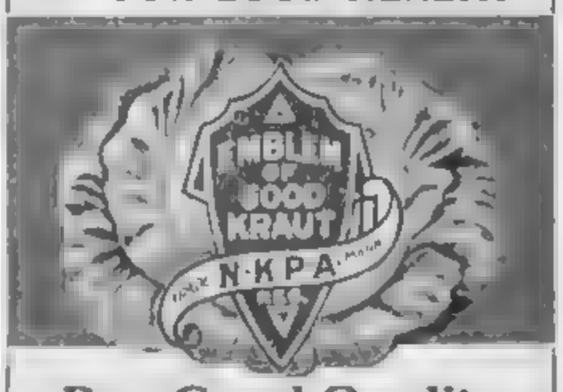
The boys of the family are "for" them as well. They like them for face towels, for hand towels and for the brisk rub-down after the bath.

Buy Boott Towels from your dealer in packages of six or singly. Or send 25 cents for a full-sized towel. Boott Mills, Dept. S49, Lowell, Mass

Makers of Boott Scrim and Scrim Curtains

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL MASS.U.S.A.
ABSORBENT TOWELS
WIPE DRY

Sauerkraut
FOR GOOD HEALTH



Buy Good Quality Under This EMBLEM

It is used only by members of the Association and assures the quality of Sauerkraut endorsed by it. Send for free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food"

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Dept. P-10, Clyde, Ohio

I am a Tork Clock

"I turn store WINDOW ... and ... the SIGNS on and off ... at times ... I am an ... clock ... your OIL BURNER ... or gold ... dealers ...

Tork Clock Booklet Free

TORK COMPANY, 12 East 41 St., New York

LAW

STUDY AT HOME ... Earn $5,000 to ... LaSalle Extension University Dept. 471-L Chicago

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$100 MACHINE EARNED $5040 IN ONE YEAR
$240 machine, $1440 $160 machine, $2160. Many St. Louis machines earned annually $4000. One man placed 300. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited territory. $1000 to $5000 investment required. Experience unnecessary. NATIONAL KEI-LAC CO., 320 N. 19th St., St. Louis, Mo.

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors ... tells ... served profits. Established 1869. Write
LACEY & LACEY, 774 F St., Washington, D. C.

Your Question: How Can I Make More Money?

Our Answer: Sell Us Your Spare Hours!

HUNDREDS of thousands of extra dollars are earned every year by the representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. You are invited to share in the earnings.

You will find the work easy, pleasant and profitable

Commissions

For every subscription that you secure you will be paid a generous commission.

Monthly Bonus

In addition you will be offered a monthly bonus, based on your production. This alone may run as high as $300.00 a month.

Additional Profits

Once you get fairly started, we'll be in a position to offer you *four* profits for your subscriptions, two other payments in addition to liberal commission and bonus.

Territory

There is no restriction on the territory in which you may work. Unlimited opportunity is yours.

Your Profits

The table that follows will give some idea of the extent of the monthly profit for part-time or full-time work:

Average Subscription Production of	Total Monthly Profits at Least
Less than 1 a week	$ 4.20
Less than 1 a day	15.35
Less than 8 a week	16.50
Less than 2 a day	30.00
Less than 17 a week	37.00
Less than 3 a day	47.00
Less than 7 a day	113.00
Less than 14 a day	244.00
Less than 18 a day	330.00

O. W. Hendee
of Nebraska
Has made $175.00 in a single month

Mrs. Nora Flindt Chase
of Iowa
Earns an average of $10.00 a week

John Meeker
of Ohio
Earns more than $75.00 Every Week

ACT NOW If you want to take advantage of this money-making opportunity to lay the foundation of a successful subscription business, send the coupon below now. There's no obligation:

CUT HERE

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
840 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The offer you describe looks good to me. Please rush full particulars.

Name _____ *Age* ____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

If You Are A MAN

worthy of the name and not afraid to work, I'll wager you that you can't work for us 30 days and earn less than $200. Think I'm bluffing? Then answer this ad and show me up. Openings for managers. The 'Wonder Box' sells on sight

TOM WALKER
DEPT. 42 · PITTSBURGH, PA.

Earn big pay AS BUSINESS MANAGER

Why not get the broad experience that will fit you for a managerial position? Big corporations want men who know how to sell, manage, direct others. Train at home in your spare time for a business of your own or a big executive job. Many LaSalle graduates earn $5,000 to $20,000 a year. Write now for our 64-page book, "Modern Business Training." FREE! Send for it now.

Free Book FREE!

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 471-A, Chicago

Morones and he labored hard to eliminate him from the national councils. Early in February Pani resigned to resume his old post as minister to France.

It means that henceforth Morones and the radical wing will have full sweep for their ambitions.

In the last analysis, you find that with Morones, as with all the other extremist members of the government, from Calles down, there is the same suave evasion of the essential issues.

Listen to their platitudes about uplift and justice and you would imagine that they were a sorely abused lot, and thoroughly misunderstood.

The Mexican Government believes that peremptory legislation is the key to the uplift of the worker class. It is in line with the policy of attempting to advance the peon by forcing land upon him. All sight is lost of the fact that the employer must be afforded some kind of run for his money and effort. Everywhere the government and the worker seek autocratic control without regard for private property rights. It is merely one phase of a larger radicalism that points the way to ultimate economic and political disaster.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Mexico. The next and last will be devoted to the future.

Getting On in the World

On Being a Reporter

I BEGAN as a reporter with a serious handicap. I was not a mixer. It was in a town of something more than twenty thousand people and I constituted the whole local staff. The other paper had two reporters. It was a brisk, growing town with plenty of factories and a large foreign element. To get word of everything that happened a reporter had always needed a network of friends in all parts of town. He had to be on affable, back-slapping terms with policemen, hotel clerks, barbers, bartenders, town sports, station agents. I was fresh from high school, a gangling, bookish specimen, so diffident that I dreaded speaking to strangers. I was quite incapable of establishing any degree of camaraderie with the men about town. To overcome my drawbacks, I had to devise my own system.

Each afternoon, when the rush of getting the paper to press was over, I would make up a list of men who were not regarded ordinarily as news sources—a few small merchants, a minister or two, some schoolteachers, some of the more obscure aldermen, a factory foreman or two—and would go around to see them. None of these people were likely to have any news for me on their own, except perhaps some personals, so I would go over in my mind, in advance, what interests they had and would have a list of specific questions to ask. What had been heard from the choir singer who had gone to Philadelphia to study? What word had been received by the group of local Armenians who had subscribed the money to bring out some victims of the last massacre? Why had the price of sugar gone up? Had the committee decided on the plans for the new tower on the First Baptist Church? What support had the petitions for the paving of certain residential streets received? How were the Oriental students at night school doing? Everyone I saw, more or less, would have something interesting to tell when approached on this basis. I found that behind the casual daily happenings—the fires, the accidents, the deaths and weddings—there was a great mass of news which had to do with the continuous activities of the town and which had always been neglected. And it was good stuff. I began to get a great variety of local news, more than the paper had ever had before. Although much of it appeared to be trivial, it had real circulation value. It brought names into the paper which had never figured in type before. That, to my notion, is the primary basis of small-town circulation—names, names, names.

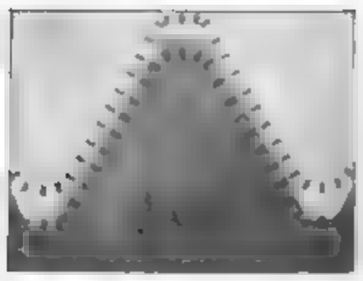
Applying the same principle of preparedness to my cultivation of the usual news sources, it gradually solved my difficulties there. I could not drop into Bill Finlayson's cigar store and chat casually with the group that gathered there every evening—the sergeant of police, the manager of the local baseball team, the ticket agent and the chairman of the Board of Works—and pick up items in the free and easy way of my competitors. But I could seek out each one of the group separately with a list of questions ready, and more often than not I extracted stories that the other paper did not get. I suppose I was what might be termed a synthetic reporter. But I am fully convinced my system is the only one for the small-town reporter who has the whole life of the community to reflect. Few people have any conception of what constitutes news and it is useless to approach them with, "What news have you for me?" You must have definite questions to fire.

After I graduated to larger papers I continued to work along the same lines. I covered city hall for a big afternoon daily and night police for a morning paper and found my method worked out equally well in the wider fields. A new element entered here. Almost anything can occur in a large city. Part of my preliminary work now consisted of figuring out things that might have happened, and asking about it. It was surprising how often stories would be brought to light. One of the best exclusive yarns I ever secured came as a result of saying to a police captain: "Every kind of crime has been tried in this district of yours recently but blackmail. Isn't it time you had something of the sort?" Something of the sort had occurred a few days before, but had not gone down on the police blotter. He gave me enough of a lead to make the uncovering of the story a simple matter.

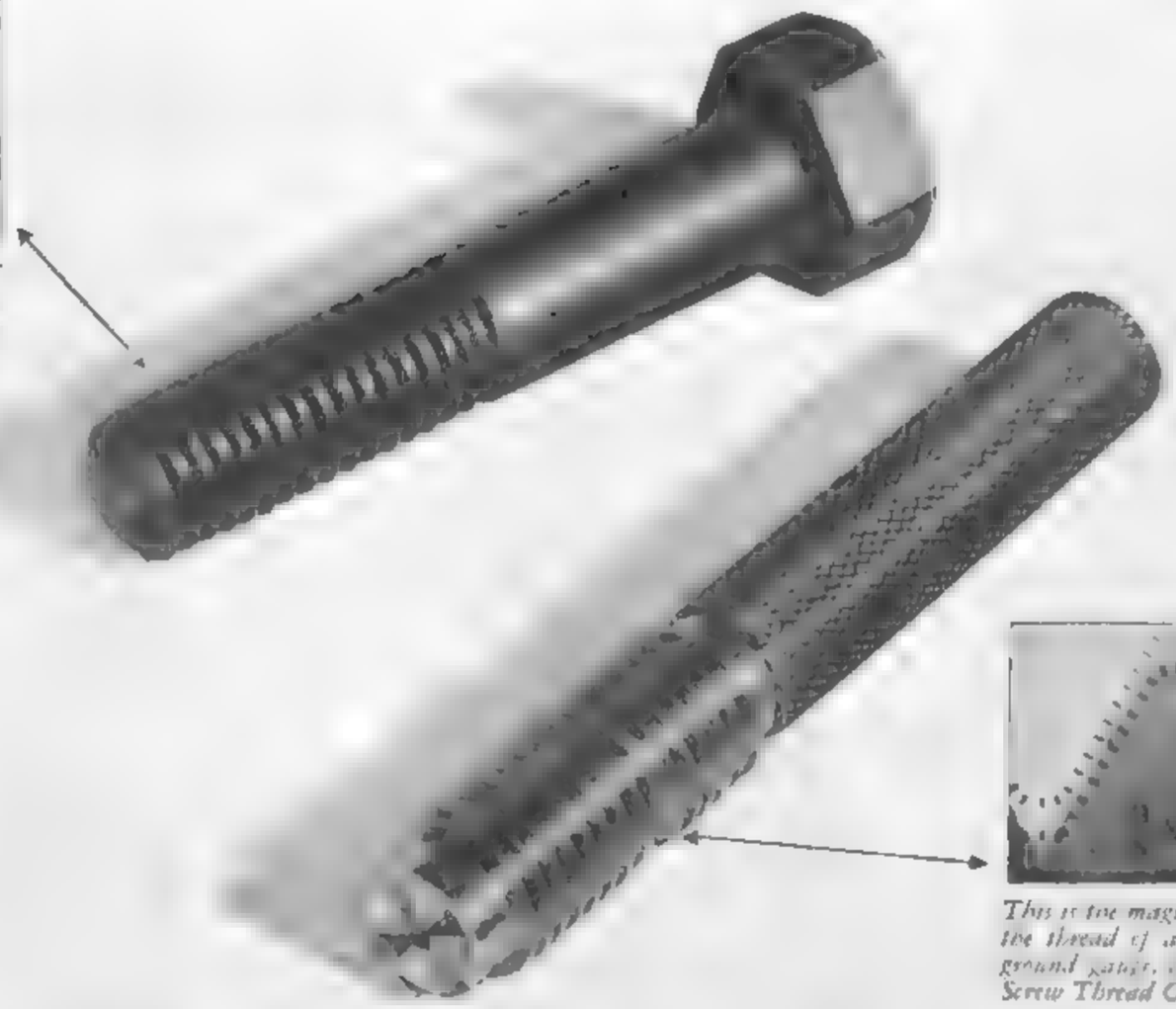
It came home to me early that behind most news there is another and perhaps greater story waiting for the careful and resourceful fact prober. Time and again, after printing the surface facts about some happening, I would learn in some belated and offhand manner that back of it there had been a sequence of events much more dramatic and interesting. The night watchman, whose legs had been cut off in a level-crossing accident, had been on his way to the plow works to look for a more remunerative job because his wife had presented him with twins. It was mortifying to find that the real thing so often was completely overlooked, and I fell into the custom of looking always for the story behind the story. I believed firmly—I still do—that it was there in every case if I could only find the clew. It was a case of scouting around the outskirts of the incident and directing questions as to motive, cause and effect. Often enough it was waste effort and no amount of cross-examination would elicit anything to add to the main happening. But the story behind the story showed itself frequently enough to more than justify my failures. The ideal reporter would get it every time.

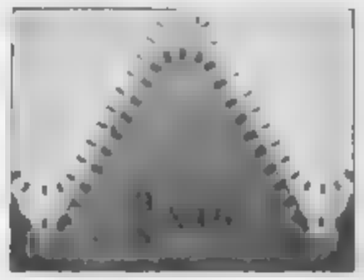
Early I discovered that a notebook was a thing to be used sparingly. You can't keep tongues wagging freely if you start to jot down what they are saying. It becomes necessary, therefore, to cultivate a very special kind of memory. I trained mine on a system of my own. Starting out in the mornings, I would take two sheets of copy paper, fold them over twice and put them in a coat pocket. I never produced them when talking to anyone unless it was necessary to make a note of names or addresses. I would always say, "I must get this accurately" before producing the paper and I

(Continued on Page 238)



This is the magnified shadow of an Empire New Process Bolt Thread as shown on the chart of the Screw Thread Comparator.





This is the magnified shadow of the thread of a hardened and ground gauge, as shown by the Screw Thread Comparator.

A Bolt Thread that Rivals the Gauge

AFTER years of experiment and trial, one of the most remarkable developments in the history of machinery is now offered to industrial America by Russell, Burdsall & Ward—the Empire New Process Bolt.

"An advance in bolt making that opens up new limits to the manufacturers and workers of America."

This is a bolt whose thread is formed by incalculably accurate dies, which actually *mold* the thread in the metal instead of *cutting* the metal *away* from the thread. The results achieved by this method are:

1. The molecular structure of the steel is not disturbed as by cutting, but is strengthened by the molecules being brought more closely together. The thread is thus protected against stripping.

2. The thread is inconceivably accurate. Any Empire New Process Bolt, tested on the Screw Thread Comparator, shows a thread profile as accurate as that of a hardened and ground gauge.

3. The bolts can be made so uniformly perfect that wastes in assembly, due to poorly fitting or inaccurate threads, are eliminated. The amount of this saving is apparent to any firm making a time study of assembly with the ordinary bolt.

This Empire New Process Bolt, with the threads of gauge-like accuracy, with the head that is guaranteed not to come off, and subjected to the Smith process of heat treatment, giving it a minimum tensile strength of 80,000 pounds, represents an advance in bolt making that opens up new limits to the manufacturers and workers of America.

Samples for testing will be furnished to responsible concerns.

RUSSELL, BURDSALL & WARD BOLT & NUT COMPANY
PORT CHESTER, N.Y.

Branch Offices: CHICAGO · DETROIT · Branch Factory: ROCK FALLS, Ills. · SEATTLE · SAN FRANCISCO

EMPIRE BOLTS & NUTS

THE HONOR ROLL
More Than 30 Years with R.B.&W.

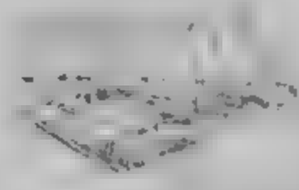
Port Chester Plant

ROBERT McNEILL
49 years
started 1878

CLIFFORD REYNOLDS
45 years
started 1882

GEORGE M. REED
44 years
started Jan. 2, 188[illegible]

EMMA BOERNER
38 years
started March 25, 1889



Rod Lever Plate

1750-1927

A HUNDRED and seventy-seven years ago Benjamin Franklin and other almanac makers were publishing advice to farmers—how to lime their fields, how to grow lucerne (alfalfa), how to care for various breeds of livestock that have been entirely forgotten today.

That was the beginning of farm papers in America.

Ninety-six years ago the Genesee Farmer—which later became *The Country Gentleman*—was born, and it too told farmers how to lime their fields, how to grow alfalfa, how to care for livestock.

And that was all.

A year and a half ago the big monthly *Country Gentleman* came into being—and it is still telling farmers how to lime their fields, how to grow alfalfa, how to care for their livestock.

But that is not all.

For *The Country Gentleman* has progressed along with its readers. It is today a thoroughly modern magazine for modern farm families—with big news articles on national and international affairs in agriculture, splendid fiction of country life, a complete section for country women, and pages for country boys and girls—all these in addition to the technical farm advice that was the basis of all farm papers for 175 years.

And the farm people themselves are able always to buy whatever they see advertised, because their motor cars bring city stores within easy driving distance. Just how much the city stores think of their trade will be told in this space next week.

They live in the country,
but they shop in town.

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Index of Advertisers

April 9, 1927

Add-Index Corporation.....166, 167
Aller & Sons Co., David 156 157
Allen & Co., Inc., S [illegible] 150
[illegible] 1[illegible]
[illegible] Corporation [illegible]
[illegible] Sewing Machine Co., The 206
[illegible] 263
[illegible] 18
[illegible] 70
[illegible] 233
[illegible] 62
[illegible] 105
[illegible] 136

Barrett Company, The 95
[illegible] 183
[illegible] 1[illegible]
[illegible] 170
Beott Mills 2[illegible]
Boston Varnish [illegible] 165
Bristol-Myers C[illegible] 135
Brown Fence & Wire Co., The [illegible]6
Buick Motor Company 25
Bunte Brothers 161
Burgess Battery Company 60
Buxton, Inc... 86

[illegible] 61
[illegible] 61
[illegible] 215
[illegible] 175
[illegible] Steel Corporation 241
Chevrolet Motor Company 58
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad 2[illegible]
Chrysler Sales Corporation [illegible]..107, 158, [illegible]
Clark Co., The Fred G.[illegible] 203
Clark, Frank C.[illegible] 180
[illegible] 192
[illegible] 157
[illegible] 11
[illegible] 2
[illegible] Arms Mfg. C[illegible] 225
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.[illegible] 46
Conklin Pen Company, The [illegible] 56
Cook Co., The H. C. [illegible] 233
Cooper, Wells & Co.[illegible] 188
Copeland Products, Inc. [illegible] 204
Corbin, P. & F.[illegible] 117
Crane Co. [illegible] 180
Creo-Dipt Company, Inc.[illegible] 198
Crofut & Knapp Company, The [illegible] 115
Crossett Company, Lewis A.[illegible] 229
Cudahy Packing Co.[illegible] IV Cover
Curtis Institute of Music, The 229

Decker & Co[illegible] Mfg. C[illegible] 1
[illegible] & Co., W[illegible] 136
[illegible] Sons Incorporated Companies [illegible]
[illegible] Manufacturing Co., Inc. 168
[illegible] of [illegible] 64, 65
[illegible] & Co., [illegible] 9
[illegible] Mfg. Co. [illegible] 184, 185
Dura Co[illegible], The [illegible]06

[illegible], [illegible] Typewriter A[illegible] 148
[illegible] Paper Works 64
[illegible] Sewing Machine Company, The [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] 198, 199
Esterbrook Steel Pen Co. [illegible] 164

[illegible] Flavor-Tasks Co[illegible] 119
[illegible] Inc., S. W. [illegible] 90
[illegible] Corp.[illegible] 163
[illegible] & Co., [illegible] C[illegible] 167
[illegible] Boat Co., [illegible] 53
[illegible] Co., [illegible] Inc. 91
[illegible] Co., [illegible] 214, 215
[illegible] Co., The [illegible] 8
Franklin Automobile Company [illegible] 93
Fulton Company, The.....123

General [illegible] Co., Inc. 110
[illegible] Co., [illegible] Brake Lining Products [illegible] 184
General Motors 88, 89
Gets-It [illegible] 230
[illegible] & Co., Inc. 179
[illegible] Jacket C[illegible] 67
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay [illegible] 233
Goodrich Rubber Co., The B. F. 98, 99
[illegible] Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Ltd. 101
Gordon-Van Tine Co.[illegible] 204
Gorham Co.[illegible] 231
[illegible] Brothers 131
Ground Gripper Shoe Co., Inc.[illegible] 156
Greenebaum Bros. & Co.[illegible] 222
Greeting Card Association [illegible] 69
Gruen Watch Makers Guild.....104

Hamilton Watch Company.....230
Hammermill Paper Company. [illegible] 114
Harvey Spring & Forging Co.[illegible] 208
Heinz Company, H. J.[illegible] 195
Hollingshead Co., The R. M.[illegible] 210
Hookless Fastener Company.[illegible] 54
Hoover Company, The 158, 159
Houbigant, Inc.[illegible] 153
Hupp Motor Car Corp. 150, 151

Ingersoll, Inc., Robert H.[illegible] 230
International Harvester Co. of America ... 191
Interwoven Stocking Company.....131

Jenkins-Wright Company, The.....149
Johns-Manville Corporation..... 87

Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder Co.....221
[illegible] The 131
[illegible] Spring Bed Company 82
[illegible] Oil Engine [illegible]
[illegible] Motor Car Co. 226
[illegible] Water Co., The 215

[illegible] & [illegible] 153
[illegible] 114, 213
[illegible] 8
[illegible] 234
[illegible] 226
[illegible] 23
[illegible] & Motor Truck Co. 213
[illegible] Co., The 227
[illegible] News & Co. 146

[illegible] 230
[illegible] 155
Miller Rubber Co., The II Cover
Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co. 59
Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc. 71
Multipost Co 230
Murphy Varnish Co[illegible] 157

[illegible] Motor Co. 70
[illegible] Electric Publicity Assn. 244
[illegible] Sewing Co. 245
[illegible] Knee Action Axle, The 243
[illegible] Steel Equipment Co., Inc. 224
[illegible] Rubber Service, Inc. 239
New [illegible] Vault Co., Inc., The 190
[illegible] Co., Inc. 241
[illegible] Shoe Co. 218

Oakland Motor Car Co. 53
O-Cedar Corporation.....138, 139

Packard Motor Car Company 102, 103
[illegible] Co., The 80
Packard & Co., Henry W. 236
Palm Beach Record 85
Paragon Co., The 68
Parker Pen Co., The [illegible] 14
Parlograph 186
Peerless Motor 163
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company, The 124
Pierce Co., Inc. 172
Pittsburgh Steel Co. 135
Portland Cement Co. 55
Pressed Steel Car Co., Inc. 2
Prest-O-Weld Co., Inc. 74

Radio Corporation of America 134
Rayfoto, Inc. 218
Remington Typewriter Company 189
Rock Island Plow Co. 57
Reed & Burton.....219
Reo Motor Car Company..... 83
Republic Rubber Company, The 191
Revere Copper & Brass, Inc. 168
Richardson & Boynton Co. 155
Rolls-Royce of America, Inc. 225

Sargent & Co. 154
Schaefer Specialties, Inc. 23
Scott Paper Company 178
Scripps Motor 209
Seal of Minnesota Corporation 181
Selz Company, Inc. 132, 133
Sexauer Co. 142
Shaw-Walker 233
Simmons Company, Inc. 98
Smith, Lee C., Inc. 15
Smith, Stratton & Bruce Co. 232
Spencer Heater Company 91
Standard Oil Co. (N. J.) 97
Studebaker Corp. of America, The 75
Swift & Company 43
Syracuse Wrought Metal Corporation 152

Tamper Proof Seal Co., Inc. 66
Tate Company 233
Triple "XXX" Company.....230

United States Gypsum Company... III Cover
Universal Pictures 50
[illegible] & Rubber Co. 91
U. S. Playing Card Co., The..... 52

Vacuum Oil Company. 120, 121
Vendex Inc.....192

Wahl Co., The 173
Walker, Tom.....234
Wander Company, The. 84
Warren Company, S. D.....237
Webster Co., Inc., F. S. 229
Wedler-Shuford Co., The 226
West Coast Lumber Bureau 228
Western [illegible] Co. 165
Williams Co., The J. B. 238
Wilhams Oil-O-Matic Heating Corp....142, 143

Yale Electric Corporation.....183

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

"I made that stop last week; I'll call there again in June"

How your printer can help you develop trade in the towns that "it doesn't pay to cover very often"

THERE are some stops in nearly every salesman's territory that it "doesn't pay to cover very often."

But there are customers in these towns. Prospects, too.

And this trade is well worth having—only it may not be large enough at present to pay your man to call there more than a few times each year.

Are you using your printer to hold this trade? Do you ever give your printer a chance to develop the small-town prospect?

There is no territory so small and no stop so remote that your printer can't help you cover it with direct advertising.

And there are few towns that the postman doesn't cover every day, six days a week, fifty-two weeks a year.

Does he ever present printed, illustrated arguments in favor of your goods? It is one of the things that he's paid to do.

The small-town trade has plenty of time to read what the postman brings. To a large extent these merchants depend upon booklets, catalogs, and circulars to keep them informed of what manufacturers are doing. And if this printed material is well written, well printed, and well illustrated, they are quite content to order their stocks from it. These merchants open up shop very early in the day for a reason you shouldn't lose sight of: to read their daily mail.

Next time you think of "territory it doesn't pay to cover very often," think of what can be done with good printing to cover it.

There are few towns the postman doesn't "make" every day, six days a week, fifty-two weeks a year.

Better printing on better paper will help you hold and develop the small-town trade.

Make certain that occasionally the postman leaves a printed announcement about you and your line. Make certain that between your salesman's calls, printed arguments favoring your merchandise call on your trade. There is a good printer near you whose business it is to prepare these printed salesmen. Let him help you "cover" the territory that it doesn't pay a regular salesman to cover too many times a year.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

What to say in your direct advertising and how to say it is outlined and illustrated in a series of books now being issued by the S. D. Warren Company. Some of them are ready for mailing; others will be published from time to time during 1927. Any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers will be glad to put you on his mailing list to receive them. Or write us direct. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

[better paper ~ better printing]

Even Tough Skins

need

This Special After-shaving Care

NO matter what kind of a skin yours is it needs more care after shaving than just a splash of water to wash off the lather.

That's why Williams created Aqua Velva, a scientific liquid—made expressly for use after shaving. Aqua Velva is unlike anything else made for after-shaving use. It conserves the needed natural moisture of the skin—so essential for all-day face comfort. It leaves no trace—collects no dust.

5 after-shaving benefits Aqua Velva gives

First: It gives your face an invigorating, lively tingle.

Second: It sterilizes and helps to heal each tiny cut and scrape.

Third: It has a fine, fresh, manly fragrance.

Fourth: It helps the skin in its fight against sun and wind and exposure.

Fifth. It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin and keeps it smooth and flexible. Aqua Velva conditions your face and *keeps* it just as comfortable all day long as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Your dealer will supply you with Aqua Velva. It comes in large 5-ounce bottles at 50c. By mail post-paid on receipt of price in case your dealer is out of it.

Let us send you a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva FREE. Just clip the coupon below—or send us your name and address on a postcard.

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

Williams Aqua Velva

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

Free trial bottle~SEND COUPON

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 44-B
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Send me free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Name

Address

City *State*

S.E.P. 4-9-27

(Continued from Page 234)

replaced it immediately. In other cases I would wait until my man was out of sight before getting out my sheets. Even then I would content myself with writing his name. If he had given me more than one item, I would mark down the number after his name. On reaching the office I would have nothing but a list of names on my sheets of paper, and I would proceed to reconstruct from memory the news they had given me.

It wasn't long before I did not need anything else. Your memory can be trained to meet almost any demands that you may find necessary to levy against it. I became rather proud of the way I could make mine jump through hoops, and proceeded to try out memory stunts. I frequently reported certain kinds of speeches without making notes—sermons, lectures, the addresses of visiting celebrities, anything that did not require literal transcription. I would check off mentally a speaker's important points as delivered, and number them. This enabled me to retain his remarks in their proper sequence and it was not difficult to recall what he had said on each point. If the speech were long, however, I would have to run the headings over frequently in my mind to keep them straight, and probably it would have been easier to keep notes. It was worth while, however, as a memory developer. One of the first things a new man in newspaper work must do is to acquire a long and accurate memory. The interviewee must never be scared into reticence.

Looking back I realize that I let myself in for a lot of unnecessary work by my inefficiency in some respects. I knew nothing of shorthand and would not make any effort to learn. Instead, I invented a few abbreviations and symbols of my own. There was a feeling among newspaper men at the time that if you knew shorthand the city editor was likely to put you on the heavy grinding jobs, such as reporting the evidence in sensational cases, and not give you a chance at feature work. There are times, however, when you are up against the necessity of reporting literally and accurately, and a well-trained reporter should have enough shorthand for such occasions.

Another weakness of mine was that I could not, or would not, develop a sufficient degree of speed on the typewriter to turn out my copy on it. I wrote everything in long hand, and the compositors somehow made my copy out. As the typewriter was not in universal use then, I got away with it. Perhaps my backwardness was due to the fact that I realized from the start that for me reporting was a form of preparation. I loved the work and gave every waking thought to it, but I knew it would not do to stay at it too long. It is the grandest training imaginable for almost any kind of work, but it is my belief you must not train too long or, like the prize fighter, you are likely to go stale.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

April 9, 1927

Cover Design by Frederic Stanley

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Three Episodes in the Life of Timothy Osborn—*Tristram Tupper*	5
Once and Always—*J. P. Marquand*	10
As Ever—*Fanny Heaslip Lea*	12
A Settled Provision—*Ben Ames Williams*	14
The Dew of Suspicion—*Arthur Stringer*	16
The Captains and the Kings Depart—*Dorothy Black*	18
A Saga of the Sword—The Legion Passes—*F. Britten Austin*	22
Gentlemen of the Box Office—*Frank Condon*	24
People Versus Denline—*Thomas McMorrow*	32
Jerry Gums the Game—*Ruth Burr Sanborn*	42

ARTICLES

Cleaning Up—*John Golden*	3
The Zeppelins—*Ernst A. Lehmann and Howard Mingos*	8
Nobody's Capital—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	20
Radicalism in Mexico—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	26
Close-Ups—*Norma Talmadge*	30
America—The News!—*Richard Washburn Child*	39
The Menace of German Competition—*Alfred Pearce Dennis*	47

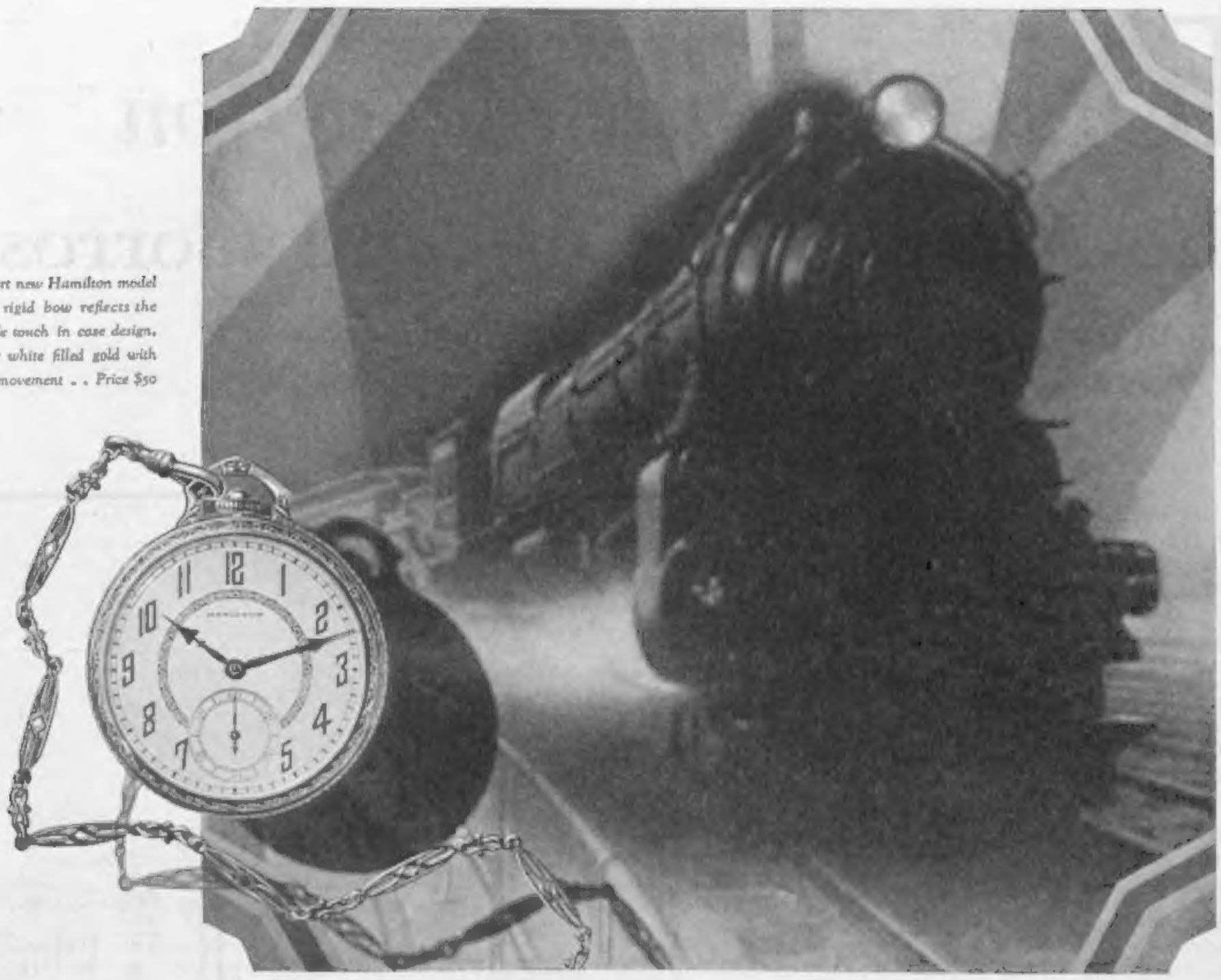
SERIALS

The Making of a Merchant (Second part)—*Jesse Rainsford Sprague*	28
The Mad Masquerade (Third part)—*Kenyon Gambier*	34
The Revolt of Peter Purdy (In two parts)—*Samuel G. Blythe*	36

MISCELLANY

Dogs (Poem)—*Arthur Guiterman*	15
Editorials	38
Short Turns and Encores	40
Getting On in the World	234

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



This smart new Hamilton model with its rigid bow reflects the latest style touch in case design. Green or white filled gold with 17-jewel movement . . Price $50

HAMILTON *offers a splendid selection of 17-jewel thin models in cases of white or green filled gold, plain or chased. The prices range from $48 to $57, with a particularly attractive group at*

$50

Accurate ~ ACCURATE ~ Accurate

The Hamilton Watch has come to be preferred by most railroad men

WHENEVER you see some great train like the Broadway Limited or the Century, the Olympian or the Californian, start on its thunderous trip across the country, you may know that quietly ticking watches confidently give the time to the dispatcher, the conductor, the engineer. And other watches, accurate to the second, will check and guide it in its onward way.

The watch so used by a large proportion of the men on the railroads throughout the country is the Hamilton Watch, for it is built with such infinite precision, and regulated with such patient and exact care, that it has come to be called "the watch of railroad accuracy" by thousands of those whom it has steadfastly served.

In a watch there can indeed be no substitute for accuracy—and none is recognized by those who design and build the Hamilton Watch.

Hamilton accuracy is based upon right design. It is founded upon infinite accuracy in machining, upon skilful and delicate adjusting, upon exact timing and testing. Hamilton accuracy is built up in each watch, over months of time, until its dependability is established beyond question. And this dependability is a constant satisfaction and pride to those who carry the Hamilton.

And though Hamilton movements and Hamilton casings may vary greatly in price, the watches are alike in giving the fullest value in time-keeping and in wear. Whether you pay $685 for a Hamilton 23-jewel masterpiece in a platinum casing, or $48 for a 17-jewel Hamilton in a white or green filled gold case; whether you expend from $50 to $80 for a strap model, or $48 to $60 for a woman's wrist model—your Hamilton watch will give you the famous Hamilton time.

We should be pleased to send you on request our two interesting booklets, "The Timekeeper" and "The Care of Your Watch." Write for them to Hamilton Watch Company, 850 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.

The Hamilton Masterpiece has a superb 23-jewel movement and is cased in 18k white or green gold with beautiful hand carving. The raised numerals are of 18k gold. . . . Price $250

Hamilton Engraved Cushion-shaped Strap Watch—in green or white filled gold, $52 or in 14-karat gold, $77

Hamilton Watch

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

The new Hamilton Fillmore has a touch of elaboration through the gracefully chased bow. In white or green filled gold case with 17-jewel movement. . . . . Price $50

TONCAN—*the Super-Iron*

Defies the Attacks of Rust and Corrosion

An alloyed iron developed by skilfully combining copper and mo-lyb-den-um in a pure iron base. Formulated and produced by the world's largest makers of fine steels

IT IS only natural that the world's largest makers of fine steels should have produced this remarkable rust and corrosion defying iron. Toncan had already proved its durability to withstand the ravages of the elements when our metallurgists made it even better. Now this super-iron yields a resistance to rust and corrosion unequaled among commercial irons.

Because of the superior qualities of Toncan, manufacturers using it in household appliances such as washing machines, ranges, kitchen cabinets and refrigerators can confidently guarantee longer life for their products.

Rust and corrosion are resisted indefinitely in ovens made of Toncan Oven Lining. A beautiful, permanent lustre is assured with Toncan Enameling Iron.

In homes, hotels, office and public buildings the use of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron gives a permanency obtainable with no other iron. That is why leading architects specify Toncan for metal cornices, ventilation ducts, skylight frames, roofing, etc. By the same token reliable sheet metal contractors recommend Toncan for furnaces, furnace piping, spouting and flashing.

Interesting information regarding this new super-iron is contained in the new Toncan Book, "The Path to Permanence." Write for it.

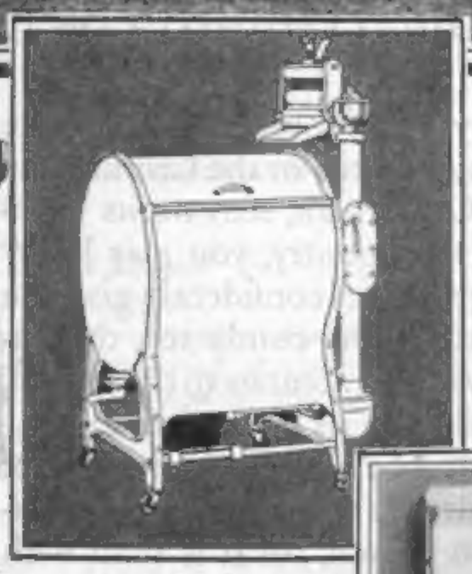
CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION
Massillon, Ohio

Makers of Agathon Alloy Steels

Cleveland, Syracuse, San Francisco, Detroit, Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, Tulsa, St. Louis, Seattle, Cincinnati

The New Palace of the Legion of Honor in Lincoln Park, San Francisco, has 30,000 square feet of Toncan framed skylights. Architect: G. A. Applegarth, San Francisco. Guilfoy Cornice Works, San Francisco, Sheet Metal Contractor.

View in our metallurgical laboratory, the largest and most completely equipped in America, manned by a staff of steel experts second to none.



The use of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron in washing machines and other household appliances is proof that the manufacturer does the utmost to make his product last a lifetime.

Toncan is ideal for ventilators—exposed to weather and discharging large volumes of warm moist air. This huge Toncan ventilator erected on First National Bank Building, Wichita, Kansas, by American Cornice Works, Sheet Metal Contractors.

The American Stove Company uses Toncan Oven Lining in their Direct Action Stove because Toncan resists rust indefinitely under conditions of moisture and extreme temperature changes.

Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron Culverts resist rust indefinitely although usually partly submerged in water and subjected to every kind of weather condition.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TONCAN

COPPER

Mo-lyb-den-um

IRON

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets, as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Toncan Enameling Iron, Toncan Oven-Lining, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product. It is gladly furnished.

ACATHON STEELS

TRADE MARK

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION

WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS

All joints concealed

Takes any decoration

Fireproof-insulating

This mark means *everything*

© 1927, United States Gypsum Co.

It means this board is Sheetrock—made from pure, unadulterated gypsum rock.

It means this board is Time-Tested—free from experiments—standard material for low-cost walls and ceilings.

It means this board has *every* quality you want in wallboard.

Fireproof... Insulating... Rock-Strength ... Rigid... Non-Warping... Easy to Handle ... Saws, nails like Lumber ... Takes any Decoration ... Permanent

Sheetrock and the exclusive Sheetrock Reinforced Joint System insure smooth, flat surfaces, all joints concealed, perfect for any decoration—wall paper, paint, or *Textone*, the plastic paint.

It costs no more to get Sheetrock and you get much more in Sheetrock. Look for the USG brand on every board. Your dealer in lumber or building supplies sells it. Made only by the United States Gypsum Company.

Sheetrock is inspected and approved as an effective barrier to fire by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SHEETROCK

FIREPROOF . . . INSULATING

72 designs from National Architectural Prize Contest. Send $1.00 and this coupon to Fireproofing Department W, United States Gypsum Co., 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

*Name*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

USG

STANDARD BUILDING MATERIALS

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
Dept. 30, 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

Send me free booklet, "Sheetrock Walls."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Old Dutch is the Big Thing

for Housecleaning – It Brings

Healthful Cleanliness

Old Dutch is the "big thing" for perfect housecleaning. It relieves you of so much work because it is so active and efficient. You clean house for health as well as appearance. Health requires removal of endangering invisible impurities and germs. Old Dutch does this: bringing *healthful cleanliness*. It takes away all visible dirt and grime and makes everything spick and span.

Old Dutch is distinctive in quality and character. Free from harsh, scratchy grit, it does not make scratches which are catchalls for dirt and impurities. Under the microscope its particles are flaky and flat shaped. Like thousands of tiny erasers, these particles erase and remove all uncleanliness.

Old Dutch is ideal for all cleaning on every surface where water may be used—porcelain and enamel, aluminum, glassware, tile, painted woodwork, floors, windows, etc. Protects the surface and assures its longer life.

Old Dutch safeguards your home with *healthful cleanliness.*

Removes the dirt—not the surface

© 1927 The C. P. Co.